

# The Chatelaine

A Magazine for Canadian Women

May  
1929



In This Issue:

Mary Lowrey Ross — Christine Jope-Slade — R. E. Breach

10c

# ESSEX THE CHALLENGER

—76 Advancements—

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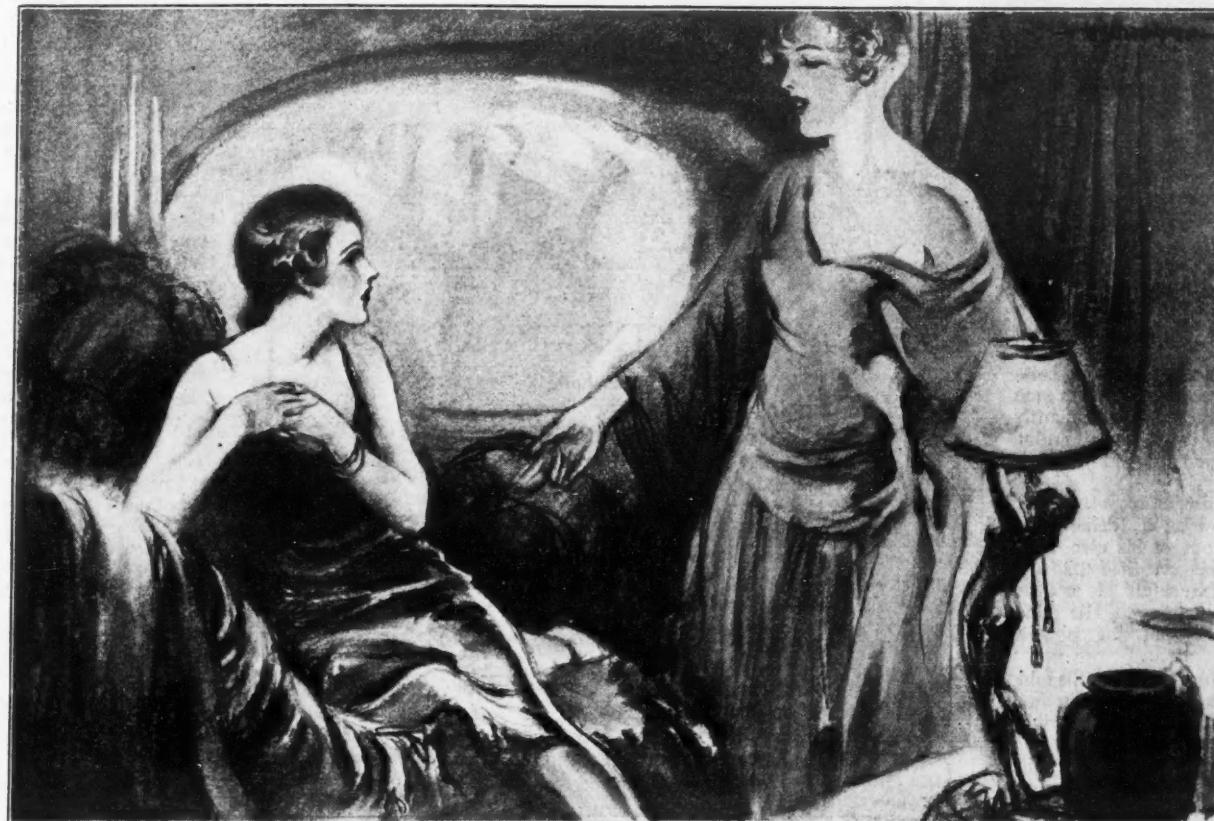


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*Illustrated*  
by  
W. V.  
Chambers



*She said: "But it's wicked, it's cruel! I mean, it's all wrong! Can't you see his terrible, terrible hunger? . . . You never will give him another child?" "No never."*

## TIN-TIN TWOPENNY

### *The Story of a little boy*

by CHRISTINE JOPE-SLADE

**W**HEN Louise married Richard Offlow, the novelist, she was aware of his art only as a halo, a romantic enhancement. She possessed a warm, sunny, normal attitude to life. She adored her Richard.

On their economical honeymoon in Italy she became more sharply aware of his artistic temperament. He obscured himself from her in it, dazzling her as if it were a shining cloak. She remained enchanted, dazzled, and perhaps a little hurt that he could so superbly panoplied that he became an exciting stranger.

They took a little house on a little green in a little village. Copper beeches sheltered its gleaming distemper like enormous fans held before a dreaming face. It was seventeenth century. Here Richard Offlow wrote the book that set him on the road to success. It was called "The Honeymoon." He did not read it to her or talk about it very much. The rough plan of the story she knew; its structure was a profound secret.

Caged in one of the tiny beamed rooms he worked for

hours at a stretch. He seemed to come back to her, to life, impatiently as if in search of some definite thing, like a bird in search of some particular feather or straw for the structure of its nest. He had a way of picking her and her emotions over restlessly, disturbing them profoundly in his search.

When the book was published, it became a wound to love from which she never recovered. It was the story of their love and their honeymoon. The hand of the surgeon had been at work, revealing and mutilating her, skewering her back so that all her emotions and sentiments, all her actions and reactions were revealed in their lovely, interesting nakedness, floating in the exquisite atmosphere that emanated from her husband's enchanted pen.

It scared her. It drove her ruthlessly into herself. Her soul had been robbed and pillaged. Now her self-respect clutched what was left in shrinking fear of further marauding.

She said: "But, Richard, it's us, it's you and I, all in

there—I mean, for everyone—"

He said: "That's how I see life—material. An artist must."

She suffered much. Something in her died. She had a queer sensation, sometimes looking at him almost as though she lived in the house with a murderer. She was afraid of him. She kept the door of her heart shut against him, and sometimes when she was with him it was as if the whole of her leaned against it, faint and frightened. She felt terribly lonely. She lived in her life as in a burgled house.

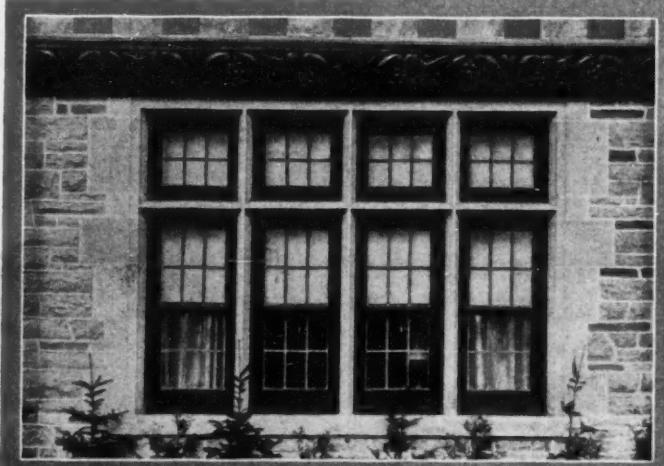
When she knew she was going to have a baby, she was glad. She thought: "Now I shall be able to move away from guarding the door, to move about again normally in my own life."

When she told Richard, he exulted. He had always wanted children with an unnatural hunger. He placed her on a shrine promptly and worshipped her. The altitude made her giddy and inclined her to giggle. It all seemed so wonderful but very normal. He refused to accept it as normal. He had the rapt air of one who awaits the coming of a Messiah.

Then she began to see the twisted roots of his delight and pride and anxiety. He had exhausted her as a subject. His

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Many women are having Summer and Winter treatment for the window, sunshiny colours for the cold dull days and the cooler, softer ones for the next few months. And it is the colour of the window shades which is of greater importance, for they are the distributing agent of light.

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# Mating Still Depends on the Mater

*An Answer to the question in  
last month's Chatelaine*

by MARY LOWREY ROSS

**A** RESPONSE from the point of view of the modern girl," was what the editor of *The Chatelaine* suggested, referring to the question, "Does Mating Depend on the Mater?"

It sounded sufficiently simple. Find modern girl, or a symposium of modern girls, ask them what they would do if confronted by the activities of so outmoded a parent, and set down their fine disillusioned modern replies!

There are plenty of such girls, of course. They are straight-eyed and clean-limbed. They go about, in the language of a famous student of modern youth, "in the free unashamed use of their fine young bodies." They discuss, with a prophylactic candor, subjects that never were openly broached in the old days except in pullman smokers, the obscurer parts of the Koran and the Book of Leviticus. We all know about them, we have been reading about them for years.

To go back something less than a generation, there were "modern" girls in that quaint period, too. They, too, were for the most part, straight-eyed, and clean-limbed, though the matter had never called for public comment. But for the rest they were quite extravagantly different from the girl of to-day. They used to sit about in the evenings in kimonos and pig-tails and eat fudge or welsh rarebit prepared on an alcohol chafing dish and discuss marriage, the relation of the sexes, personal liberty, careers, social service, whether Ethel should wear a stiff collar with her shape of face, . . .

However, that was long and long ago. These girls I knew. I had played with them, studied with them, gossiped with them, gone to parties with them and taken them home afterwards to lie awake until morning discussing just what it was that made a girl popular with men. (It certainly wasn't looks. Look at Gladys and how awfully sweet-looking she was, and she never got taken anywhere. And that awful Scraggs girl, who looked as though she never even washed, had been at every single rugby game since October!)

I knew these girls with the complete and callous objectivity possible only to eighteen. But I didn't know the so-called Modern Girl at all. And as it was necessary to write something about her I quite unscrupulously got myself invited to a tea given to a bride-elect of twenty by a dozen or so of her young contemporaries.

It was, to be accurate, a "shower," and a shower quite astonishingly like the ones I remembered out of the not-too-immediate past. There was the large white-ribbed clothes basket filled with tissue-paper parcels, harnessed by white ribbons to the bride-elect's little niece and nephew, dressed as bride and groom, the former superbly at ease, the latter lending himself with the utmost reluctance to the happy scene. There were shrieks of astonishment and incredulity on the part of the bride-elect. There was the groom-elect continually being summoned in from the next room, looking almost as coerced and reluctant as his small representative.

*I have listened to conversations on the street cars and in tea-rooms; I have watched these young persons as they eat, cross-kneed behind shaded lamps, looking for all the world as though they might be saying; "Yes, he's my fourth . . . companionate, of course."*

"Oh, Steve; you must see this! Don't you love it?" "Oh, Stevie, hurry! Come and turn the darling little handle." "Steve, oh, Stevie! They gave us two so you could have one, too. Make a speech Stevie!"

However, one doesn't expect that sort of thing to change. It has become part of our social tradition, like Christmas celebrations and openings of Parliament and the laying of corner-stones and after-dinner speeches. It can be conducted along time-honored lines without real loss of modern spirit. But the shower proper was now over, the gift meat-choppers and egg-slicers and gift wash-boards ("It says for you, Stevie! Stevie doing the family wash!") were all stowed away once more in the gift clothes basket. We sat about drinking tea, knees cocked. The contemporary moment had arrived.

"Someone was saying the other day that in spite of all this talk of modernism, it's still a mother's duty to get her daughters married," I said. "Isn't that quaint?"

The young woman in the costume jewellery—very nearly as much jewellery as costume to tell the truth—said vaguely, "Why not?"

Why not? But where was the fine free modern spirit that dared a parent to lay so much as a finger on its fate?

"We all want to get married," said she, shaking back her sleeve with an agreeable rattle of slave bracelets, "and any help shouldn't come amiss."

"We do not all want to get married!" cried half the voices. "We do so!" came back the other half antiphonally. And it was odd to reflect that in that faraway time of fudge and rarebit suppers, the vote used to split in exactly the same way.

"Wasn't it Bernard Shaw who said . . ." began the brunette with the hair that made one think, though not estrangingly, of a Russian stage peasant.

Bernard Shaw! Good Heavens! "It was Thackeray," I said. She wouldn't go that far back, at any rate. Not with that hair-cut.

"So it was," she said. "He said that any woman who didn't squint or hadn't a hump on her back could get any man she wanted."

The hostess stopped pouring tea long enough to look up and say thoughtfully: "Of course, a lot depends on the girl. I know lots of girls whose mothers couldn't give them away with a pound of tea."

The most beautiful girl present pensively felt her permanent wave. "I wonder what it is that makes a girl popular with men?" she said

"It isn't looks," they assured her. "Looks haven't got a thing to do with it."

It is hardly worth mentioning, but afterwards when we went upstairs to put on our wraps, and three or four were trying on each other's hats before the mirror, the young woman of the costume jewellery handed back the bride-elect's smart gray felt with a surrendering sigh. "I can't wear that sort of brim," she said, "not with my shape face."

I DO not want you to think that this completes the history of my investigation. I have listened to conversations on street cars and in tea-rooms. I have watched these young persons as they sat, cross-kneed, behind shaded lamps and looking for all the world as though they might be saying: "Yes, he's my fourth . . . companionate, of course." And what you actually do hear, leaning absently in their direction as though to watch the doorway is: "Well, you've got to cut it the way of the goods." or: "I always use olive oil, it makes them much, *much* less brittle;" or: "I can't wear that shade a bit, it makes me look all livery."

"Come on, let's have a drink," I heard two of them say one day on the escalator. And quickly I turned back and hotly I pursued them; through the Neckwear, through the Notions, through the Gentlemen's Furnishings, through the outer revolving door. And they went down the street and into an ice-cream parlor and had two frosted malted milk chocolates.

The truth is that the Modern Girl doesn't exist. She is as legendary a creature as the sea-serpent or the unicorn. She was invented by a journalist with a column to fill every day. Her father is the Press, her mother is the deeply believing public, and she herself will come into being only when all the world turns paper and all the seas turn ink.

TO BE sure, as she sits opposite you in a public conveyance, powdering her nose and salving her lips (though indeed that occurs far less frequently than her publicists would have us believe) she presents a spectacle that corresponds not too remotely with the portrait in which we have so earnestly been taught to believe. But if you are in a position to look back twenty years, you will realize that there have always been young women who indulge in intimate habits in public. Do you remember, for instance, the one who used to rake up her back-hair with her side-comb, and "tease" the ends in front, in the artless belief that the effect would be the "golden net imprisoning motes of sunshine." (Continued on page 60)



Illustrated by  
W. A. OGILVY



avid mind stretched out to new material, his son. She was afraid with a fear that kept her awake at night lest he should take this unborn thing, and put it on exhibition as he had once put her, make an eternal specimen of it as he had once made a specimen of her, dried and pressed her for ever in the moment of her loveliest flowering.

After the baby was born, he came into the little low-raftered room filled with sunrise. He had a proud, high eagerness; all his handsome face was suffused with it. He had the air of a king coming to take possession. He took her hand and kissed each finger. The nurse could not keep the tears out of her eyes. It seemed to her each finger was a little tap for the nurse's tears, and he took an immense delight in turning them on.

He bent over the cot where the baby boy lay, and he said: "Funny little Tin-Tin-Twopenny!"

She thought, almost with a thrill of horror: "Now he has given the book a title!"

AS THE years passed, Richard Offlow did not move from the little white seventeenth century house, dreaming behind the tall bronze lattice of the beeches. He made it, and the smooth green outside, and the white road, and the hills, and the very sunset and breaking of stars, his country. He gathered it all to him, pressing the color and the glow and the warmth and the life to him, crushing it under his eagerness till it ran, the very life-juice of his tiny life, over the white page in words.

Pilgrims came there, writers, critics, admirers, the selected few from his vast public. Their genuine admiration, their applause, their adulation, paid their admission. The little white house, the little white wife, were on exhibition. They could see the famous Tin-Tin-Twopenny.

Tin-Twopenny was the most charming child ever delivered up in verse and fiction and drawing. His father attacked him brilliantly with all three. His Tin-Twopenny exhibition at the Goupil Gallery created an immense sensation.

Father and son were inseparable. It seemed almost to Louise Offlow as if Richard had evoked Tin-Twopenny out of his own sentimentalizing, his own romance. The child was small and pixylike and beautiful. He said the quaintest, most adorable things. His mind, like his face, had a heart-plucking, pixylike twist.

All the time Richard observed him, his mind a hungry notebook. He would come in from walks with the boy and dart upstairs to scribble down something he had said. Here was marvelous, inexhaustible material, a fairy mind rendered up in its entirety for his experiments. He would show Tin-Twopenny off, the child unconscious of his showmanship, but responding as if hypnotized.

Richard had made his setting flawless, had bought the meadows behind the house. The house stood asleep in buttercups, asleep in snow, asleep in frost. The seasons but clothed it in its enchantment. Their old cheap furniture had gone long ago. It was all period now, with sudden bursts of lovely color in lampshades and cushions, like flowers growing in a wonder garden.

Richard grew more handsome as he grew more famous. He was beautiful to look at, tall and brown, with that marvelous shaggy head. Louise gave in to him in everything, except one thing. She clung to her son's Nanny, the fat old Nanny who had come to her when she was inexperienced and frightened, who had seen Tin-Twopenny through the miracle of teething, and the plagues of measles and chickenpox. Because of his father's companionship and tutelage and unceasing vigilance and concentration, Tin-Twopenny wanted no nurse, but Louise clung to her obstinately.

It was she and Nanny who laughed over the odd sayings of Tin-Twopenny they never told to Richard to be delivered up to his public. It was she and Nanny who gleaned those small private shreds of bare possession in this thing they adored. Up in the little nursery Louise had planned adoringly for her son, they made plans for a future they both knew had been filched from them. There came to life a shadow child who might have been. They talked of him, those two, in his absence with his father, so lovingly, so tenderly, almost as if he had died and still went on in their minds, growing.

Bits of him they kept for themselves, cherishing them, not jealously, but as salvaged bits of outraged maternity and sacrificing love. The toys he never played with were stacked around them.

"When he is older we will do so-and-so."  
"When he is older he will want so-and-so."  
"When he is older I expect . . ."

So they built up the comforting fantasy between them, of being needed, of being vital; so they made for themselves the mental image of a normal little boy to comfort them.

Sometimes when Tin-Twopenny was asleep, Louise would creep into the twilight-filled nursery. They would sit whispering, she and Nanny, comforting, feminine whispering of wool combinations and the advantage of one breakfast food over another; and when he should start swimming, and the day when he should have his first little pony. They knew that it was all without reality, yet they found a mutual self-respect, a mutual reassurance in their foolish, womanish whispering. They spoke as if the little plan of his life were in their empty hands; and they knew profoundly that they loved, that ghost mother and ghost Nanny, brooding and suffering for their ghost child.

Only one disloyalty they permitted themselves to Richard. It gave them a deep, undying delight. It had an absurd and tender magic. Richard, who denied his son little, denied him sweets. It seemed to invest him with the last sovereignty he held in this small tender life. It gave him a peculiar satisfaction, because the distinguished strangers and admiring visitors so often brought enormous boxes of sweets as offerings.

give themselves. To have Tin-Twopenny sitting on the floor, munching his sweets with the door locked, was to unite themselves with him in an adorable shared guilt.

Richard was just. He did not leave the marvelous bonbons that people brought for Tin-Twopenny about the house. He gave them to the maids to take to their relatives down in the village. It enhanced for Tin-Twopenny the glorious magic of those secret, dangerous expeditions to the village sweet shop. It enhanced for him the glory of the reward.

In the summer, when Louise looked out of her bedroom window, she could see the lights of the little village shop brushing whitely between the swaying copper leaves. In the winter she could see it through the twigs and branches like a little secret shrine. It gave her a defiance that provided the courage to go on with life. When she looked at it she smiled a little, because there was still a secret sweetness, a store in her heart that Richard had not pillaged and could never touch.

She knew quite well what people said of her. She knew what the village, the village that adored and revered Richard, thought about her, a pale little nonentity, who might once have been pretty, and perhaps even once been gay. Queer that a man like Richard should link himself with so frail a thing! She knew herself for the shell of a woman that Richard had once lived in, and deserted like a hermit crab. Now he lived in Tin-Twopenny, her adorable denied Tin-Twopenny.

She looked through the trees, and she looked through the twigs so often, so secretly, at the little general shop, almost as a mother looks at the grave of a baby who has died a long time ago, as if once it had all been really hers.

IN MARCH, when the winds rushed round the little house like assassins with knives, when the snowdrops lay in drifts in the garden, Tin-Twopenny got a cold and Richard got a letter. The letter requested very graciously that the famous Tin-Twopenny, whom every body knew, should present a purse to the Queen of England, at a Fairytale Tea to be given in aid of one of the largest children's hospitals.

"They might have given me longer notice," said Richard.

"You're not going to let him go, Richard? He isn't well. That's a nasty, dry little cough; I don't like the sound of it!"

Richard sent his voice booming over the little house, that marvelous voice: "Tin-Twopenny! Tin-Twopenny!" Tin-Twopenny came running, flushed and glowing. It was as if, as always, the voice galvanized him, jerked him sharply to the surface of his brilliant, glowing little life.

"Like to give a purse to the Queen of England?"

"Ooh, Daddy!"

"Like to feel her sword on your shoulder—'Rise Sir Tin-Twopenny, and ride a sea-horse proudly under London Bridge for ever!'"

"Ooh, Daddy!"

Impossible to argue.

Snow and sleet were coming down in one cold gray slant the day they started. Richard said it was not necessary for Louise to come. They had the new Rolls-Royce, and footwarmers, and Louise tucked Tin-Twopenny up herself.

She went back to Nurse. They made up the nursery fire. They made up tales of what they would do when he came back—hot baths with mustard in them, and hot lemonade in bed, and maybe a longer sleep to-morrow morning. And all the time, under their talk, their hearts beat heavily, like dreaded footsteps, the sound of which their voices strove to still.

In the evening a brilliant Tin-Twopenny came back and a more brilliant Richard. They were like two lovers who enhance and glorify each other. "Daddy said . . ." "Tin-Twopenny said . . ." "The Queen said . . ." To-morrow they would be in all the newspapers. For seven days they would be in all the weeklies. For a month they would be in all the magazines. Already wires were flashing news of them out to sea. Their twin names had leapt the Atlantic and the Channel. Their magic was running round the world. And as if they were brilliantly glorified, intoxicated by it, they caught color and laughter from each other.

Richard bathed his excited son. Nanny and Louise pretended to be busy with preparations in the nursery, blankets, and making up the fire—the gentle futilities of proud, robbed women. Richard put his son to bed, and sat on the edge of his cot, telling him a fantastic story.

That night Tin-Twopenny tossed and talked in his sleep. The next morning they had the doctor to see him. The next day Richard had a trained nurse. The next day he had two trained nurses and a specialist. The next day Tin-Twopenny was dead.

It was queer how at peace Louise was. It was Richard who was anguished. It was Richard who filled the house with the sound and fury and (Continued on page 47)



## A QUILTING PARTY

by Georgina Eakins

I saw the Mistress of the Skies  
Walk o'er the heights to-day.  
Her bonnet was a daffodil,  
Her gown of petals gay;  
She paused beside me, curtsied low,  
(I smiled, and bent the knee)  
"To-day's a quilting party—  
Leave your work, and come with me!"  
Then from her bag she tossed some blue,  
And violets sprang up;  
And there she dropped a bit of gold—  
Behold, a buttercup!  
Upon the top of one green hill  
A patch of pink she flung,  
And ere I knew, I found myself  
Wild roses there among!  
The Sun, the Rain, the Wind, the Dew,  
Their needles in their hands,  
Came jostling up the hill in glee  
To clothe the willing lands;  
They cut and clipped, and sewed and stitched,  
And as I watched I knew  
'Twas Springtime's coverlet of green  
And crimson, gold and blue!

"Tin-Twopenny has never tasted sweets in his life," said Richard. "Have you, Tin-Twopenny?"

And Tin-Twopenny said: "No!"

But he had.

It was the one secret he shared with his mother and nurse, this secret link. It was the one thrill and treat they could afford him. For Tin-Twopenny, they afforded an excursion full of danger and magic and glory and deep satisfaction, to take twopence or a penny, to run across the green with beating heart, slanting eyes back at the little house hidden behind the copper fans, to quicken with fear and anticipation, to dive into the little place, a cave of magic; not a general shop, full of brushes and pots and sausages and leathers and twine and pink cheese, but an Aladdin's cave full of treasure. There one might linger with beating heart, choosing between acid drops and forbidden bull's-eyes, feasting one's mind on the sweets gleaming like jewels in the tall glass bottles; whispering to the fat smiling woman as if it were a secret password, as if one's enemies were on one's heels. It was as if, in the little paper bag, one were snatching glory and honor and fame and riches; snatching them, and running back again over the grass, as if there were bandits and pirates and lions and tigers and wolves at one's heels. Then it was sweet to reach the gate undetected; to flick a look at Nanny, or a smile at Mother. It was enchanting!

This adventure and satisfaction was the one treat in their power to give him. It was the one treat in their power to

with fear and trembling. He was so very big and jumped about so fiercely. Once she had seen him walking on his hind legs.

But yet Miss Orphea had never asked anyone about the tall man on the black horse. Often the question trembled on her lips when he rode by, and the women in the shop looked out at him. But nice women, she well knew, didn't make enquiries about strange men. Besides, she read Wordsworth devoutly, and wasn't there a line:

We have a vision of our own  
And why should we undo it?

Perhaps if she enquired who he was, she might learn that he was one of those roaring characters who made nightmares of moonlight nights on Main Street. But when she got out her shabby books and read again of the adventures of her favorite hero, The Lone Rider, or even of that adorable roughneck, Alkali Ike, the Two-Gun Man of Coyote City, somehow that kindly face came between her and the printed page. The hero was always pictured in her mind as tall and ruddy-haired, mounted on a wicked black horse that was prone to walk upon his hind legs.

Then Mr. Derry, who would never have recognized himself under that title and superscription, came in to renew his subscriptions.

Mr. Derry said: "I haven't seen you for months, Miss Grafton. Where have you been keeping yourself."

"The shop keeps me very busy. And I've been in mourning for my mother this last year."

"Well, well," he murmured, sympathetically. "I've always meant to drop in and tell you how much my mother liked the gifts I bought from you. She wanted to know who had made them, and said there weren't many fingers nowadays that could make such stitches."

Miss Orphea blushed with pleasure.

"And you must make me something pretty against her next birthday."

Orphea promised. She remembered the date to a day. The articles were ready long before, laid away in scented tissue against his coming.

But he did not come. Miss Orphea did not give up hope until the day itself had passed. That evening, instead of hemming Mrs. Branscombe's tablecloth, she got out "The Lone Rider," and sought consolation in its pages. By Sunday she was so perturbed that she broke the firm rule of her life. She did not go to church. She felt that she would stifle. She went walking instead. At the end of the boardwalk she hesitated as usual before turning back. The verdant plain sloped to the southern horizon, swooping up to a line of low hills. Suddenly she left the safe refuge of the town and entered the unknown.

The prairie trail led her into a sea of translucent green of quivering poplars, shot through and through like taffeta with threads of yellow light. The town disappeared. The silence was warm and sweet with the scent of young leaf and opening flower.

Quick hoofbeats thudded behind her. She leaped and ran like a startled rabbit. The black horse snorted contemptuously. The rider called after her:

"Miss Grafton! I hope I didn't startle you."

She was in terror of the dancing hoofs. Mr. Derry dismounted, and walked beside her. Shivers ran up and down her spine at the great black head so close to her. The man said "Chut!" and the horse fell back.

She must compose herself and make an attempt at conversation.

"Have you ridden far this morning?" she enquired.

"Just from home. I live six miles south, a little white house on the brim of the coulee."

Ah, she could imagine it all, stone fireplace; fur rugs on the floor; trophies of the chase on the walls. Perhaps there was a Chinese servant, smiling perpetually like Hop Ling in the restaurant.

"And what is the name of your Bucephalus?"

"My what? Oh, the horse. His name is Jack."

She was disappointed. The Rider had ridden a snowy steed called Silver King.

"Aren't you afraid of falling off him?"

"No, Jack's pretty sure on his feet. He's good-tempered, too. Here Jack," he pulled the horse toward him. "Say 'how do you do' to the lady, Jack."

The long black head bobbed up and down. Wide nostrils flared toward her. With supreme self-control she held herself still. The black lips nibbled at her dress, touched her tightly clenched hands. At their light touch something fell away from her; she felt a hand squeezing her heart so that she could not breathe; a tight band about her temples; a weight that crushed her limbs—fear. She touched the warm muzzle with cold fingers. Looking up, she found the man's gray eyes warm upon her.

They walked slowly along the trail.

"I thought you would be at church," he said.

"I wanted to be outdoors to-day." Her blood began to leap in her veins. "I—I am glad I met you." Then she felt that she had been immodest and her natural timidity returned. "I mean I wanted to ask you, how is your mother?"

"My mother," he said, after a slight pause, "is dead."

"Oh, I am sorry!"

Moved by the impulse of her pity, she held out her hand, and he took it quickly before she could draw back and held it close in his. She felt his hands, like the horse's muzzle, warm and full of strength. So that was why he hadn't come. The pressure about her temples loosened.

"I had her birthday gift ready."

"Now that was kind of you," he said. "I would like to see what you made. I'll come in some day soon and see it. I am sure my mother would have been pleased with it."

But he did not say that he would pay for the gift; that he didn't want her to be put to extra expense for him; so she knew that he was generous. She was very grateful to him for not undoing her vision. The Lone Rider—and Alkali Ike, too, in his rough, honest way—could have spoken no better.

**H**AVING no source of information but her own imagination, she saw about the tall man on the black horse an aura of the heroic. For she had known and dreamed of him since childhood. Hidden in her room in her father's house in the prim little eastern town, were books. She read them late on summer nights, straining her eyes in the twilight; by surreptitious candles in winter, with a rug against the door to keep in the light. She dreamed of them long afternoons when, instead of healthful tennis, she sat and sewed a seam. She had been the most old-fashioned girl in an old-fashioned town. Her hair was smooth and long, her cheeks innocent of rouge; she knew music, cookery, needlework; attended church religiously; she was, in truth, innocent, sweet, diffident, and might have been insipid had it not been for that little pile of secret books. The breadth of their background, the honesty of their action, the color of their melodrama, crept into the warp of her life and colored it, made it pliable.

She had never been allowed to go buggy-riding, to go anywhere unchaperoned. She was never allowed to express an opinion except it had been offered her beforehand by her elders. Fear had governed her, fear of her father, fear of the unknown life about her sheltered home, and that most numbing and dastardly fear of all, of what people will say.

But the little spark kindled by the hidden books flared into rebellion when her father died, and she, a woman of twenty-five, with an invalid mother to care for, learned that she was to continue the same subjection to an uncle who succeeded her father. Why not? What did a girl know of business? Uncle Grafton had lost a wife; they had lost a father; he would live with them and govern their affairs, and in return accept respect and obedience due.

Orphea almost yielded. Even the living witness of the books failed her. But in the brown eyes of her mother, for two years now paralyzed, a helpless weight in her chair, she who had never expressed an opinion in opposition to her husband's will, Orphea saw a flame of long-concealed resentment. She understood.

She went to a lawyer, not the implacable old gentleman who had been her father's adviser, but to a stranger. She sat for an hour in his office, hearing many new things. In two weeks it was all over. She and her mother departed, their faces toward the setting sun. The mother could not speak. Her numb fingers could not hold the pen to express her thought. But her living brown eyes said that her daughter had done well.

That had been ten years ago, and Miss Orphea had sought all that time for the country of her dreams. It still eluded her. The west, she found, appalled and frightened her. It spoke a hundred tongues. It ploughed and reaped and threshed and squandered its lavish fields. Gone were the virgin prairies, the dustclouds over stampeding cattle, the hairy chaps, the glittering harnesses. The rattling flivver took the place of the thundering hoofs and the oil-can dripped grease on the dusty saddles.

Yet Miss Orphea was satisfied. She felt herself in tune with that untrammelled and vibrant spirit for which she sought. She opened her little shop in Richvale, and watched through its narrow windows for the realization of her dreams.

**J**ENNY GATES, the sprightly assistant to the publisher of the *Richvale Record*, came into Miss Orphea's shop looking for hand-made lingerie which she had no intention of buying. Miss Orphea knew this, but she displayed the delicate fabrics cheerfully, only shuddering a little when Jenny's ink-stained fingers pawed among the laces.

There was a commotion outside, a scrambling of hoofs in the dust. Miss Orphea looked out and saw the black horse walking by on his hind legs.

Jenny said: "That's Dick Derry!"

"You know Mr. Derry, then?" enquired Miss Orphea.

"Know him? I should say I do," replied Jenny, tossing her head. "Say, Miss Grafton, you ought to work on a newspaper. If we published half the news that comes into our office, most of the people in this burg would have to leave their country forever."

"Oh, surely you exaggerate, Jenny. There are so many nice people here."

*Something ran between her feet—a gopher. A bittern boomed from a nearby slough. She thought of wild beasts and folk being murdered.*

"You ought to get outside the four walls of your shop and see what goes on in this town. You'd be surprised."

"I think I'll stay inside, then, Jenny. I've so many good friends that I'd hate to lose. Do you prefer the pink or the blue?"

"I love 'em both, Miss Grafton. But I guess I'll have to wait until the boss raises my salary. Honest, the way I work! Picking up news and setting type and addressing envelopes. Believe me, I'm not going to break my back for fifty dollars per. Just look at that!"

The black horse was going by again, and by way of variety walked upon his front legs and flourished his hind ones in the air.

"Dear me!" said Miss Orphea. "What an unruly creature! Mr. Derry will be thrown."

"Serve him good if he is. Say, I could write a piece about him for the *Record*, but I suppose Ben Myers wouldn't publish it. He thinks Dick is the berries. But you know men, Miss Grafton. They stand together, every time."

"But surely Mr. Derry hasn't done anything so dreadful."

"Mister Derry! Say, that's rich! He's some mister. Say, Miss Grafton, if you want a line-up on anything or anybody in this town, you just ask me. I'm wise. Well, so long. If you haven't sold that blue by the time I get my next pay, I might buy it."

Miss Orphea smoothed the crumpled garments and put them in their proper places. She was really worried about Mr. Derry. But what could she do? She had no experience to guide her, and her natural timidity kept her from questioning the loquacious and knowing Jenny. There was only one source whence she might draw information. The Lone Rider—he, too, had had a dark secret, a hidden shame gnawing at his heart's core. It could not be this rider's fault—ah, no, but something unselfishly borne for another; or was it some unwitting wrong done in the heedless May days of youth, for which his noble heart did endless expiation?

He stood, smiling, in the doorway, his erratic steed tethered to the hitching post outside. Miss Orphea caught a glimpse of Jenny's face across the street, her features screwed into interrogation points; Jenny, the gatherer and disseminator of unprinted news, who knew something about Dick Derry and was now adding to that knowledge.

"I was thinking about you as I rode by," said Mr. Derry, "shut up in this stuffy shop. Not that it isn't as nice as can be, but you should be outdoors this fine day. And I wanted to see what you had made for my mother."

It was the third time he had been in her shop in three years, and she had watched for him to come in every day. And now his mother was dead, and he had no more need for gifts. He would never come again.

The scented tissue creaked in *(Continued on page 57)*



Illustrated  
by  
Henry  
Davis



The tall man smiled and came a step farther inside. He took off his wide Stetson and she saw that his ruddy hair was gray at the temples.

# A TIMID WOMAN

*A study in needlework and courage*

By R. E. BREACH

MISS ORPHEA GRAFTON kept a small needle-work shop on Main Street. At sight of it, you stopped and exclaimed: "What on earth—!" It was as astonishing on this street as a Persian carpet stall. On one side of it was a butcher shop; on the other the "People's Hardware;" to the rear a narrow lane piled with boxes and offal from the Chinese restaurant; before it, passed the heterogeneous traffic of the prairie town. The shop was a narrow box of a place divided into two parts. At the rear was Miss Orphea's living quarters; the front room was her shop, her workroom, her world.

Its walls, painted the color of earliest daffodils, shut her in from the glare and clamor of Main Street. In her windows embroideries bloomed instead of flowers. Linens drifted, laces foamed, yarns spun from rainbows were heaped in her show-cases. For Miss Orphea was a magician. You gave her a spool of thread, and she wove a pattern as delicate as frost on a winter pane. You brought her a sack of rags, and she returned you a rug like a picture. Ribbons swirled about her fingers and became roses, lilies, a silken flower garden.

Yet the neat sign in her window said only:

MISS ORPHEA GRAFTON  
Fine Needlework - Hemstitching and Plain  
Hemming on Table Linen  
Subscriptions Taken

This last was not so, for Miss Orphea had never taken a subscription. She was too timid to approach people and ask them for money.

So she sat among her ribbons, and her needle flashed all day, and long and far into the night when business was good. On Sundays her blinds were drawn, and she retired to the back room for the day. She went to church, primly immaculate; her correct gloves conspicuous among the rows of careless bare hands. On fine afternoons she went for a walk, always alone, along the rough boardwalk to the end of the town. Here she always paused for a few moments, looking across the immensity of the land. But she never ventured farther.

She had not always been alone. When first she came to Richvale, a figure had sat in an invalid's chair beside her as she sewed; a still figure, with brown eyes alive in the death-mask of a face—her mother. But the still figure with the brave eyes had vanished. The whole town had walked with Miss Orphea to its last resting-place.

Thereafter the town had expected her to return whence

she had come but the next morning the little shop was open and Miss Orphea sat at work as usual. The town was pleased, but did not intrude. Perhaps that was why she stayed. Her business increased. Men, looking through the windows, saw that she had a pretty color, though she was so thin; the women fingered the blossoming linens and asked Miss Orphea what colors she thought would suit them. They caught a hint of valor among the ribbons.

WOMEN were her sole customers, so that she was surprised one day to see a man enter the shop. He was a very tall man, with auburn hair and gray eyes set in a tanned face. She was so sure about it that she could smile at his embarrassment and say:

"The butcher shop is next door," or "the Chinaman sells tobacco."

The tall man smiled and came a step farther inside. He took off his wide Stetson and she saw that his ruddy hair was gray at the temples. He dusted his breeches with his hands and looked apologetically at his boots.

"No," he said. "This is the right place, Miss Grafton. But you'll have to help me. I don't know much about this sort of thing."

Miss Orphea laid aside her sewing and came to him. She always welcomed customers as though they were guests.

"My mother has a birthday soon," the tall man explained, "and I always send her a gift. I'm a newcomer here and never gave it a thought beyond that I could get what I wanted in town. But what would my mother want of overalls or a tractor? It's a good town, but you can't have everything. Then Mr. Pryce in the butcher shop said to me: 'You go to Miss Grafton; she's got all kinds of gear.' So perhaps you can help me out."

Miss Orphea displayed her wares, but the customer shook his head. He murmured: "I'm too dusty to touch them" and stared instead at Miss Orphea. He saw her white hands among the colored silks; noted her brown eyes, and her thin face, with just a hint of color on cheek and lip, and the fine lines about mouth and brow. She wore a green linen dress and her feet were so small and slender that he stared at them in wonder until she was embarrassed, and then he apologized and said that he thought there was something in that case there, below, that might do.

"But those are baby things," said Miss Orphea, smiling, and he mopped his brow and looked utterly discouraged.

"Please tell me about your mother," she said, taking pity on him. "Then perhaps we can decide what she might like. How old is she?"

"Seventy-five, and as smart as a cricket."

"Does she keep to her room?"

"Well, she lies down in the afternoon, and she has to have her cup of tea at four every afternoon."

Miss Orphea brought a fleecy pink afghan and a linen tea-cloth embroidered with morning-glories.

"The very thing!" said the tall man.

"Which do you prefer?"

"Why—uh—I'll take them both."

"The afghan is ten dollars and the tea-cloth five. Would you like me to wrap them for you?"

"Sure, that would be fine. I can never tie a string on anything."

She wrapped them in white tissue and tied the parcels with gold cord. Then she found a box and packed them neatly. Her customer exclaimed in admiration.

"Isn't that neat, now, and dainty!"

As he paid for them, he noticed the sign on her counter.

"Do you take subscriptions, too?"

"I do, yes—that is, I haven't taken many. I—to tell the truth, I've never taken any at all."

"You should make a start. There's good money in it, I understand. What magazines do you represent?"

She brought him her list and he made his choice.

"I've wanted these for a long time but never could get round to writing away for them. Thanks, and good day."

His name, she noted, was Richard Derry and he lived at Green Coulee Ranch. She sighed and put aside her sewing.

Under her counter, hidden beneath piles of yarn, were a few shabby books. Nobody ever saw these books but herself. On the bookshelf in the living-room you might find Wordsworth, Browning, Shakespeare, side by side with "The Wide, Wide World," and a "Life of Queen Victoria." But here, through the glamor of the rainbow yarns you caught a glimpse of fleeting titles, a word here and there—sagebrush—stampede—herd. Their worn backs squeaked like saddle leather. Miss Orphea sighed again and dusted them carefully before replacing them in their hiding-place. But the needle had lost its charm and she was soon immersed in her book. Now you might read her title clear. It was "The Lone Rider," or "The Knight-Errant of the Plains."

That had been two years ago. Sometimes she saw him talking to other men on the street. Sometimes he rode by on a big black horse. Miss Orphea looked on that horse



*He thinks he sees ducks. If your stomach is not adapted for dropping on instantaneously, then better you remain at home.*

# Sport Bound!

*The plaint of a mother of a thundering herd*

by H. D. McCORQUODALE



*My personal life these many years has been a hodge-podge of hockey pads, guns, fishing rods, boxing gloves and tennis racquets.*

**I** AM a nice little woman, entirely surrounded by Sport. Three sons I have, A, B and C, in their teens, all in ardent pursuit of game and games; one husband also, who may be numbered with the transgressors—my thundering herd. And so I stand at the portals of our home, a reluctant though faithful handmaiden of the great god, Sport. Reluctant, because I fear that this great love may become the well-spring of their existence instead of the delight of their idle hours; faithful, because at least I have sense enough to know when I am well off.

For better or for worse, we live in a land where the lure of the wild is perpetual. There is no mild two weeks seizure such as civilized folk humor or combat. The derisive flick of fish and fowl is ever present, challenging from the doorstep. Every day, in season, our men turn longing eyes to the mountain river, to the vast grain fields, wondering if some way may not be revealed by which they may squint off a couple of hours some time before sundown, to ramble out for a basket of fish or a bag of game. When the heat of the chase is forbidden, they plunge into organized sport. It is the custom of the country.

My personal life these many years has been a hodge-podge of hockey pads, guns, fishing rods, boxing gloves, tennis racquets and riding ponies. I handle equipment. I thread my path perilously over slithering baseball bats, under dangling trolling hooks, through an arsenal of firearms and ammunition. Prospective hats and feminine adornments, which might have prolonged my vanished pulchritude, have wilted before the shrieking need for dry and wet flies, for more powder and shot, for sustenance for the ponies.

And to what end do I permit myself and my shabby old house to be in everlasting clutter? To what end, if need? Primarily, of course, that the thundering herd may have pleasure and a joyous memory of the days of their youth. Also may be added, the healthfulness of their pursuits and the consequent satisfaction of seeing them grow strong, quickwitted and steady. In addition to this, we cling to the hope that all this definite activity may establish in them certain fundamentals of good character—honor, speed, accuracy, endurance—one might go on indefinitely with one's hopes. But in short, we hope to achieve about the same standard of manhood as was produced in the old days by way of the buck-saw and the old oaken bucket.

In counting on this sport life for the establishment, or at least encouragement, of solid virtues in the youth of to-day, one looks naturally to the sportsmen of middle age, trained in somewhat the same school, to find the complete fruition of these virtues. Well, what about it? In what way, if at all, are they above the average? The genuine sportsmen whom I know—not the men who see sport merely as another betting proposition—seem to retain a tremendous enthusiasm for living. Their days are never long enough for their varied interests. They remain young—oh, of a youngness! In business, they are square, non-covetous, tolerant, dependable. It would mean straining a blood-vessel to come right out and say that they were obsessed with a passion for work. But, at least, it can be definitely stated that they attack whatever has to be done with an appalling vigor. Undoubtedly they possess many excellencies that are a "hangover" from their sport-life. But, strange to say, these excellencies bloom in their work world rather than when they are in the play mood.

If you doubt this, observe Man at that national debauch, The home-town game—baseball, football, hockey. He is distorted, of an alien tribe. He

swells all up, and shamelessly exposes his epiglottis and other internal attributes. The little man who chants hysterically "Old 'er, old 'er"—is he upon whose infallible judgment you lean in the matter of butter and eggs. The individual whose monotonous prayer is "Let's go! Let's go!" in normal life is none other than the trusted moulder of your quite satisfactory "uppers." There are frequent shouts of "Kill him, kill him," menacing the referee. Yet none of these men is a red-blooded killer. If they would only shut their mouths and let their faces sink to rest, they would once more be revealed as the kindly neighbors, the trustworthy friends on whom you lean—but not while a game is on. Don't expect to do any leaning until they are back at work. True, there are odd strays, taciturn individuals evolved far beyond the common ruck, who arm themselves before a game, against emotional display, with a vast plug of chewing, or with a strong-stemmed pipe. While it must be admitted that as a rule they swallow their chewing and bite through their pipe-stems, at least they have made a gesture toward retaining a little control.

**A**NOTHER exhibition is that of a man enjoying himself fishing. Which of us, observing, at a safe distance, a bald-headed man, thigh-deep in a trout stream, freshly bereaved of a three-pound fish, is not shaken by the sight? He is a man under a sudden calamity, plumbing darkest depths of discouragement and despair. It cannot be the mere loss of a fish. Is the stream not full of them? Are there not other pools? But it is just that—the loss of a fine fish. In the workaday world, if this bereaved one be a clergyman, he might face the slipping of a soul from the Kingdom with more fortitude; if he be a doctor, the loss of a life will mean the setting of his jaws; if a lawyer, defeat in the courtroom may be carried off with a shrug of the shoulders. But the loss of a three-pound trout, that is something that eats into the metal of a man, bringing him to his knees. This full-blooded abandonment to grief, seems to be the prerogative of grown men. Mere boys dare not usurp the privilege; they bide their time until manhood is in flower.

There seems to be more restraint exercised in the hunting field, I often wonder why. Perhaps on account of the dogs—one must be an example to them. At any rate, while there are dark moments, yet they do not seem to reach such depths as in the rushing waters. One of the deepest tragedies of the hunt is when a man has acquired a pup, only to find that it is gunshy. A woman who lives through the hunting season with such a man, lives through an experience she always remembers. If a woman should ever so far forget herself as to seek to be a partner to her mate and go shooting with him, there are little points to bear in mind which may go far to averting crises. The moment when an old tried dog suddenly takes to flushing birds, is not the moment to be rapturous over the sunset or the coloring on the hills. Silence, oh, silence is your line. Think of your husband as he is normally, a good provider and a kind father. If he blames you for the flushing, let him get by with it. It is better in the long run. The same holds when a dog is unable to pick up a scent—just silence. Think anything you like, but don't talk. On the other hand, if the dog seems to be

running round in a general way, yet you catch a look of utter complacency on your partner's face for heaven's sake, speak up. Say "Ain't he working grand?" or "Just watch him, would you?" or some such words appropriate to the occasion. It shows intelligent interest on your part—don't ask me why. Just keep in tune by watching your partner's face. It is an open book.

If you should go duck-shooting, the rules do not vary much, except that deeper silence and the power of absolute immobility seem to be required. If a man—any man—lift his hand in a commanding gesture, drop flat on your stomach—no questions. He thinks he sees ducks. Just drop and don't move. If your stomach is not adapted for dropping on instantaneously, then better, far better, that you should remain at home. Your palship hangs on the staunchness of your stomach and your instant responsiveness to man's orders. True, the ducks are usually too high, anyway, but let it not be said that you, scared them higher.

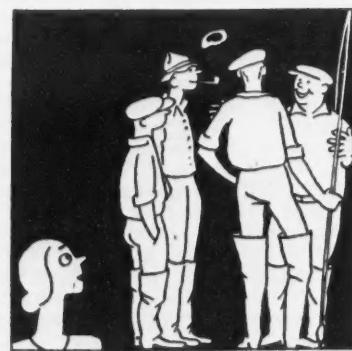
**T**HREE be many things in a sportsman's life that are too wonderful for me, and not least of these is the way of a man with a dog. These dogs—they go quartering in and out of the family life! There is no ignoring them. This year, at our house, we got a nice new setter pup. He committed all the usual canine atrocities, and father smiled forgivingly on the wreckage. A great puppy, so keen! Since his advent, the family diet has hinged on him. Porridge might be good for the pup. We all take porridge, showing him a good example. One book says that mutton broth is a bone-builder, or something. We have had a surfeit of mutton broth. Armed with dog-books, father reads incessantly about the care and feeding of dogs, their training and diseases. He grows quite neurotic, imagining symptoms of obscure diseases. And the puppy keeps on growing. I have often thought what splendid mothers some fathers would make. They would do nothing else but—and they would get results, if ceaseless care and endless consultations mean anything. I like that pup quite well myself. But I have been annoyed at the way busy men will take time in mid-morning to lean on the fence and admire him. Never have they been known to gaze on a human infant with such rapt adoration, and never have I known father to drag men from their desks to come and gaze at his offspring. More than that, these men accord this same enthusiasm to the mother of our setter. They stand in bunches offering oblation to her maternal qualities. Now what about me? I have produced three fine babies in my day. Have I ever observed men grouped round me, admiring me? Never, never! Nor have they strained any muscles, rushing to do homage to any fine, upstanding mother of six or seven humans. On the contrary, it works just the other way. The fewer a woman produces, the more admiration she commands—that is, at dances, or practical places where a little admiration counts. No, men are not consistent. They are of such an intensity, such a seriousness in the right training of a dog that I marvel how their own children escape becoming Napoleons.

And yet one should not be too snippy about men and dogs; the training of a pup is so concentrated and of such short duration, in comparison with the years of puppyhood in a boy's life! If a man is a supremely good mother to his pup, he is also, as a rule, a good father to his boys.

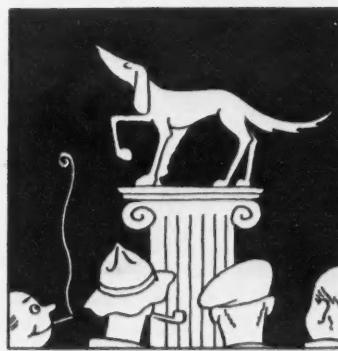
A boy who reaches the age of sixteen, with ability to swim and dive; to ride like an old cow-hand; to make a creditable showing in boxing and all games; to drop a skilful line; to handle a gun with care and judgment; that boy has, back of him, many years of patient direction on the part of someone

—in all likelihood his father. Memory evokes in most of us so many pictures of definite boy-training—little bodies perched precariously on horseback, fingers clutching the mane; then the lessons in bridle reining, in balancing bareback, the years preliminary to the coveted possession—of saddle, with stirrups and all; the first

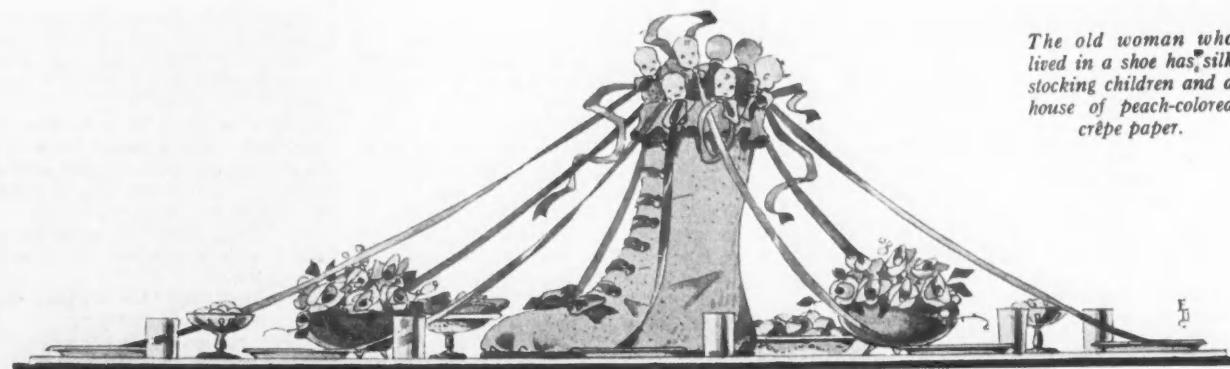
(Continued on page 73)



*I find that a woman, bounded by sport, has just two distinct, howling woes. One is the interminable sport conversation to which she must listen.*



*These men accord this same enthusiasm to the mother of our setter. They stand in bunches offering oblation to her maternal qualities. Now what about me?*



The old woman who lived in a shoe has silk stocking children and a house of peach-colored crêpe paper.

## MAY SHOWERS for JUNE BRIDES

*Two original suggestions for entertaining the bride-to-be*

by EDYTHE ANN PALMER

**S**PRING is the exciting season of the year when engagements become epidemic and the hostess who has a reputation for originality to maintain, searches her imagination for new as well as charming ways of entertaining the bride-to-be. From a wide variety of showers I have chosen two that may be presented in such a novel and attractive way that the lucky guest of honor will remember them as her nicest parties.

The first is a hosiery luncheon shower, and it is selected because of all the gifts a bride-to-be can receive, none is more welcome at a time when trousseaus are being acquired than hosiery. But the important part of the shower, of course, is the luncheon and the manner of presenting the gifts.

Peach is a lovely color for the luncheon table, with more character than everyday pink. Use your finest cloth, which is perhaps all-over filet, and at each end of the table have a small bowl (silver preferably) of tea roses. Then, with delicately flowered china and pale green or crystal glassware, the table, with the centrepiece which I shall describe now, has an air of distinction and beauty.

The centrepiece is a large peach-colored crêpe paper shoe and in it are placed the gifts. The hostess can easily make the shoe by folding the paper double, drawing around the foot of an extra large size stocking or man's sock, laid flat, and sewing both halves together on the machine. Then turn right side out and put a stiff cardboard sole inside to hold it firm. Punch eyelets in the front of the shoe and lace it with peach-colored ribbons. Turn over the top edge to look like a Russian boot, then flute it, and, lo and behold! you have a receptacle for the silk stockings. Ask each guest to send her gift early, so that the centrepiece may be ready when luncheon is served. Tightly roll each pair of stockings separately in white tissue paper and label with the name of the donor. Slip into the end of each package a tiny doll, leaving only the head exposed, then tie it tightly about the neck with a pink ribbon which is long enough to extend to each guest's place. Fasten upon the end of this an appropriate place-card.

The "old woman's" shoe is then filled with these stocking "babies" and at a signal from the hostess the guests pull their gifts one by one from the shoe and present them to the bride-to-be.

### The Luncheon Menu

NOW for the luncheon menu, the following suggestions are festive but not extravagant:

Chilled Fruit Cup  
 Golden Chicken en Casserole with Oven-Browned Potato Balls  
 Asparagus Tips with Hollandaise Sauce  
 Heart Mould of Strawberry Mousse Surrounded with Tiny Pink Iced Cakes  
 Coffee Salted Nuts  
 Colored Mint Wafers

### Fruit Cup

Many fruit cups might be termed "hash," so careless is their preparation and appearance. A really good fruit cup is one for which the fruit has been carefully prepared beforehand, with all membrane removed from orange and grapefruit, and combined with the rest of the ingredients

with discrimination. The following ingredients are a good combination. Grapefruit, orange, pineapple, malaga grapes, maraschino cherries, or, if in season, fresh black cherries. Serve ice-cold.

### Golden Chicken en Casserole

Use a chicken of about 4½ pounds, (which will serve six people.) Have it cleaned and cut for fricassée. Place in a casserole with ½ cupful of water and pour ¼ cupful melted butter over it. Sprinkle with ¼ cupful of flour to which one teaspoonful of salt and ½ teaspoonful of pepper have been added, together with one teaspoonful of dried parsley and ½ teaspoonful of thyme. Cover and cook in a moderate oven for an hour and a half or two hours, depending on the tenderness of the chicken. When done it will be a beautifully golden brown, evenly tender and well seasoned.

### Browned Potato Balls

With a vegetable cutter, make row of potato balls, allowing about six for each person. Bake in oven with three or four pieces of bacon. Baste occasionally.

Remove when they are done—a golden brown in color.

### Heart Mould of Strawberry Mousse

1 tablespoonful gelatine soaked in  
 ½ cupful cold water and softened over hot water  
 2 cupfuls strawberries flavored with  
 2 cupfuls sugar  
 4 tablespoonfuls lemon juice  
 3 cupfuls cream, whipped

Clean the strawberries and mash them. Add the sugar and lemon juice and let stand for two or three hours. Add the gelatine and mix well. Chill and when it begins to stiffen fold in the whipped cream flavored with a tablespoonful of sherry. Put in a heart-shaped mould, pack in salt and ice for four hours. Unmould carefully just before serving on a large silver platter and surround with small heart-shaped cakes iced in pink.

### A Modernist Shower

FOR those hostesses who prefer an afternoon-tea bridge to the luncheon bridge, there are several clever ways of surprising the bride with a shower. I shall tell you of one which we may call a Honeymoon Shower that gives the hostess an opportunity for unusual but simple decorations with a modernist flavor.

The gifts are personal things for the bride-to-be, gifts that she may take on the honeymoon—hence the name for the shower. Perfume, powder, boudoir slippers, lingerie, garters,

handkerchiefs and so on. She would probably be delighted, too, with the attractive nests of pasteboard boxes for bureau drawers, stocking boxes and shoe cupboards. These are comparatively new and quite inexpensive.

The tea-table, of course, is dressed up with the "honeymoon" idea. The cloth should be blue, that lovely deep shade of delft blue, with silver paper crescents and stars appliquéd. A silver bowl, filled with larkspur and flanked by tall blue tapers in silver candlesticks, makes an altogether lovely and unusual centrepiece. When the guests come to the dining room to be served tea, there will be many exclamations of admiration at the beautiful appearance of the table. You may not have a blue tablecloth, so you may dip a white one in any of the numerous soap or powder tints to the desired color, or a crêpe paper cloth may be used. It is also possible to buy a handsome dark blue paper sprinkled with silver stars and crescents and this might be used for the table covering.

There could be no more attractive way of presenting the gifts than to wrap each one in the dark blue paper mentioned above and tied with silver ribbon. You might lead the unsuspecting guest of honor to a table in the dining room where the gifts have been arranged so that she may open them while the other guests are having their tea.

### Modernist Menu

THE "moon" motif is carried out in the food as well. Here is a menu that matches the occasion.

Assorted Sandwiches cut in Crescent Shapes

Small Crescent Cakes

Tea Salted Nuts Coffee

Assorted Sandwiches

Maraschino Cherry Sandwiches: Put through a food chopper ½ cupful maraschino cherries, ¼ cupful nut meats, ½ cupful shredded pineapple and then add a little sweet cream. Spread nut bread with mixture.



Cornucopia Sandwiches: Cut very thin pieces of white bread with all crusts removed into fan-shaped pieces. Spread with creamed butter and a filling of finely chopped cooked mushrooms which have been moistened with whipped cream. Roll like a cornucopia and seal with butter along lapping edge. Stick small sprigs of parsley in the top of each. Pack on a damp cloth lapping side down, and cover with a damp cloth until needed.

Sliced Rolled Sandwiches: Cut a very thin slice lengthwise from a loaf of bread, removing crusts. Cut in half crosswise. Lay this slice at once on a damp tea towel. Spread first with creamed butter and then with any suitable filling. Start at one end and roll at once, tightly pressing together as you roll. Wrap tightly in damp towel and place in the refrigerator. When ready slice with a very sharp knife.

Balham had seemed a great deal shorter than a hundred and twenty minutes; and what Clara felt when Mark left her at the hotel was that they had got on rather unusually well together. He was what she called "quick on the uptake," had a sense of humor, danced perfectly, and altogether, during those hours, the memory of the late James receded into the background about as far as it well could recede.

After Mark said good night, Clara examined her own pink and white plumpness in the cheval glass, and nodded approvingly. Mr. Upton was also inclined to plumpness. Plumpness meant good nature, while the late James had been lean—which was no fault of his. The doctor called it dyspepsia. But plumpness should, by all the rules, appeal to plumpness.

At this she smiled, casting her mind forward, visioning herself and Mark in their car, a most comfortable and very glistening affair, with a well-fed and therefore contented chauffeur, the kind that floated one whither one wanted to go without a jerk or jolt or single squeak of brakes.

Then she saw Mark in his smoking-room. He would have excellent cigars, of which she knew the smell, a rich satisfying aroma that spoke of an understanding tobacconist and a humidor full of the best that Havana had to offer. She saw him, too, at the other end of the table at dinner, in a white waistcoat, black tie and velvet smoking jacket, which would suit him precisely. A devoted butler came into the picture, silent, smiling servants, a house that would run on oiled wheels—she had the house already—this she envisioned with her easy-natured, rather luxurious self as its centre. And Helen seemed to be all that stood in the way.

So it was not to be wondered at that Clara was very much attracted by the possibility of Helen's leaving Dover Street and the rather intimate kind of position she had there, absorbed in the ramified affairs of Gillam's, Limited.

Helen had not replied to that last remark, her own brain being too busy. Outwardly, she had scouted the thought of being taken on by Gillam's, but in reality the mere idea possessed her. It roused every atom of ambition she had. Recognition! Achievement through her own efforts! But not quite that. If Mark had not risked thousands for her sake, this moment would never have come. For her sake, because he loved her—loved another man's wife!

Somehow that last factor did not seem so serious now. She did not love him—but had she got used to knowing how it stood on his side? Was she used to being benefited thereby? It was a very practical benefit, and had set her foot on the ladder. She had always known that she could prove her worth once she had the chance. But Mark did not know that. Yet he took the risk. What if the offer did come about, and she accepted? Desertion! No other name for it. What though she did make money for him—which he didn't need? When a bigger opening came, could she say, thank you, and move on and up. It seemed that with everything that happened—even success—her position became more difficult.

On the other hand, and it was made more probable by recent indications, the day might not be far off when she must either be forced to leave Mark, or stay with him always. The alternative appalled her. After all that had taken place in the last months, in spite of the fact that Mark's actions had been plus, and so much of Glaisher's attitude minus, she still loved her husband.

Mark had lighted no communicative spark, only a glow of gratitude.

THAT evening she found Glaisher polite, very cool, yet apparently more like his old self than in a long time past. He asked not a single question. She endured this as far as she could, then decided that the situation had at length become impossible.

It hurt too much, and the hour had arrived when she must either break down, or secure the moral support of someone in whom she had perfect confidence. That brought back the fighting parson.

"I'm sorry Mr. Trench went away before we met," she said, ending a long silence. "When will he be back?"

"Not till next month." "Did his wife go, too?" "No, he thought it was a man's job."

"Jack, I was awfully impressed by what you told me of his story and hers. I wish I knew her."

"That's very easy."

"Would you or Miss Burritt send her a note?"

"That's hardly necessary. Why don't you go and see her?"

"Saturday afternoon or Sunday?"

"To-night, if you like. She doesn't stand on ceremony any more than Trench." He said this very evenly, and she was conscious of his hard, unnatural look. His eyes seemed remote. At that she gave way to a strange swift impulse.

"Would—would you be all right for half an hour?"

"Quite—I've plenty to read."

She choked a little at his setting a book before herself.

"Then I think I'll go and say how do you do."

She went out in a sort of wild hope that the fighting parson's wife might be the confidant she sought. The house was only a few streets away, and when she reached it, Mercy, who had been presiding at a sewing-class in her dining room, came into the tiny hall, hand outstretched.

"Mrs. Glaisher, I'm so glad to see you, but I should have called first. Let us use the study. How is your husband?"

"I think he's better, thank you."

"Peter was so interested, and told me about him. I was hoping to meet you soon."

Helen smiled at her. She assumed instinctively that Trench had said nothing of their dramatic meeting, and it was strange to be talking to this woman, wondering at the same time how much she could say. She took a swift glance at the sweet, strong face, and felt comforted. There was wisdom here, and a great human understanding.

"I was coming to have a chat with your husband, then heard he had gone away."

"Yes, it was the sort of request he couldn't refuse. You're in the City all day, he tells me."

"Yes," murmured Helen.

There followed a pause, during which the visitor became aware of the stark simplicity of her surroundings. It struck her as being the sort of room where everything, even the souls of men, must be laid bare, with no subterfuge or evasions; a hard, workaday, straight-from-the-shoulder room. And somehow the fact helped her.

"Mrs. Trench," she said in a low tone, "did your husband tell you why he expected me to come and see him?"

"He never mentioned that. He told me all about your husband—nothing more."

Helen's lips began to tremble. She searched the other woman's expression, found encouragement in the clear, candid eyes, and went impulsively on.

"May I tell you what I was going to tell him?"

"Of course, if you think it's wise. Sure you'd not sooner wait?"

She said this in a level, gentle voice, realizing that here sat the one, of whom the fighting parson was thinking when he spoke of the woman who told her husband one thing while she did another. Here was the fine, straight

thoroughbred face he described, and these the eyes he would accept against anything. Looking herself at those eyes, the parson's wife came to the same conclusion. But why did not the woman keep her secret?

"Sometimes one is able to help a little," she added softly. "I'd like to, now, if I could."

At that the floodgate was lifted, and Helen began. She was tremendously anxious to put the matter fairly, not weighting the scales in her own favor. So she went back to her affair with Mark Upton before her marriage, and from that on to Glaisher's illness and the day when they both became dependent on her own efforts. Then the dragging sickness—Birkett—how that ended—the meeting with Mark—and how since then she had become involved in an ever-thickening web of loving deception. As to her husband, she found that side of it very difficult. How could she describe him accurately without appearing to be hypercritical? But while she spoke, there shone through it all the love that she held for him, so that Mercy Trench, listening with rapt attention, felt that here was a page of life vivid with truth, throbbing with sincerity.

"To-day, that's how I stand," concluded Helen with an uncertain gesture. "It's been lonely work, and almost everything I did put me in a worse light with myself. But, Mrs. Trench, if Jack had known how well I was doing without his help he would have taken it the wrong way. I'm sure of that. It would have made him more dejected than ever, and he would have cursed himself for being ill. It was a sort of pride with him to do everything before that."

"And now?" asked Mercy curiously.

"Now he has no idea of what has happened, and I'm the temporary head of the family. He's used to the picture of me in Birkett's office—and he's getting better. I'm sure of that."

"Why?"

"Because he's made up his mind that I've gone as far as I can, and it's up to him to get well and make a success of life."

"Then you feel that if he knew that success was being won without him he'd slide back?"

"Mrs. Trench," said Helen earnestly, "don't misunderstand me, but already I see my way to making far more in a year than Jack will ever make. It's no credit to me, it just happens that way. Now what would be the effect on a sick man of his temperament if he realized that?"

The natural effect, thought Mercy, would be to make the man very proud of his wife. But circumstances alter cases.

"It might depress him," she conceded.

"Yes, and take away the stimulus. Oh, I don't care whether I succeed or not, if he only does get well. I'm punishing myself every day to help him do it. He punishes me, too, by his attitude, but it's becoming that of a stronger man. I think he suspects something. That night after your husband saved me from the pickpocket, I—"

"So that's what happened to his knuckle!" smiled Mercy.

"His knuckle?"

"It's nothing; please go on."

"I forgot that he hadn't told you." Helen described what had taken place, then, wondering at her own temerity, pictured Mark Upton, and how that phase of the matter stood.

"I don't love him, and never did. But he does love me. Can't you see how Jack might interpret that part of it? He carries Mark in the back of his mind—always."

Mercy saw perfectly, and saw, too, how perilous was the course on which this clear-eyed, loyal girl had embarked. No shadow of doubt about her loyalty.

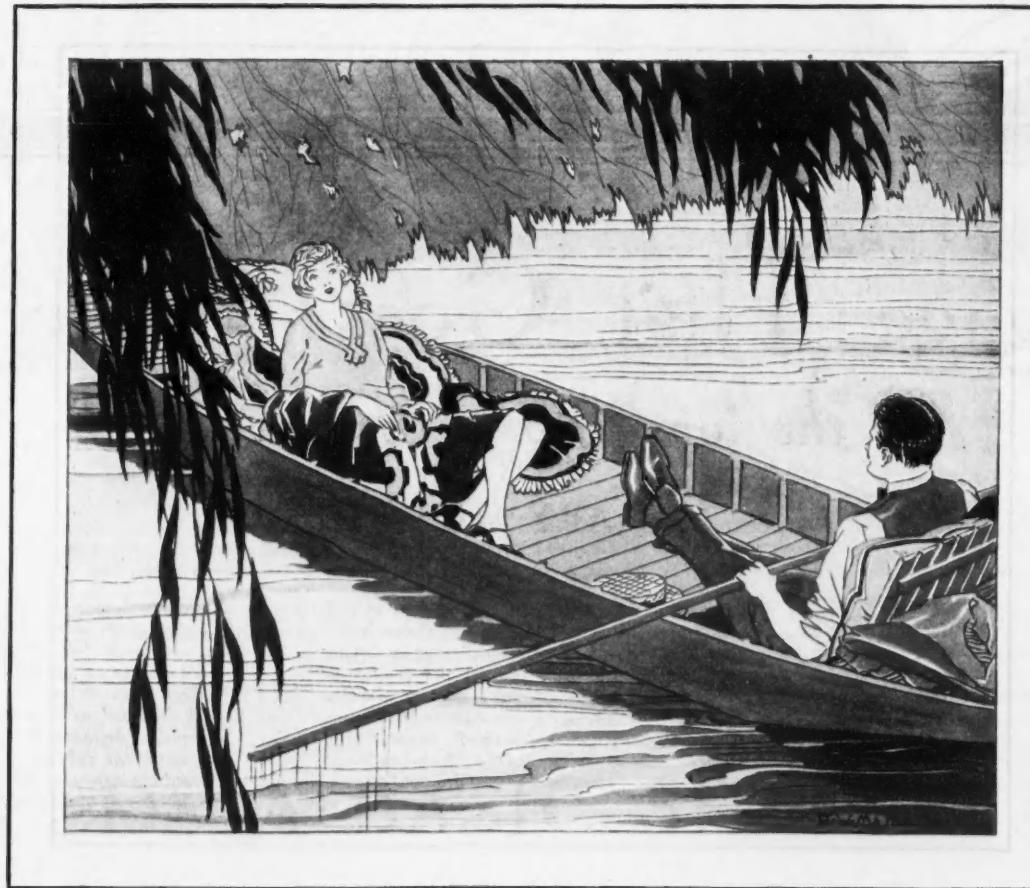
"My dear," she said, "I'm so glad you came; and I do understand. There are two things, aren't there? You want me to say that you've been justified so far."

"Can you?" breathed Helen.

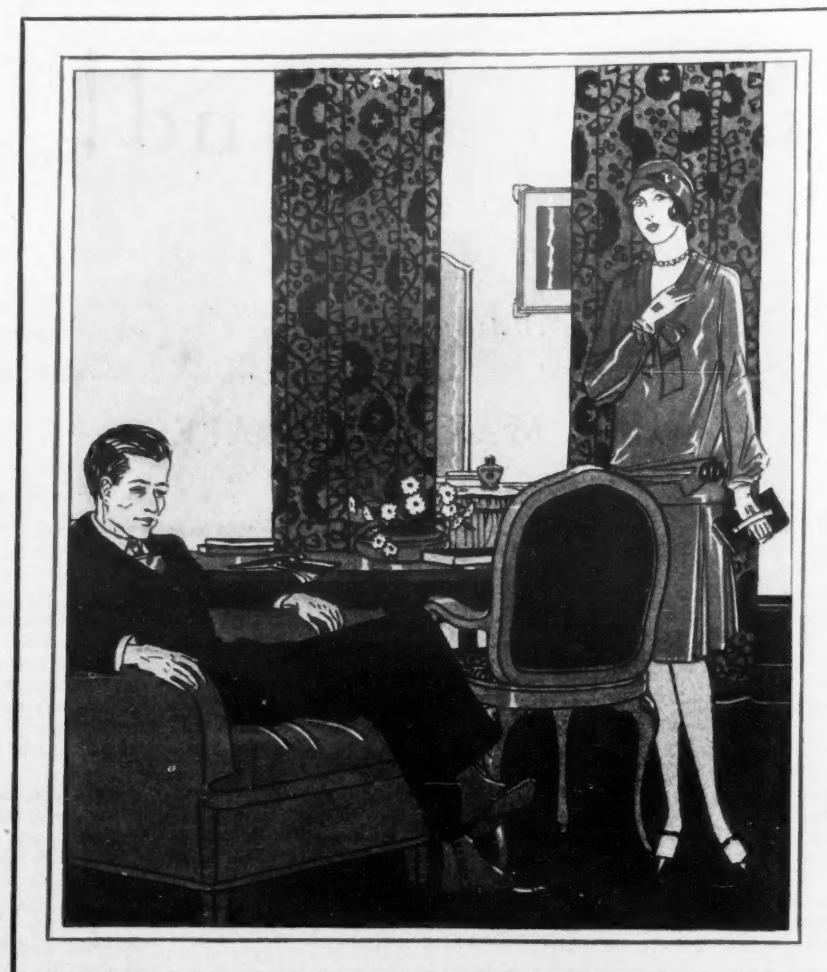
"More than justified, if—she hesitated a little—"if the other thing is established."

(Continued on page 51)

"It's been a good day," she said softly, "and I'll be sorry when it's over. Do you know that I've never had anything quite like this in my life before?"



Illustrated by  
R. W. Major



*It was all very strained, this misleading exchange, with both trying to find justification for their own attitude. All Helen wanted was another fortnight before she came out with the truth. All Glaisher wanted was the same period before he came into the open.*

# DOUBLE LIVES

*A novel of hearts at odds*

by SINCLAIR MURRAY

## PART THE THIRD

**H**ELEN GLAISHER, following the illness and subsequent convalescence of her husband from infantile paralysis, has been forced to earn a living for them both. An intensely attractive girl, she has had the old difficulty with her employer, but just as she is forced to give up her position and is feeling desperate, she meets an old suitor, Mark Upton. Mark, who still loves her, hits upon the scheme of establishing her in an interior decoration shop as Madame Franchette. Without telling her husband of the change in the nature of her work, Helen goes on with the new "job."

Meanwhile Jack Glaisher, in his weakened physical and mental condition, is beginning to suffer a peculiar antagonism to his wife's success and ability to earn. In view of this and of his known jealousy of Mark Upton, Helen is more afraid than ever to tell him about the new project. In this way she is led to keep from him knowledge of appointments in the city which seem like gaiety—especially in the case of entertaining for a wealthy young widow, Clara Pritchard, whose new house she is about to decorate. As she poses in business as a spinster, she also removes her wedding ring through the day, which when her husband discovers it by accident, fans his vague suspicions into flame and increases his impatience with his own position of dependence and hers of activity and success.

This same rebellion, however, is the factor which at last causes him to make an effort at recovering his powers. Abetted by visits from Mr. Trench, "the Fighting Parson of Balham," he determines to regain his feet and once more take his place in the world.

The "Fighting Parson" enters Helen's life and, incidentally, her secret when he meets her coming home in evening dress from a dinner in town where her husband has supposed her to be working at her office. He confides the incident to his wife, who is later to take a hand in unravelling the seeming mystery. For John Glaisher has also discovered his wife's evening dress—and his own position is brought home to him with terrific force. It strengthens his determination to fight his way back to health and independence, as well as find out the exact status of his wife in the city.

HELEN'S contemplated confession to Peter Trench did not materialize. She had nervously gone to see him, when the fighting parson was called north to a month's mission in a mining town in the Black Country. And she knew that he had said nothing to her husband.

The new regime in Ormiston Terrace gave her a further lease of freedom, and she applied herself to her work with renewed energy, unaware that Powers, of Gillam's, was keeping a shrewd eye on the progress of affairs in Lowndes Square. This began when the foreman, asked when he would be ready for the next job, expressed the hope that it might be as interesting as the present one. The next day Powers dropped in himself.

What he saw surprised him. It had been an ordinary house. It was anything but ordinary now. There was no great expense—he noted that at a glance—but remarkable taste. The color work was finished, and it charmed even his somewhat jaded eye. The house had distinction, character, repose. He was going from room to room when he met Helen and Clara Pritchard.

"How do you do, Miss Glaisher? Congratulations." She flushed with pleasure, and introduced him to Clara.

"You really like it?"

"In a small way you've done a big thing. I don't remember anything I like better. Mrs. Pritchard, I think you're in luck."

Clara purred with satisfaction. "It's rather funny, but I went to your place before I found Miss Glaisher."

"Did you? And turned us down?" Powers was wondering a good deal how she got away.

"Yes—and I'd have stayed if Miss Glaisher had been

there. I got all mixed up and nervous. Everyone seemed to know so much more than I did. But I was glad when I heard you had this contract."

Powers nodded, still thinking hard. "That's something, at any rate."

"So, of course, you did just what Miss Glaisher asked you to?"

He laughed out. "Exactly—we always do what we're told by our principals unless their ideas are—well—distressing. In this case it was the other way about. Miss Glaisher, I've a client I'd like to bring to see this house before Mrs. Pritchard moves in—if I may."

Clara was exceedingly pleased, and Helen very flattered. He said nothing more on that point, being busy with an idea that had just come into his head. With a sidelong glance at the amateur decorator, the idea became a conviction. She was exactly the person Gillam's needed. But the time to propose it was not here or now.

"Could you come in and see me in the course of the next week or so?" he suggested, as they went out.

"Any fly in the ointment?" she asked a shade uncertainly.

He laughed, shaking his head. "If it were that, I shouldn't wait."

When he turned up toward Knightsbridge, Clara regarded his dwindling figure with interest.

"I know what's up; that man is going to make you a business proposal. He thinks you're too big for your job."

"No such luck."

"Wait and see. It's partly on account of what I said, but he'd have done it anyway. Would you like to go to Gillam's?"

"My dear, that wouldn't happen in a thousand years. They've no end of a big staff already."

"Perhaps, but they haven't got you. Gracious, isn't it exciting! I should think you'd jump at it. There'd be no business risk, and all that money behind you."

She said this with a quick, inquisitive look, being much more in earnest than she had any intention of showing. If this young woman left Dover Street, it would mean that there was nothing on between her and Mark Upton.

That would suit Clara perfectly, for the two hours that followed Helen's hasty departure from The Bulkeley for



Tweeds, a basic fashion, are to be seen everywhere this spring—colorful, supple and shaggy. They will be found at all well dressed informal gatherings, as well as at sport. Jersey and Tweed Vellilaine combine in this first three-piece sports ensemble, honeycomb weave in gray and white with flecks of blue. From Joseph and Milton.

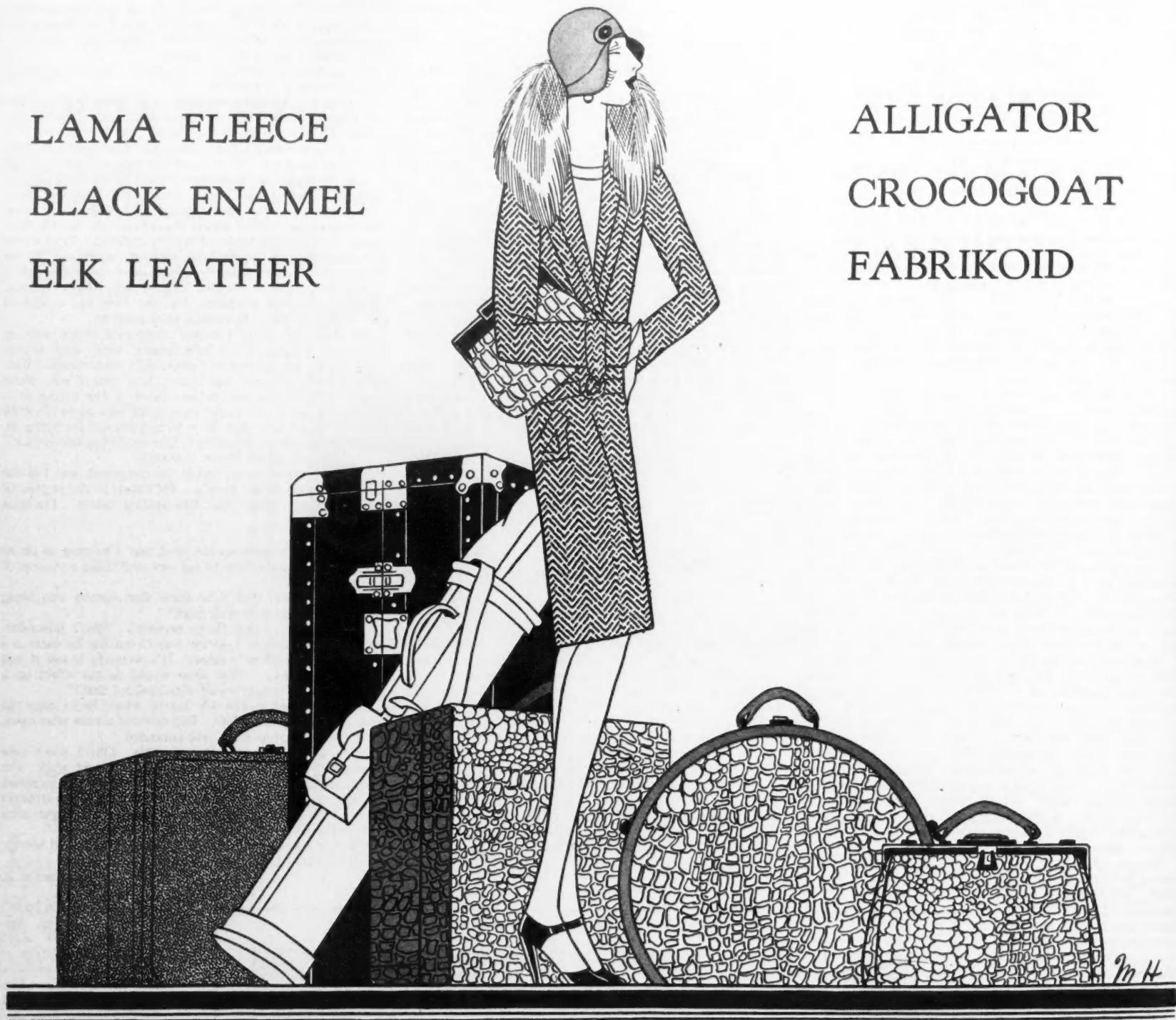
A top coat gains double importance when it is fashioned as here, of beige basket weave tweed and diagonal stitching. This model has the slim form-following grace of a material of lighter texture, an advantage made possible by very smart straight cutting. Tweeds may be very bulky and unlovely if not properly designed as to line. From Roth Garments.

Herring-bone is a traditional tweed connected in the sartorial mind with trimness and the debonair figure. This suit lives up to tradition. Its color is reddish brown and sports a trim, short jacket with wrap-around skirt. As a tweed suit should be, it is almost masculine in its simplicity and severity. From Steinberg.

## TWEEDS, A BASIC SPRING FASHION

LAMA FLEECE  
BLACK ENAMEL  
ELK LEATHER

ALLIGATOR  
CROCOGOAT  
FABRIKOID



# Luggage That Goes Travelling

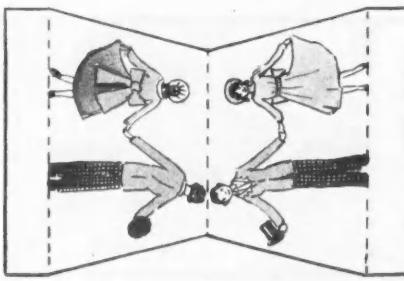
*For the long trip or the week-end*

As seen by MARY HUMPHREYS

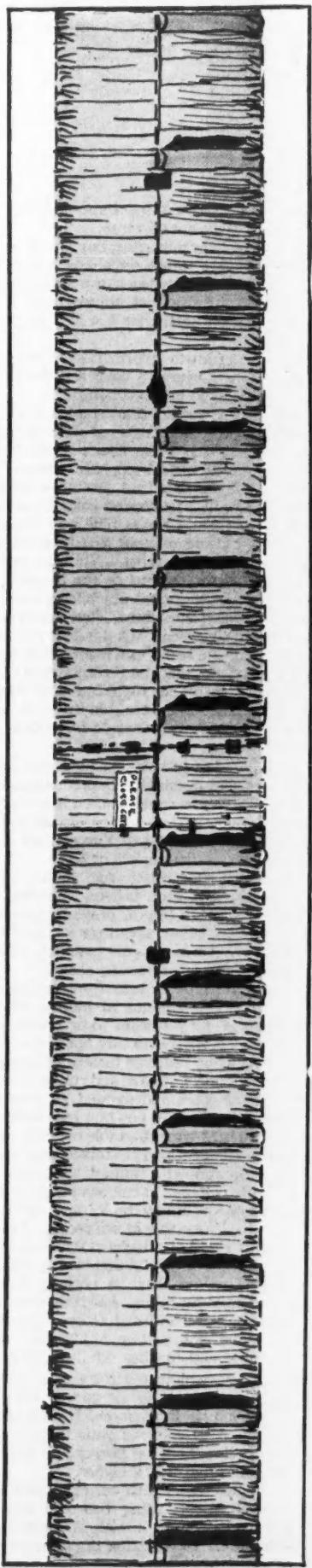
One smart traveling coat, in lama fleece, with Iceland blue mushroom collar, is shown from R. J. Miller's. For the observation platform, for the deck chair, for the motor, it is an ideal traveling companion. With it, a large, durable and handsome purse is recommended in the new leather, croco goat, with shell frame. There are so many important things to be carried in a traveler's purse, and it has to be opened so many times. From Julian Sale.

Another stunning leather is introduced in golf bags—smoked elk. The style here shown boasts the hood demanded for club-protection by serious golfers. From Allcock, Laight and Westwood. The steamer wardrobe trunk is now the admitted favorite of trippers. It can always be conveniently included among "wanted" baggage. In black enamel with heavily brass-reinforced corners. From Hartman.

The ensemble idea in good-looking luggage. Tan alligator grain leather makes up this set of hatbox, overnight bag and dressing case. From Julian Sale. From McBride comes that most modern piece of traveling equipment, the aero-pack. It is not, as its name would seem to imply, especially designed for air journeying, but represents the epitome of week-end comfort in a wardrobe suitcase. This model at extreme left is of Dupont fabrikoid.



THIS IS BILLY INTRODUCING  
EMILITA TO THE PEOPLE OF  
SUNNYVILLE TOWN.



BEND ALL DOTTED LINES, PASTE FENCES BACK TO BACK. PASTE STAND ON GROUND BOARD.

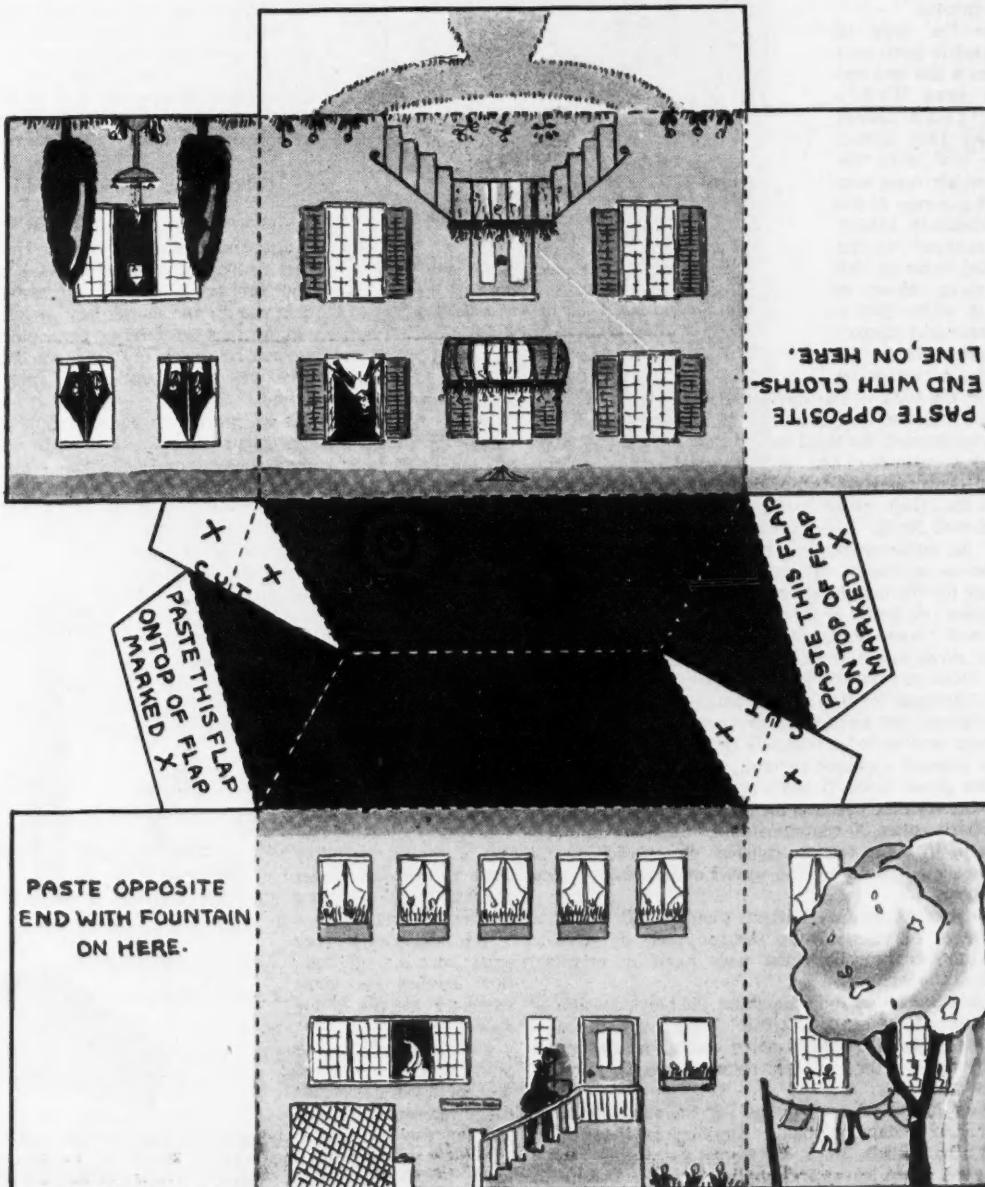
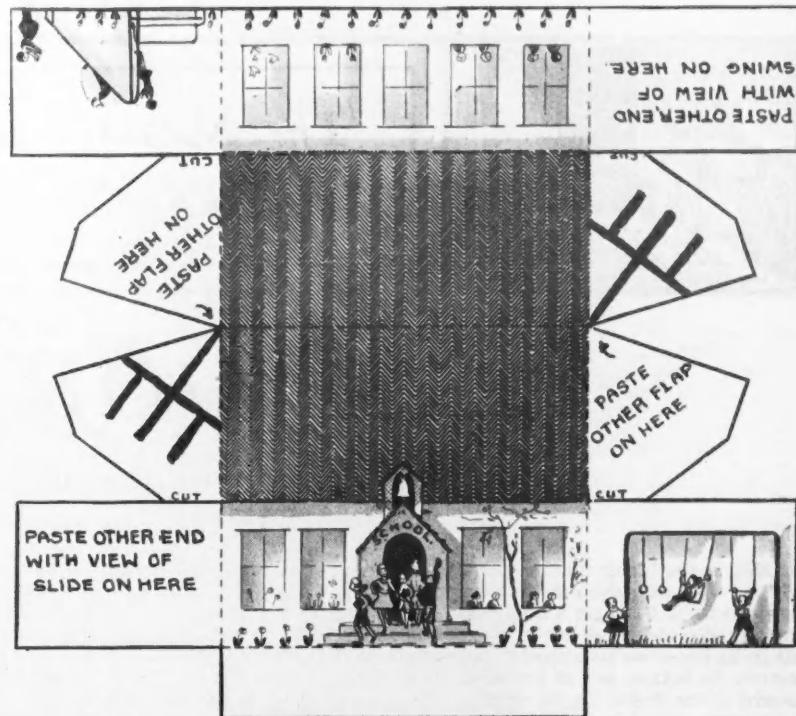
his father said that as he was such a clever boy he would give him a prize.

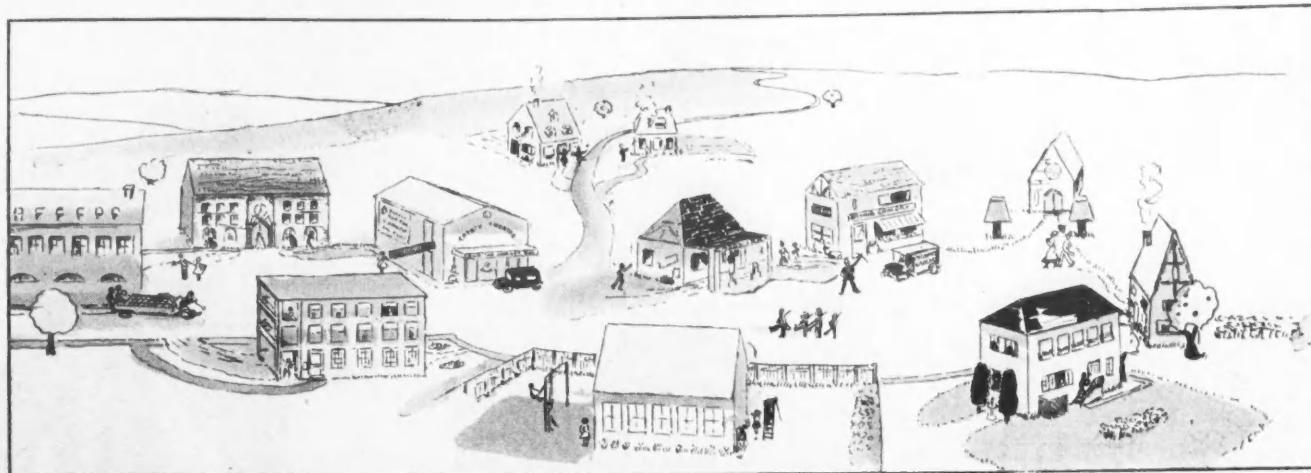
There was just one thing Billy wanted to be when he grew up, and that was a soldier; so he asked his father to give him a red soldier suit with lots of white and gold on it. So Mr. Brown bought Billy a fine red coat all covered with brass buttons, medals and white braid and all that sort of thing—even a brass helmet and a big gun that made a terrible noise when it went off, but really was quite safe because all that came out of it was a cork.

The next day when school was over, Billy dressed up in his uniform, and looked so fine in it that all the little boys shouted: "Hurrah for General Billy! We're going to be soldiers, too." Of course, they couldn't have as grand uniforms as that of Billy, because their parents weren't rich like the Browns but with Billy's help, they soon made themselves paper helmets and cardboard shields with S.S.T. printed across in big letters, and which as you will have guessed by now, stood for "Soldiers of Sunnyville Town." Every afternoon as soon as school was over, General Billy and his soldiers paraded in the town square, up and down, up and down, until they had finished their daily drill, when he would blow a trumpet, and command every soldier to go and do one good deed and then come and report to him. So all the boys would run off in

different directions, helping people to carry their heavy bundles, collecting firewood for the poor, running errands for the sick, or perhaps helping a lost child to find its way home, and many many other kind and helpful acts.

One day when General Billy was walking around the town in search of some good deed he might do, he heard someone crying, and looking up he saw a (Continued on page 60)





## SUNNYVILLE TOWN AND THE PEOPLE IN IT

### *The last and best story of all*

Written and illustrated by JEAN WYLIE

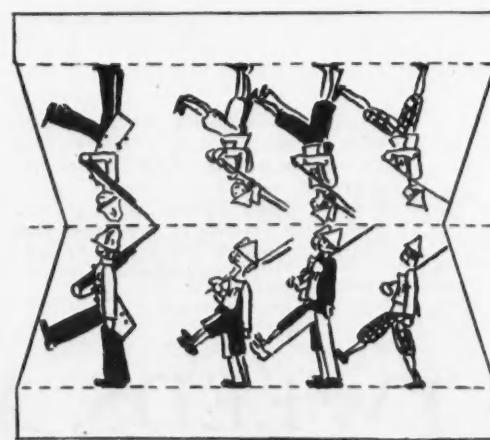
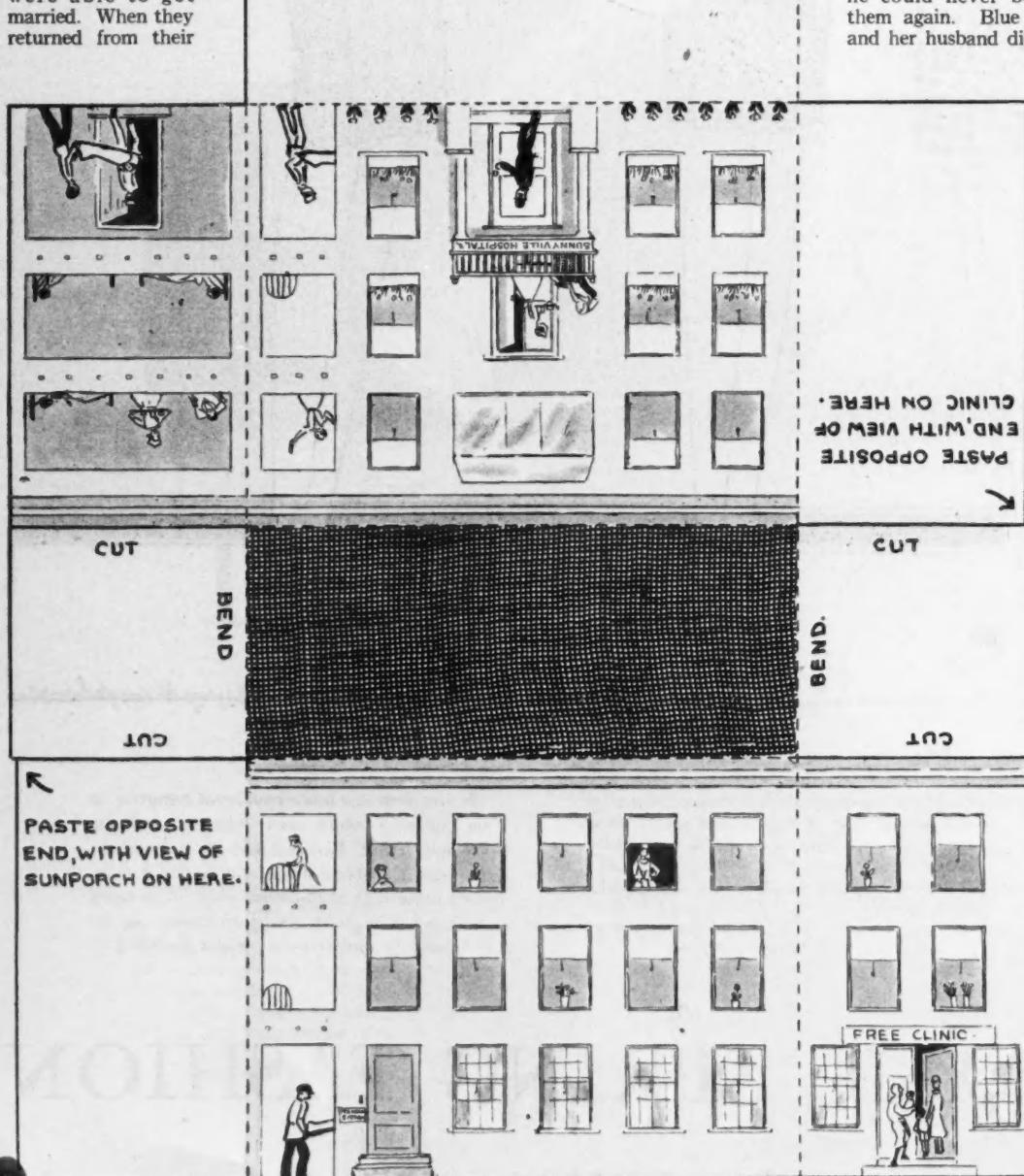
**T**HE story of "Sunnyville Town and the people in it" up to the present time is this. Mr. Brown, the grocer of Sunnyville Town, fell in love with Blue Eyes, whose father, Mr. Grouchy, a disagreeable old miser, was very much against their marrying. At length, by a streak of great good fortune, Blue Eyes and Mr. Brown were able to get married. When they returned from their

honeymoon, however, they were so poor that they had only one coin left, and they were just about to spend it when they found out, to their great surprise, that it was enchanted. This magic coin granted them their three wishes, which were for a new house, great wealth, and, finally, the removal of nasty old Mr. Grouchy to a far away country where he could never bother them again. Blue Eyes and her husband did not

keep all this good fortune to themselves, but went about doing all they could to make everyone in Sunnyville happy, and they also presented the town with a beautiful church and a fine moving-picture theatre. However, although they were so very rich, there was one thing they wanted that even money could not buy, and that was a baby boy. This wish was finally granted to them, but in a very strange way indeed, which was this: One afternoon a neighbor's house caught fire, and when Mr. Brown was helping them to put it out, he heard a baby crying. So at peril of his life he rushed through the flames into the burning house, and brought out a dear little baby. By mistake Billy Stork had left this little baby at the wrong house, for on its neck was a tag addressed to "Mr. and Mrs. Brown of Sunnyville Town." Well, Mr. Brown was so pleased to have a baby, that he not only built his neighbor a new house, but also presented the town with a firehall; for which, and many other kind deeds, the mayor called Mr. Brown and Blue Eyes to the Town Hall and conferred upon them the honor of the Order of the Blue Bird.

SEVERAL years have passed in the story, since you last read about Sunnyville Town, and at the time I am now going to tell you about, Mr. and Mrs. Brown's baby boy is no longer called Baby Brown; he is called Billy Brown because he has grown to be such a big boy, and is now going to school.

Even though Blue Eyes and her husband were so proud of their boy Billy, and thought he was quite the most wonderful child in the world, they did not spoil him, and so as he grew bigger and bigger every day, they also taught him to grow brave and honorable. And quite often Mr. Brown would say, "Now, Billy, let me hear you repeat the four rules that every gentleman should obey." And Billy would answer, "I must obey my elders, I must always speak the truth, I must never hurt anybody or anything weaker than myself, I must always be chivalrous to women." One day when Billy had repeated these rules quite perfectly,



THIS IS GENERAL BILLY AND HIS SOLDIERS ON PARADE.



Monument Inn, Queenston.

*W.W. Alexander*

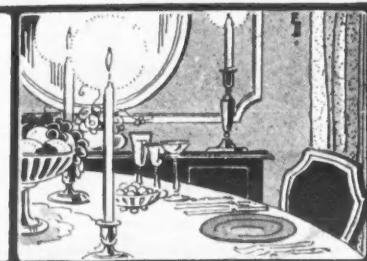
### Monument Inn, Queenston

A NATIVE of Toronto, W. W. Alexander owes the development of his talents to his studies at the Ontario School of Art, the Art Students' League of Toronto and the Philadelphia Art League. His training and experience as an engraver are evidenced in the technique of his etchings. His subjects range from Old Quebec, Ontario and the north country, to the flotsam and jetsam of New England harbors. As a charter member of the Society of Canadian Painter-Etchers, he has actively helped to further its interests since the inception of the group and is now president.



## The MODERN CHATELAINE

### A department for the Housekeeper



# THE HOME BUREAU

## We solve our readers' decoration problems

I SEE in the March number directions for fixing up a bedroom. As I have the same problem on my hands, I am writing to see if I can get a little help. I am fixing up a dressing table, and as we live in the country and have no bath in the house, we are obliged to use washstands. Should we cover the bottom part of the washstand with the same material as the flounce on the dressing table? The washstand is oak, closed-in style. What would you use for a drape on the back of the top of washstand and what material for the top drape?

What would you suggest for overdrapery curtains and what kind of spread?

What is the most used, panel or frilled curtains?

I trust I am not putting you to much trouble as I am a new subscriber to your magazine which I find very helpful.

**Answer**—The type of dressing-table petticoat you require is the first one given in Jean Wylie's article, "You'd Never Know the Old Room now" — that with the flounces which open and close, giving access to the cupboard beneath. I think there is nothing prettier than dotted Swiss for this type of thing, either in color or in white over a heavier underskirt of color. This material will also be suitable for a curtain on the rack at the back of the washstand to protect the wall. Have two for this so that they may be laundered.

With a washstand like this I should suggest that you have your window curtains of the same material, ruffled. Your bedspread—you can have two of this material for the price of one, so that they can be laundered—will be delightful also in dotted Swiss, with pillow shams ruffled like the curtains. An underslip of pink, blue or lavender, in sateen would also be necessary. If you do not wish to go to as much work for the bed, however, use a piqué in any of the pastel shades you prefer or have chosen for the room. This launders well. Some delightful bedspreads and curtains to match are given in our needlework service by Ruby Short McKim. Have you noticed them? They are:

**Flower Appliqués for Bedspread, Curtain Ends and Vanity Dresser**—Spread and bolster pattern number 510 comes in wax transfer and includes complete design and all parts to stamp on colored appliquéd patches. Full instructions for making are given; price 37 cents postpaid. Number 511A includes wax transfer patterns for four curtain ends and all appliquéd parts; price 30 cents postpaid. 511B supplies the same design in eight corner transfers for scarves and a vanity dresser set to match the spread and curtains; price 25 cents postpaid.

**Crisp Organdy Curtains**—Pattern number 550 furnishes wax transfers of dainty tulip designs used as shadow appliqués to decorate both the wide hems of organdy curtains and the valance.

**Tulip Quill Blocks**—A tulip design for the block cushion or bedspread is 554, 24 cents postpaid. This is supplied also in the actual materials—colors yellow, orange and green on a white ground—Peter Pan, fast colors, at \$6.03; Percale, fast colors, at \$3.02.

**Rose Quill Blocks**—A rose design for the same purpose, number 555, 24 cents postpaid. Supplied in Peter Pan, eight and a half yards, \$6.61, in two values of pink with a yellow centre, green leaves and appliquéd stems. Percale in this same assortment, \$3.28.

**Iris Quill Blocks**—An Iris design which requires six and a

half yards assorted colors. Design number 556, 24 cents. Actual material, Peter Pan, \$5.03; Percale, \$2.50.

**Special Group of Tulip, Rose and Iris Quill Blocks**—There is a specially priced group of designs under number 557 at fifty cents complete.

There is no particular difference in popularity between frilled or paneled curtains. It depends on your room. If you want a dainty, cottagey, informal effect, there is nothing gives it so quickly as frilled curtains. Paneled curtains can give you just as dainty an effect but they are more dignified.

I hardly think you need overdrapes for this room. However, if you use piqué for the bed, this would also be a fresh attractive material for the drapes. It is being used again and you will find lovely colors in it in the shops. Poplin, rep and cotton whipcord are much like it, if you cannot find piqué itself in your local store. I always like to recommend strong materials for bedspreads and overdrapes. The sun has a way of eating through anything flimsy, and laundering does for many a too-sheer bedspread. No matter how much you launder these materials I have mentioned, you will not overtreat them—and if they fade you can always dip them in boiling dyes or tints.

#### Building a Room Around a Vase

I HAVE read with interest the announcement of your new Home Service Bureau in *The Chatelaine*. As your first article will not appear until next month and as the first article is not one that concerns me particularly, I would be greatly obliged if you could give me some advice on interior

decoration before that time.

In less than two weeks we move into our first home—a three-roomed modern apartment and I am at a loss to know what color scheme to adopt—how to make the most out of a moderate income as far as furnishings are concerned. At present our only furnishings consist of an orthophonic phonograph in the low Barana type, and a beautiful table lamp, the base of which is royal blue porcelain with gold stenciling. The oval shape shade is beige georgette lined with shell pink, and perfectly plain.

The living room is a moderate size, a little longer than wide, with a double window facing the southwest. However, there is no view as, less than six feet away, a house obstructs the view. For this reason, I should like very attractive drapes. Under the windowsill there is a gilt finished radiator.

The bedroom is very small with a single window having the same exposure as the living room.

I have already sent to your magazine for an embroidery design of pots of geraniums for my kitchen window, and I thought that large yellow water lilies with green leaves would be effective to border the bathroom curtains.

As apartments are usually hot

and stuffy in the summer, I should like drapes in a nice cool color and material. The walls are all white.

I am not a subscriber to your magazine, but I have bought it each month from the news-stands for almost a year, so I feel that I am entitled to the privileges of a subscriber. I might say that I have noticed a vast improvement in the last three copies and eagerly watch for the new issue each month.

If I have asked for too much information, I would be satisfied if you would only suggest a color scheme for my bedroom—including bedspread and bed lamp.

**Answer**—You have a better start than you know in your new home, because you are unencumbered with the usual unrelated claptrap with which a bewildered bride has to start housekeeping. Rooms have been built around fireplaces, bookshelves, pictures—why not around a lamp?

You have a very excellent background color scheme for your room in this same lamp. Royal blue and beige are good to build on. I should suggest that as a floor-covering you get a plain tan broadloom carpet. You can get the Scotch for nine dollars a square yard or the domestic for \$8.50 a square yard. These are prices which vary hardly at all throughout the country, because broadloom is a standard commodity in any rug department. Or for \$75 you could get one of those very beautiful soft-toned modernistic broadloom rugs, which I imagine would be big enough for your room—six by nine feet. Keep your royal blue and beige in mind when getting it, but don't be afraid to have misty notes of other color in it. My advice would be to look for a predominance of tan.

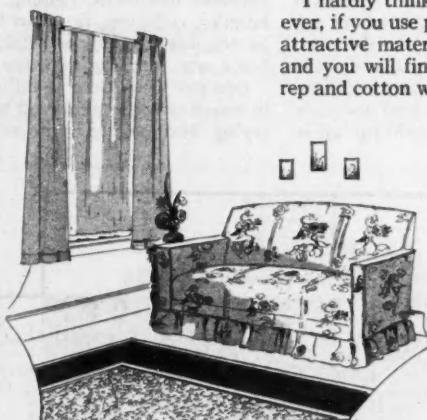
Now for your curtains. If you have the plain tan broadloom, I advise a patterned blue chintz with predominant tan and other color in it. This same could be used as a covering for one overstuffed chair—the rest of the chairs and the sofa, if you decide to have one, plain. You can get a nice little overstuffed chair for as little as \$25 or \$30.

If you want to use the modernistic rug, then I should advise plain curtains of tan shot taffeta, celanese, and purchasing one chair covered in bright, preferably modernistic, material. Keep your other coverings fawn or blue. You can get distinction and color in gold cushions, relieved with others in a few brilliant contrasting shades.

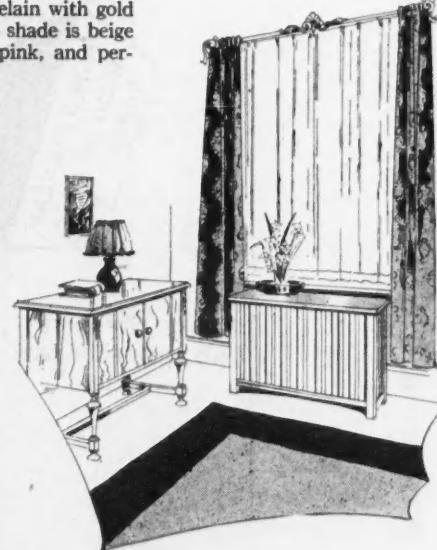
The type of your furniture depends upon the amount of money you can spend. If you want to save money, let me advise you to buy both your living room and bedroom furniture unpainted, and have it stained and rubbed for your living room and painted for your bedroom. To show you how reasonable this can be, I bought a table recently for ten dollars and had it stained and beautifully rubbed a walnut shade for four dollars more. It can be used for a living room or dining table, and opens out with leaves to seat ten people. You can buy rush bottom chairs for three dollars that are beautiful and strong. In fact, for saving, there is nothing like unpainted furniture. And it does not have to look too informal, either. Your lamp would look well on my fourteen-dollar table with its beautifully turned legs.

I have indicated in the accompanying sketch what I should do with the radiator in your living room. Have it stained the same color as your furniture and use it as a seat, if low, or as a magazine and flower rest, if higher.

Just now, with spring in the air, I feel like painting bedroom furniture green, decorating it with lavender flower medallions and putting organdie curtains of lavender at the windows. Your bed lamp might be anything! I'd look about for one if I were (Continued on page 50)

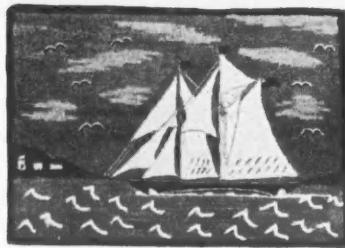


The unattractive black-stain and leather sofa disguised by a slip cover of warm colors, against mulberry hangings.



The curtains take the royal blue and beige of the lamp as predominant colors to produce a cool effect in an apartment which may prove stuffy through the summer.

The famous "Blue Nose" as immortalized by the rug-hooker's art. Many a favorite vessel has been faithfully recorded in this way.



Hooked rugs as wall-hangings, floor-coverings and mementos

# HOOKED RUGS FOR COLOR

*Nova Scotia's great home industry*

by HELEN CREIGHTON

**I**N NOVA SCOTIA, the housewife is a busy woman, be the season early spring or chilly winter. In a corner of her house there stands a frame, and on a table, or in a precious drawer, she keeps an implement some six inches long known as her hooker. Perchance it once did duty as a fork—an old-fashioned, two-pronged fork cut down by the village blacksmith for this important purpose. She would much prefer it to be improvised in this way, for her grandmother used just such a hooker and so did her great-grandmother. The hooking of mats is no recent innovation in Nova Scotia but one that has been in vogue for many generations.

Much is written nowadays about that little extra money which the wife may have for herself. There are many ways of making this, but in Nova Scotia it is the hooked mat that swells the slender purses of the women who live in the country. In olden days there was little profit in the undertaking, for everybody could do the work, and there was nobody left to buy. It served then as a means of artistic and creative expression and gave a touch of warmth and brightness to the home. To-day, however, tourists clamor for it, and what at one time was merely a pleasant and utilitarian pastime has become a profitable profession. It was the originality of one of the women that started the selling ball rolling.

There was a Mrs. Baker who lived in the district of St. Margaret's Bay, who made a small rug in which she hooked a white lamb upon a green background. Probably thinking that His Majesty should be cognizant of the hobby of Nova Scotia women, she sent her rug as a present to King Edward, a pretty little touch of loyalty from one who lived so far from pleasures and palaces. The rug was returned, however, with a very nice letter saying that her sovereign was not permitted to accept gifts from private people.

The idea of sending the rug to King Edward showed in the first place, a touch of originality. Mrs. Baker followed this up by sewing the letter in one corner and the envelope in another, and made a companion rug.

This she asked Miss Susie Mitchell, now proprietor of "Ye Olde Tyme Hooked Rugs," to sell. It was really out of altruism that the mat was exhibited, but to Miss Mitchell's surprise it sold, and Mrs. Baker, who had felt the pinch of poverty, was encouraged.

Finding it profitable, Mrs. Baker made one rug after another, and gradually her neighbors brought theirs in too. The industry grew into a money-making concern, started by a poor countrywoman's loyalty to her king. Now tourists



One of the well-known ship and sea rugs of a renowned hooker. This worker gets her perfect and varied marine colorings by dressing herself and her family habitually in blue!

scour the country to find the sort of mats they like, and one distributor told of selling \$4,000 worth in the past season alone.

Nova Scotia rugs are not perfect by any means. In fact many of the colors are so gaudy as to leave one blinking. Others are undoubtedly artistic, but it is their originality that is surprising. Most of the hooking is done in country places where there are few diversions and educational advantages for the women, but father's underwear and mother's petticoat and the small son's shirts are hooked into charming designs.

As proof of the latent artistic talent in Nova Scotia, Mrs.

Eric Brown, wife of the Director of the National Art Gallery, told of visiting the Normal School at Truro. Mrs. Brown, being herself a critic, possessed of a wide knowledge of art both in Canada and abroad, spoke with amazement of the work she found here.

To this school many potential teachers came whose remote existence had given them no training whatever in the fundamentals of art, many of them daughters of just such women as have been mentioned.

Here Mrs. Brown was shown their work at the beginning of the year, and then work done by the same students at the conclusion of their training. It seemed incredible to her that so much had been learned in so short a time. Many of the best hookers to-day are former school-mistresses who have married and settled down in sparsely settled districts and who find creative output in manufacturing their mats.

**M**ANY patterns have been handed down from one generation to another. A curious one is the Boston sidewalk. Probably many years ago a son or daughter went to the great city and returned with a description of the blocks of the streets of the huge metropolis. Some local mind was fired with imagination and the impression was stamped on a piece of burlap, hessian or ozenburg, and then hooked into a rug. The idea spread and soon became widely known, with the result that to-day this is one of the most popular patterns. Perhaps its name has something to do with it, for there are few families who have not some connection with a relative who has sought a wider horizon in that city.

Floral designs in which "riz" roses stand predominant are extremely popular among the buyers, but as they take a long time to make and use up a great deal of material, they are none too common.

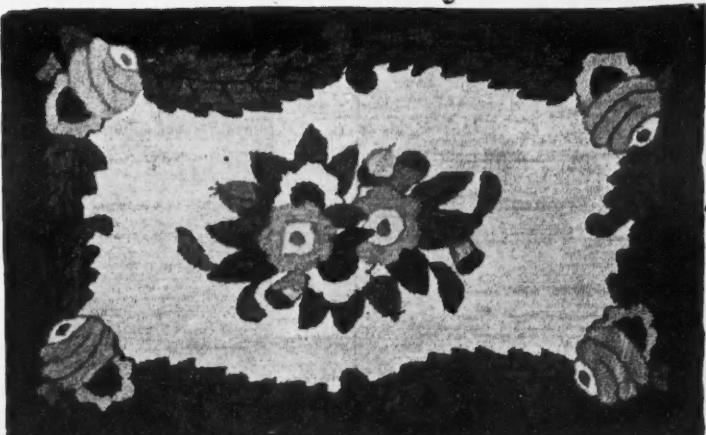
Chester, which lures so many tourists in the summer season, possesses a Mrs. Cleveland whose particular gift is the hooking of ship patterns. Strangely enough, there are few women who can hook ships well. Yet when you are in such a setting looking for a rug, you naturally want one of ships. Is not the sea there at one's feet, and does not the whole atmosphere taste of sea life and jaunty vessels? A design that does not speak of the sea does not seem typical of Chester. Yet there are few who can satisfy the demand.

Most of the women stamp their own patterns, although many buy stamped bottoms from a firm in New Glasgow. The latter are very pretty, but it is the irregularity of the former that gives them charm as (Continued on page 65)



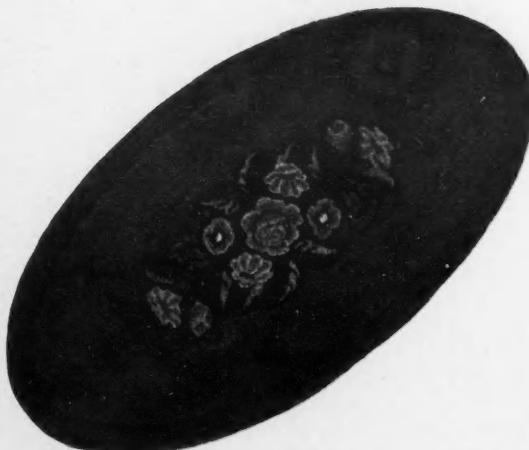
The beautiful fern pattern, which is often enhanced by the much-sought-for "riz" roses.

A maple leaf pattern with fern border, created by an artist in design and an expert hooker.



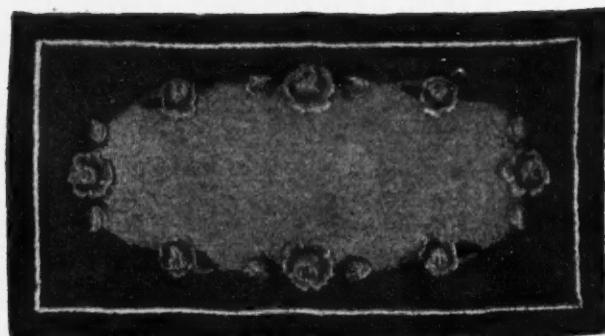
## Some Nova Scotia Hooked Rugs

Floral designs in which "riz" roses stand predominant are popular among the buyers, but as they take a long time to make and use up a great deal of material, they are none too common.



In Nova Scotia, the housewife is a busy woman, be the season early spring or chilly winter. In a corner of her house there stands a frame, and on a table or in a precious drawer she keeps an implement some six inches long known as her hooker.

The hooking of mats is no innovation in Nova Scotia, but one that has been in vogue for many generations. In olden days there was little profit in the undertaking, as there is to-day. It served then only as a means of artistic and creative expression.



Many patterns have been handed down from one generation to another, and the material they are made of is often as personal as the design. In a single rug, you will see the remnant of a silk stocking, a rose-colored velvet which may have been a well-loved dress, red flannel from a petticoat and silk from a blouse.



Nova Scotia rugs are not perfect by any means. In fact, many of the colors are so gaudy as to leave one blinking. Others are undoubtedly artistic, but it is their originality that is surprising. Most of the hooking is done in country places where there are few diversions.

# PART TIME HOUSEKEEPING

*Some invaluable short-cuts for the woman whose housekeeping hours are limited*

By RUTH DAVISON REID

**I**S HOUSEKEEPING a full time job in your home? "It is, most decidedly," I hear some of you say. "With three small children in the house and all the cooking, sewing and cleaning to be done, there are not enough hours in the day to finish the work."

"Just try one week in a farmhouse," says another. "With stoves to keep burning, and no running water and seven hungry people to feed, it certainly is a full time job."

But there are housekeepers, who through choice or necessity divide their time between their homes and business, profession, sport or social life. They have need of some system that will keep the wheels running smoothly, and still give them many hours of freedom from the house.

Many women are in business, or following a profession or course of study; others whose families are grown and away from the home, have thrown themselves into club work or organized charities. These women cannot be tied to the home all day in order to keep house for two or three adults, and there is no need of it, even where there is no maid, if an efficient system is followed. And there might be included in this class the woman whose favorite sport has grown from a hobby until it is almost a profession. She wants hours of freedom. And is there not a possibility, also, that the housekeeper who thinks she must be at home all day might reorganize her system to give her an hour or two of leisure?

This plan is originally intended for the woman who wishes to devote the hours from ten a.m. to five p.m. to outside interests; it allows her several hours in the morning to start the day's work and an hour in the evening before the family returns for dinner. But it is a very elastic plan—it can easily be enlarged to include the woman who works from 8.30 a.m. to 5 p.m. She must arise earlier in the morning and hire more outside help. Or it might be contracted to suit the housekeeper who wants to devote the whole morning to her home and have the afternoon free, returning only in time for the dinner. (Does the bridge-player show interest here?).

#### Routine

**S**INCE meals occupy such a large part of the homemaker's attention, let us discuss food. As this plan applies to the city dweller there are only two meals to consider, breakfast and dinner—the family will lunch downtown. Here there must be some agreement; there is no need of an evening dinner if the luncheon has consisted of hot meat and vegetables. But if it has been light, as most indoor workers prefer, with plenty of greens and salads, the hot meal is in order at night. But it is well to include green vegetables and fresh fruit in the home-cooked meals in order to be on the safe side. Of course, you follow the rule of meat or fish only once a day, at least one green vegetable, one raw food and two cupfuls of milk for each adult.

Breakfast will probably be simple, and the more that can be prepared the night before the less confusion in the morning. Grapefruit, orange juice, sliced oranges can be left ready in the refrigerator. These will alternate with apples, dried fruits and fresh fruit in season. It is a quick matter to reheat the cereal cooked in the double boiler the night before, or perhaps you prefer an uncooked cereal. With the electric percolator and toaster at the table, breakfast is a simple meal to prepare; even the table is set the night before; and any hot dishes may be added to suit the taste.

It is the dinners that must be planned carefully to avoid too much confusion and labor, for after hours of outside work the cook does not want to face too big a task. A great deal may be left ready in the morning, desserts made, vegetables or casserole dishes prepared. At night only a little cooking and the setting of the table are necessary.

#### Soups and Fruit Cocktails

**S**OUPS may be canned or taken from the stock pot—prepared on the day the housekeeper spends at home—with left-over diced vegetables, rice, barley, spaghetti or tomato added for variety. Perhaps a cream soup is in order if the rest of the meal is light; it may be made of the vegetable and vegetable water planned to remain from the previous night's dinner, combined with a thin cream sauce. Croutons and soup sticks are always on hand, made from stale bread whenever the oven is hot.

If a fruit cocktail is preferred the simplest is a half grapefruit, prepared in the morning and chilled; or a combination of orange with grapefruit, banana, grapes, pears or pineapple. If one is pressed for time a tin of fruit salad mixture may be left to chill during the day and it is only a moment's work to put it in the glasses.

parsley or lemon sauce added. For a light meal on a cold winter's night, oyster stew gives the maximum of flavor with minimum of preparation.

#### Oven Meals and Casseroles

**I**N SEEKING methods that give more leisure time, the housewife should make full use of the oven; the most complete electric and gas types have time and temperature control. In the electric oven, the entire meal (meat, vegetables, and dessert) is put in the cold oven in the morning, the controls set to turn on the proper heat at the desired time. When one returns home in the evening, the meal is cooked. The gas heat control turns the heat off at a desired time and controls temperature meanwhile.

But all of us cannot have this equipment. We can, however, heat the oven to a high temperature, start the food cooking and turn the heat down to 275 deg or 250 deg. Fahrenheit, depending on whether the meal is to be left three or four hours. This is quite simple with gas ovens equipped with temperature control, and with well insulated electric ovens one learns by experience, and a reliable oven thermometer, that the right temperature will be maintained by the lower burner turned to medium or low. Escalloped potatoes, casserole of mixed vegetables, ham and potatoes en casserole, or chicken which has been cut up, seasoned, floured lightly and covered with a few strips of bacon and put in a tight-lidded dish—all of these and many others will be ready after being left in the oven for three or four hours at a low temperature. This plan of course, is useful only for the woman who is at home until after lunch and leaves the kitchen to its own devices during the afternoon, returning just in time for dinner.

Casserole dishes are particularly suited to the plan for quick dinners; they may be prepared in the morning and only need reheating at night. If they contain meat and vegetables, the addition of a cold dessert and coffee, with perhaps a light salad, makes a complete meal.

Vegetables, with a tasty sauce, topped with buttered crumbs and, perhaps, a bit of bacon, leftover meat or fish with rice and tomato or vegetables, and for a more elaborate dinner, chicken, or sweetbreads and mushrooms—these are suggestions for the casserole. And do not overlook variety in the flavorings, tomato, or onion browned in the sauce, or green pepper, or occasionally mushrooms, or curry, when rice is used.

#### Vegetables

**I**T IS in the preparation of the meat and vegetable course that ingenuity is needed. So many say: "Oh, we are so tired of steaks and chops, chops and steaks. That is all we can have for our small family." Well, let us see how much variety we can find in meats that are suitable for two or three people and can be cooked quickly.

From the beef there are various steaks: the club, for one or two, porterhouse for two, and sirloin for three servings, with very occasionally the filet mignon. These need only broiling to be ready. We admit these are expensive cuts, but there is beef stew, prepared in the evening ahead of time. When this is reheated, a few dumplings dropped in the pot cook in fifteen minutes. Beef loaf, served cold, or steamed for a few minutes to reheat it and served with tomato sauce, is delicious. Salisbury steak, cut from the round and chopped at the butcher's, can be pan broiled, while braised beef lends itself to oven and casserole cooking.

Lamb chops may be from the loin, rib or shoulder. (The last are the cheapest and may be broiled or braised.) For a tiny roast which does not need long cooking, four or five chops might be left together to make a diminutive loin of lamb. Lamb stew with cuts from the neck or brisket is considered inexpensive and tasty.

There are pork chops, too, or a thick slice of ham, sausages, or liver and bacon—that dish which has risen to a place of importance. Pork tenderloin, frenched and breaded, is one of the most delicious meat dishes imaginable, and to any of these pork cuts fried apple rings are a welcome addition.

For a real delicacy, sweetbreads, soaked and boiled in the morning, may be broiled with bacon or creamed with peas or mushrooms.

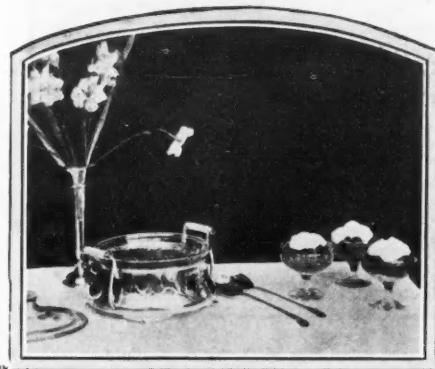
Fish is quickly broiled or steamed in small servings and a

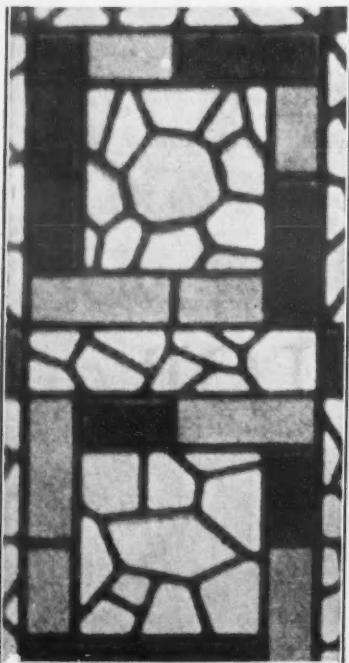
**A**LITTLE planning will give a wide range of vegetables for the dinner; beets are cooked in the morning—start them before breakfast—and at night sliced and reheated; squash is baked whenever the oven is hot, and left mashed and seasoned in the double boiler; spinach, corn on the cob, new cabbage, brussels sprouts all cook in a short time, and asparagus needs only a little longer, and there are canned vegetables, too. Potatoes, cooked in the morning, can later be creamed or pan fried, and in households where a kettle of deep fat is always on hand they may be french fried. Even mashed potatoes may be reheated in the double boiler if the greatest care is taken to whip them very light with hot milk. All vegetables should be cleaned and prepared in the morning and it is only a moment's work at night to boil the small quantity of water needed for proper vegetable cooking. To serve them with butter instead of a sauce is to give them their true flavor, and save time and work.

Sometimes, as a change from meat, eggs may be served. Omelettes, French or foamy, plain or with cheese, vegetable, or bacon fillings; and scrambled eggs with tomatoes are suggestions. Rarebit, macaroni and cheese, or spaghetti and cheese might be the main dish, with a crisp salad.

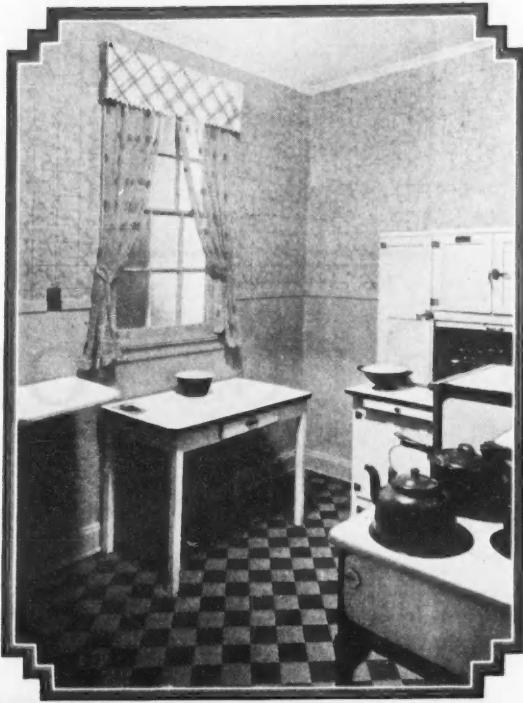
If the menu is to include salad rather than soup or fruit cocktail—the simple family dinner rarely needs both—there are many which do not need much preparation. The lettuce will be washed and chilled in the refrigerator, and celery, cucumbers, tomatoes, cabbage and green pepper, and hearts of lettuce will suggest themselves as simple choices. A fruit salad on lettuce might replace the dessert course. Mayonnaise, or thick boiled dressing, ready for cream to be added, should be on hand. Failing these, a French dressing can be made at the table or shaken up in less than a minute.

(Continued on page 49)





Left and right, floor coverings of inlaid linoleum in tile effect, for sunrooms and vestibules or any room where tiling is suitable.



At centre, a kitchen exemplifying the use of inlaid linoleum, glazed washable wallpaper and oilcloth as a curtain or valance material.

## Four Walls do not a Prison Make If they are washable

By MARY AGNES PEASE

Left, a glazed and washable paper suitable for a breakfast room, sunroom or bathroom. The coloring is delicate, effective, and refreshing.

Left, a motif from a delightful nursery paper. This and a companion "picture," are repeated at rather widespread intervals over a glazed paper in tile design.

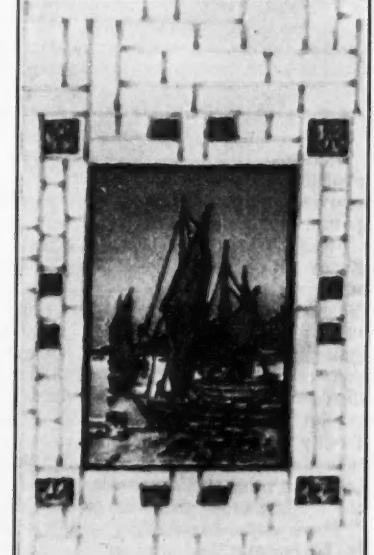
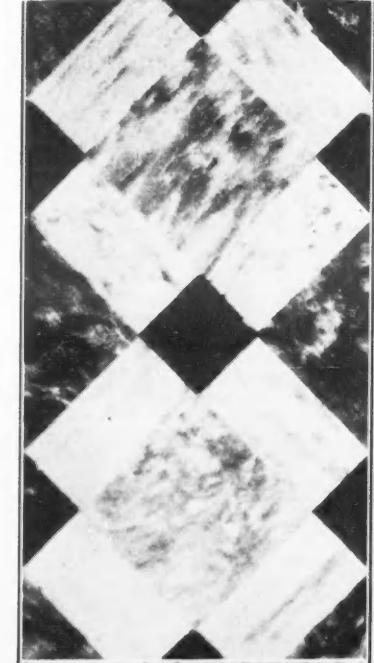
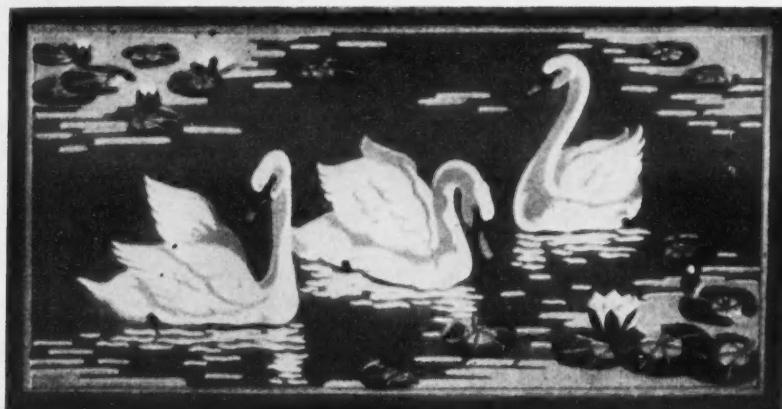
COLOR and design are triumphant today in those fortresses of sanitation, the kitchen and bathroom, and the result reminds one of the story of the change in Cinderella after her fairy godmother had touched her with a magic wand. When I was a little girl, any color that was introduced into the kitchen meant a lot of hard work, because it came by means of polish. It was through the shining state of the stove with its nickel trimmings, and of the various copper and brass kettles and pans, that a bit of gleam was possible. And as this meant the application of elbow grease, first, last and all the time, the sight of these radiant objects suggested fatigue to many people.

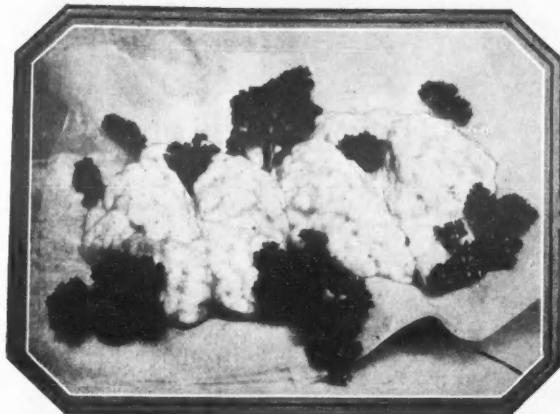
To-day we are able to get sparkle and gleam into our kitchens with very little exertion. We can have beauty without tears. The kitchen beauty doctors are oilcloth and paint, and their process of rejuvenation has been most effective, if sometimes a little startling. It makes one blink a bit to encounter a jade-green stove with equally giddy-colored kettles perched upon it in the kitchen, where not so long ago these utensils wore the clerical garb of black and gray. On the walls of the modern kitchen are

*Continued on page 68*

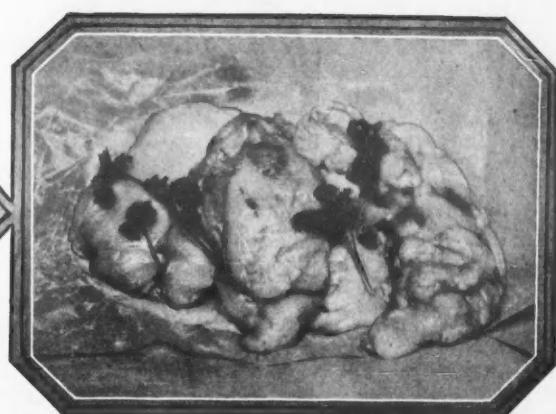
Right, a tile effect in glazed and washable paper excellent for kitchen or bathroom. The predominating color is blue; the background design, random.

Right, section of a flowered oil-cloth table cover, suitable for summer cottage, kitchen or nursery. Below, oil-cloth mat for bathroom or kitchen.





Calves' brains are fresh in spring and may be prepared in a number of ways. Imported strawberries are reasonable in May.



Sweetbreads are fresh in spring, also, and though never really cheap, are least expensive at this season.

## THE MARKET BASKET

*Shopping in May is very refreshing*

by MARGARET E. READ

**M**AY is the harbinger of warm, sunny days when one is apt to think in terms of summer, and thinking thus, expect to find a grand array of fresh fruits and vegetables. Nor can one feel disappointed at the possibilities for selection, for gay indeed are all greengrocers' windows.

During the spring and summer months, bananas are at their cheapest, and consequently their plentiful use may be advocated. It is not many years ago since they were considered very indigestible and highly undesirable for children. Now we know better; and, indeed, have learned that they contain valuable food properties.

Imported green, they are stored in specially constructed dark rooms, which are kept at a moist, warm temperature, both the temperature and moisture being carefully regulated. Usually they are sold to the wholesalers before they are wholly ripe; but, kept at room temperature, they continue to ripen. Bananas which are ripened in a cool room are not as good a flavor, and care is usually taken to prevent any cool draught striking them during the ripening process, as this affects the flavor. Even ripe bananas should not be stored in a refrigerator. When buying bananas select those having a deep yellow color flecked with dark brown spots. A green tip indicates that the banana is only partially ripened. The raw starch of the fruit has not been fully converted into sugar, and consequently the banana when eaten raw, is not easily digested. The more brown spots there are the riper will be the banana. In fact, the entire skin may be black or dark brown so long as the fruit is firm. Avoid bananas which have any soft spots. Once a banana is bruised it deteriorates quickly, and this means loss and waste.

Bananas should be free from angular edges, and should be almost round in shape. Sharp edges along the length of the banana are evidence of the fact that it was picked before it was fully matured.

THE month of May finds plenty of imported strawberries on the market at a very reasonable price; but home-grown berries do not appear until about the middle of June. As a rule, the medium-sized berries have a better flavor than the very large or the very small ones. They should be a bright even red in color, green or white tips indicating, of course, that they are not fully ripened, and will not have as good a flavor. They should be free from sand, dirt and grit. The unscrupulous berry-packer is apt to line the bottom of the box with undesirable berries such as green or over-ripe ones, small or deformed ones and other imperfections; but any reliable dealer will turn out a box of berries for a customer, so that one may see the berries in the bottom of the box as well as those on top. One of the best varieties of strawberries for preserving is the Wilson berry. It is a medium-sized berry, dark red in color and rather pointed in shape. It has an especially good flavor, and does not mash or break up in cooking, but remains whole so that it makes a very attractive looking jar of fruit. There are a number of varieties suitable for table use, jam or shortcakes. Usually, they are large, soft berries but they spoil quickly.

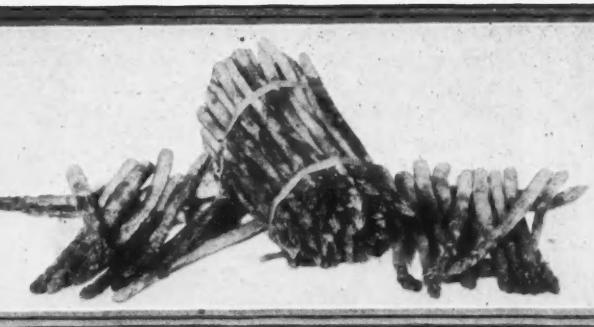
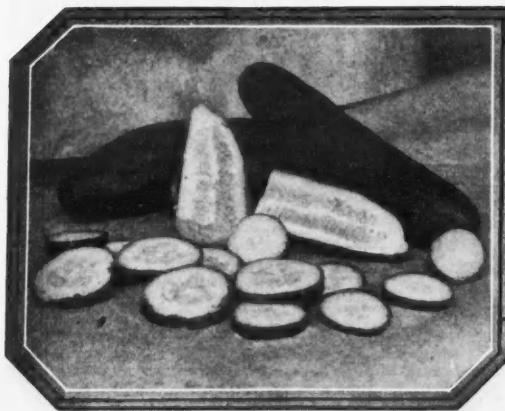
**C**UCUMBERS which have been grown locally in hot beds, are now on the market in abundance, but they are not cheap. Later in the season when their cost of production is less, the price drops considerably. They should be straight and rather long and slim, but not too much so. Neither should they be too thick, as they are then apt to be too seedy and pithy. The skin should be smooth and fine-grained. The entire cucumber should be distinctly green; white ends indicate that it is not sufficiently ripened, while, on the other hand, any tendency toward a yellow coloring means that the cucumber is rather too ripe. Cucumbers should be firm instead of spongy, and of medium size. Avoid any irregularities in shape. Always serve this vegetable very cold and crisp, after soaking in cold water, salt, pepper and vinegar.

IMPORTED asparagus has been on the market since the end of March, and by May it is plentiful and at its cheapest. The home-grown variety is just beginning to appear and is rather expensive. During the month of June, it will be more plentiful. Select asparagus which is entirely green, or at least green as far down the stalk as possible, as the white end is quite tough and will have to be cut off. White at the end is a sure indication that that part is tough, but sometimes even the green ends are tough also. Such ends are hard and coarse-fibred. Avoid bunches whose stalks are dry at the end, as these have been picked for some time. Asparagus tips should be green and close together; when the tiny leaves are separated it denotes late picking, and that the asparagus is old and tough and of poor flavor. Stalks should be neither too large nor too small. Thin, spindly stalks very often are late ones and apt to be tough and dry. And the large stalks are never as tender all the way down as the medium-sized ones. The tough ends may be used in making soup.

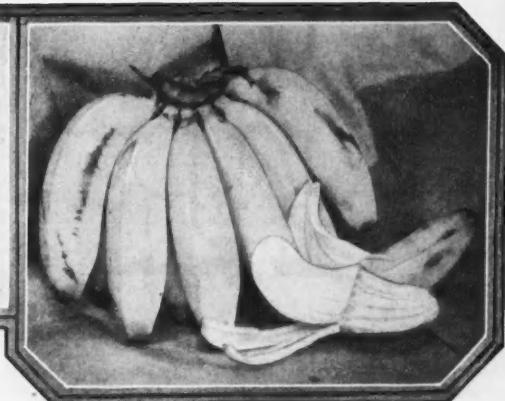
**SWEETBREADS** are regarded as a great table delicacy. As they are readily digested and are highly nutritious, they make an appetizing addition to the convalescent's diet. But they need not be considered exclusively for invalids, as they are valuable on almost any menu.

Sweetbreads are obtained from two parts of the animal. The thymus gland of the young lamb or calf is known as the neck sweetbread. This is an organ which develops before birth, and gradually disappears when the young animal is taken from a liquid diet. The second, generally known as the stomach sweetbread, is really the pancreas, a large gland below the stomach which secretes a digestive juice into the small intestine.

The season for fresh sweetbreads is in the spring and early summer, the same as for veal; but chilled sweetbreads may be obtained during the *(Continued on page 59)*



Study the ripening signs of these three vegetables well. It will affect your purchases.





*The poultry-raisers of the country have not been slow to take advantage of the better demand for their product. They are giving keener study to breeding, feeding and housing.*

**D**EUTITIANS, marketing promoters, and poultry farmers are directing their efforts toward a more general use of poultry products. They are succeeding beyond the hopes of the keenest optimist because the consumption of eggs has increased fully ten dozen per year per head of population. The question "Have you had your egg to-day?" put to the people of Canada requires no audible answer because the time has almost arrived when the consumption of eggs will have reached an egg a day for every man, woman and child in the whole Dominion. Ten years ago we were doing no better than the populations of the United States, Great Britain, and many other countries in consuming about sixteen dozen per head during the year, while to-day we are taking care of some twenty-nine dozen, which amounts in the year to almost one per head for every day. The situation in regard to egg consumption was tersely expressed by the Honorable Dr. Motherwell, Minister of Agriculture, just before leaving Great Britain the past autumn, when he said: "In the poultry and egg industries the production has advanced steadily during the last decade, and even more rapidly than what might be normally expected, yet, our exports have declined, the explanation being the greater quantities we ourselves consume because our people can buy, with safety, our best cold storage eggs for poaching, and our best chicken for roasting at any time, while our specials and extras are eagerly sought after."

Ten years ago the eggs offered at the breakfast table were not as confidently approached as they are to-day. The practice still prevails in many parts of the country of entrusting the small boy with the daily task of "hunting the eggs." His duties were to search beneath the barns, under the burdock leaves, the remote corners of the hay loft, and such other hiding places as the hen chose to deposit her product. The eggs not found that same day, gathered in by two, half dozens, or handfuls later in the week or the week following. All eggs thus discovered and which wouldn't "shake" perceptibly, went into the market basket and were sold as fresh eggs. Eggs did not sell for such good prices as present day values—and no one need ask why. The fifteen cents a dozen paid in the warm months seemed little enough to the farmer's wife, but, were the eggs worth any more? It may be safely assumed that the day of fifteen cent eggs is past and the juvenile egg-hunter has lost his occupation. The market egg is no longer shaken to detect its internal condition. Modern science has discovered a better way. The shell no longer conceals the condition of the yolk, the white, and the age of the egg. The modern candling appliance gives the shell transparency. The experienced egg grader, by a glance at the egg before the "candler," is able to separate the best, the passably good, and the poorer eggs into their respective cases for "Specials," "Extras," "Firsts," and the other grades now well understood not only by the trade but by many who purchase.

The breakfast egg has become the general rule in the Canadian home. At no time have chefs and nutrition experts been more industrious than they are now in finding out new ways of preparing and serving eggs. Their value in the diet is becoming appreciated as never before, and particularly by those who have discovered the subtle work-

ings of the special vitamines with which the egg is enriched. The egg requires no defense on the score of its food usefulness. Through long periods of time it has held an important place in the diet of the well-to-do and the humblest of citizens. It is not only one of the most palatable of foods when prepared in the simplest fashion or in the many ways known to the experienced cook, but from the standpoint of nourishment, few foods approach its value. One has but to recall that it is capable of providing every need of a living creature. This it does for the chick during the brief incubation period of three weeks. In a pamphlet prepared by the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa the egg is well designated "The Breakfast Food of the Nation."

**T**HE egg is rich in most of the nutritive elements needed by the human body, particularly in the form of protein, fats, and mineral matter. It is now known to be well supplied with the more recently recognized essential of at least three of the vitamines. The protein, making up almost

## Canadian Food Series



# The Scientific Background of the Egg

by J. B. SPENCER, B.S.A.

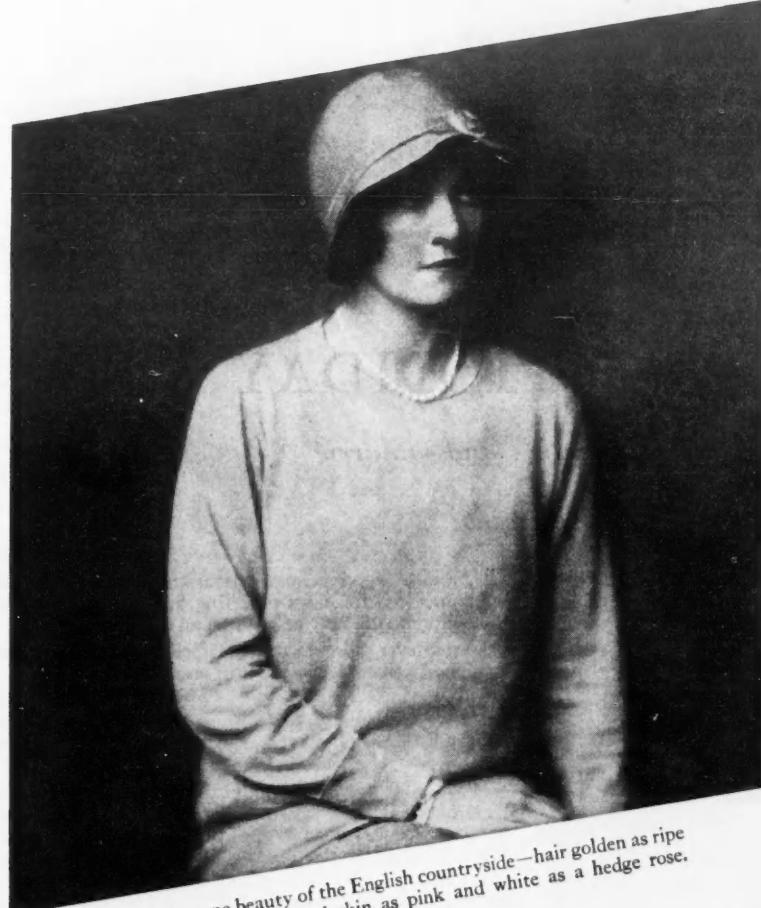
fifteen per cent of the egg, is found largely in the white. The yolk supplies the fat. Because of a deficiency of carbohydrates, the egg is well used in combination with foods with starch or sugar content. Science has not yet determined a method of measuring vitamine content of food, but authorities agree that vitamines "A" and "B" are plentiful in the yolk of the egg, even more so than either in lean beef or in the ordinary cheese of commerce. According to Sherman, a well-known authority, one egg contains about the same amount of vitamine "B" as a quarter cupful of fresh milk, and about as much vitamine "A" as three cupfuls of milk. Vitamine "D" in egg yolk has been found sufficient to safeguard infants from rickets during the later winter months when one yolk a day is fed. The popularity of the egg-nog for convalescents is explained by the excellence of the combination of the two foods which it contains. For instance, in one egg and one quart of milk alone, are to be found eight so-called "energy shares" of a hundred calories each.

(Continued on page 72)



*A housewife, going to the store to buy eggs, easily becomes familiar with the grading of eggs as given in this Department of Agriculture exhibit.*

# Lady Violet Astor



Hers is the serene beauty of the English countryside—hair golden as ripe wheat, eyes violet blue and skin as pink and white as a hedge rose.



Lady Violet Astor is one of the most beautiful and brilliant hostesses in England. She often entertains royalty in her magnificent London house.

## AN ENCHANTING ENGLISH BEAUTY BEARS A GREAT AMERICAN NAME

LOVELY, lovely Lady Violet Astor! Hers is the serene beauty of the English countryside. Her hair is golden as ripe wheat, her eyes are violet blue, her skin is pink and white as a hedge rose.

Daughter of an Earl, Lady Violet grew up amidst the pomp of vice-regal courts. Now she is one of London's most brilliant hostesses. But she loves best country life—gardens and flowers, fishing, golf and riding to hounds. She is a devoted mother and a lady of mercy whose good deeds bring sunshine into countless lives.

Sweet as her shy name-flower, Lady Violet is

yet a woman of definite convictions. It is no shallow vanity that has caused her to give her skin meticulous daily care with Pond's. She has lived amid Canada's snows and under India's blazing sun, yet kept the bloom of that marvelous English complexion. She is outspoken in her praise of the "wonderful service Pond's have done for women."

"They've put in our hands the means of making our skin look younger each year," she says.

"Those Two Creams! They keep my skin so perfectly cleansed and protected. And now the Freshener—refreshing as spring rain on the cheeks

—and filmy Tissues for removing the Cream—all four of them are practical—delightful—effectual."

### THIS IS THE POND'S METHOD for home treatment:

*First*, for thorough cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck morning, evening and always after exposure. Pat on with firm, upward, outward strokes.

*Then*, with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, absorbent, wipe away the cream and dirt. What an economy in towels and laundry!

*Next*, after a daytime cleansing, dab Pond's Skin Freshener briskly over your skin. It firms, tones, closes the pores and banishes oiliness.

*The finishing touch*—a little Pond's Vanishing Cream for protection and as a powder base.

Give your skin this care during the day, and always at bedtime thoroughly cleanse with Cold Cream and wipe off cream and dirt with Tissues.

### MAIL COUPON AND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 PREPARATIONS

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD., Dept. 8  
167 Brock Ave. Toronto, Ont.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Province \_\_\_\_\_

All rights reserved by Pond's Extract Company of Canada, Ltd.

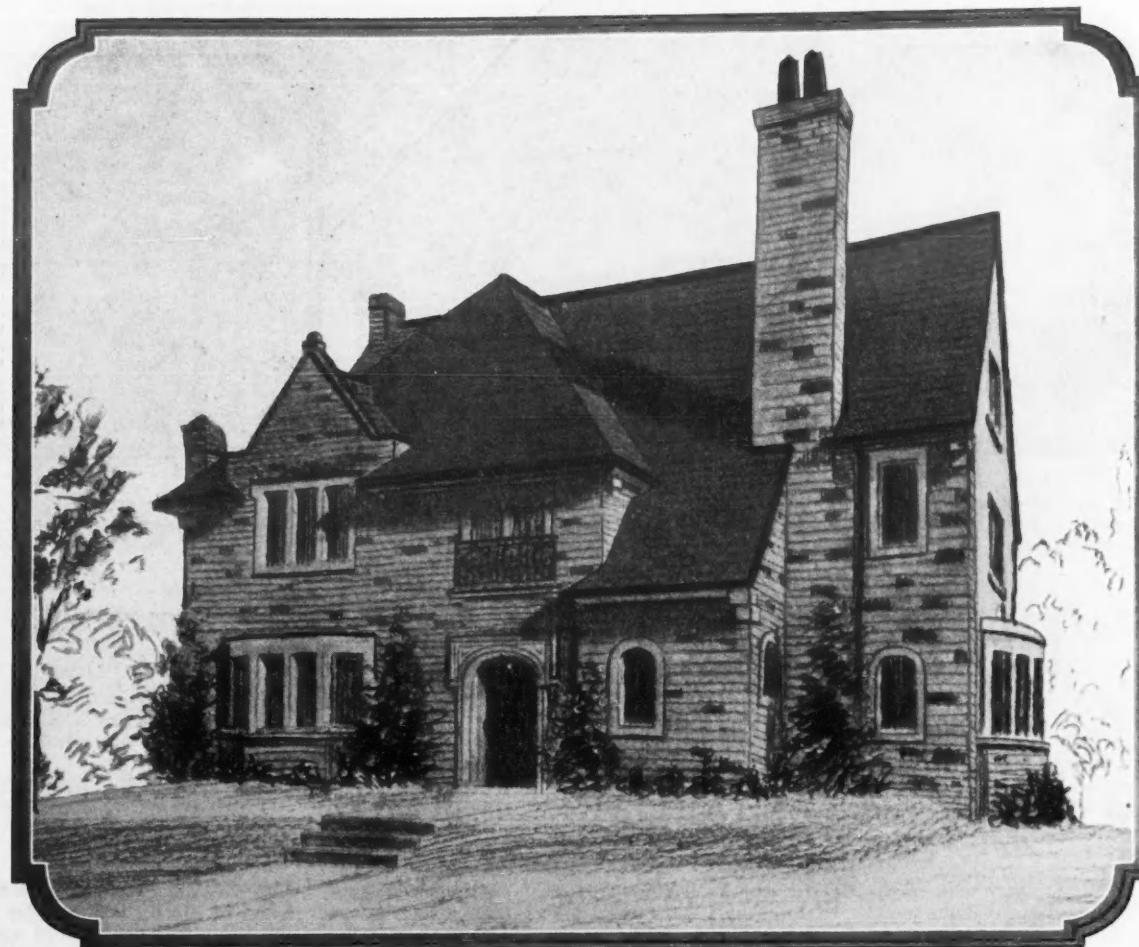


Lady Violet in formal English habit leaving her London mansion for a ride in Rotten Row, Hyde Park.



You can buy them everywhere, Pond's four delightful preparations—Two famous Creams, Cleansing Tissues for removing cold cream and new tonic Skin Freshener. Use them always and your skin, like Lady Violet's, will "grow younger every year."

Wrought iron  
Slate-color shingles  
Limestone trim

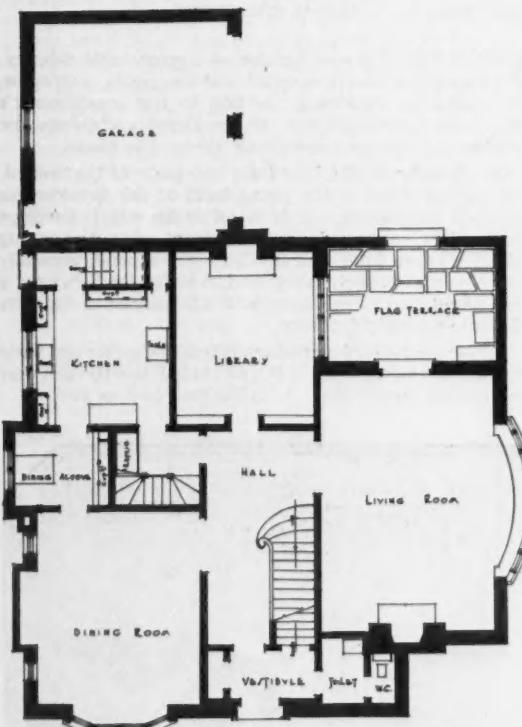


Informal line  
Bay windows  
Mixed stone

## A PICTURESQUE STONE HOUSE of ENGLISH TYPE

*Color is introduced in two-stone treatment*

D. E. KERTLAND, Registered Architect



GROUNDFLOOR PLAN

Unusual features are the two large bay windows in dining room and living room, which also boasts a southern exposure.

THOUGH of no particular derivation, save a slight picturesque leaning toward the English type of informal architecture, this stone house, by originality of line and color in actual building material, presents a very definite picture of solidity and comfort. Stone is one of the most ideal of building materials for the Canadian climate; its only drawback is its austerity, and frequent leaning to stereotyped styles by reason of its limitations of adaptation. This house, however, has escaped both bogies in its originality of treatment, and introduction of color in the random mixture of Cooksville with the Credit Valley stone of which it is chiefly constructed, and its slate-color roof of wooden shingles. Contrast is introduced by the use of Indiana limestone around the entrance and windows, and a rather charming touch of delicacy, by the wrought iron balcony rail above the entry-way.

Unusual features are the two large bay windows in dining room and living room, which also boasts a southern exposure. The tall chimney at front is another note of interest and originality.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN

The approach to the upper floor is enhanced by the stairway which doubles back over the vestibule in quaint fashion.

# Last Call

to amateur photographers—May 31st ends the big competition for 1,223 cash prizes totalling

# \$30,000

THE biggest amateur photographic contest ever conducted has now reached its third and final month.

There were picture opportunities in March, more in April, but there will be most of all in May.

Those who have already entered will improve their chances greatly by submitting additional pictures taken during this wonderful month.

Those who have not yet entered still have an excellent chance because the best picture-taking period of the contest is now at hand.

You don't need to be a camera-expert to win. What the judges are looking for are interesting pictures—pictures of children and scenes, sports and animals, still life and nature studies, buildings and architectural details, interiors and unusual photographs.

If you live in the Dominion of Canada or in the United States, you're eligible to enter and compete—except, of course, if you or some member of your family is connected with the photographic business. And practically any snapshot or time ex-

While this page tells you practically everything you need to know to enter the contest, further details, including the rules for the Special Enlargement Award, may be secured from your dealer or from Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto 9, Ontario.



*Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box is dependably uniform. Reduces the danger of under-or over-exposure. It gets the picture.*

## PRIZES

<i>Grand Prize of</i>	<b>\$2,500.00</b>
11 prizes of	500.00 each
11 prizes of	250.00 each
125 prizes of	100.00 each
275 prizes of	10.00 each
800 prizes of	5.00 each
	<hr/>
1,223	<b>\$30,000.00</b>

*In the event of a tie, the advertised award will be paid to each of the tying contestants. (57 of the above \$100 prizes were sent to winners April 1. 57 more will be sent May 1. That leaves 1,109 prizes for you to aim at.)*

posure that you have taken during March and April or any that you take in May, this year, is eligible provided it is received by us on or before May 31st. There are enough classifications to cover all kinds. When we receive your entries we'll place them in the classes where they'll have the best chance of winning.

Any brand of camera or film may be used, but negatives must not be larger than  $3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$  inches and prints not larger than 7 inches in width or length.

This is the last call—the final reminder that the opportunity to win a share of this \$30,000 knocks at your door. Some of the readers of these lines are going to seize that opportunity. They are going to begin taking pictures *at once*. They are going to enter not one but several pictures. They are going to open a letter from us next month enclosing a cheque—a cheque that may be for \$5, \$2,500 or some amount in between.

They are going to thank their stars they acted on this advertisement. *Will YOU be one of them?*

## PRIZE CONTEST ENTRY BLANK

Name.....

(Please Print)

55

Street Address.....

Town and Province.....

Make of  
Camera.....

Make of  
Film.....

Enclose this blank or a copy with your entries and mail to Prize Contest Office, Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto 9, Ontario.  
Do not place your name on either the front or the back of any picture.

Illustrated by  
Elsie Deane

If you have an older child of ten or twelve years, you have a great help. If not, every mother with more than two children should have reliable help of some kind.



Don't forget to take a variety of clothing, some warm and some light. I have known holidays to be completely spoiled from the lack of a few warm things.

## THE FAMILY TAKES A HOLIDAY

*Some pointers on safe and sane travelling for parents and children*

by STELLA E. PINES

**F**OR the last month or six weeks we have been enjoying longer and warmer days, and most wonderful of all, that "spring feeling." The sun shines longer, there is warmth outdoors once more, the pussy willows have come and have now changed to leaves, the tree buds are bursting, the crocuses have appeared, the robins sing, and this world of ours is clothed in all her spring finery and gaiety.

To eighty per cent of the people the thought is, "Where shall we go for holidays this year?" Parents and children are under par after the long winter months. The children have had a strenuous school period. All have studied for some examination or other and many have had unavoidable sickness—influenza and infections of all descriptions. Bad weather has kept them indoors, but now all is forgotten. With the sunshine, fresher food, warmth and play, roses are creeping into happier faces.

Some of you have been very wise and busy getting clothes ready for this holiday and making over last summer's outfit for the children. Some, after the strenuous meetings and entertainment, look forward to golf, tennis and a little rest. Some are preparing for a heavier but happier time on the farm. There are the fruits and the crops to look after, young animals to care for. There are preserving, pickling, bottling and a thousand and one things to think about in the summer time—and yet you all need a holiday. Where are you going? What will the budget allow? One thing I should like to say, that whatever the budget, it should allow the mother of a large family to have help. Very often this is overlooked and the mother really works harder than when at home and benefits not one whit by the change. You may be sending the children to camp and having a holiday yourselves. You may be visiting your people in the country. You may be going to the city. You may be going to a summer cottage in the mountains or to the seaside. You may be going on a motor trip or a camping party, fishing, golfing, shooting or hiking. You may go anywhere your fancy takes you. It may be a sea voyage with or without your family—more often the latter.

But whatever you do or wherever you go, you want to leave the children in good care and physically fit. Each one looks into the budget and sees what this allows, but whatever it is, consider first the benefit of being free from worry. This will more surely happen if you think that an ounce of prevention is truly worth a pound of cure, or "that it is better to build a fence at the top of a precipice than to maintain an ambulance at the bottom."

How can you benefit most and how can some of the difficulties be overcome? What risks do you run? For yourself and the adult members of your family perhaps strain in some form or another is the greatest. But at least you are fairly safe from infection. Not so with the children. When talking of holidays we hate to think of disease, but just before going away is good time for examinations and necessary preventive inoculations. "Why?" you will ask. "We are not sick." That is the point; and you want to keep well. The physician may warn you not to climb mountains if you are fatigued or liable to heart strain. He may

advise you to have the children immunized. We touched on this in a recent article, but let me try and explain further exactly what this means.

When we speak of an individual being immune, we mean he or she has some protective substance in the blood which makes him less susceptible to disease. We say this may be natural or acquired. Natural protection means that the individual has been born with these protective substances. Acquired immunity means that the individual has had the disease and built up his own resistance, or by constant contact with the disease and taking into his own system very small doses of the germ, has built up the same immunity. Preventive inoculation in the form of vaccination or injections is nothing more nor less than this latter.

Generally speaking, if children are tired they are susceptible to disease. Also if they have diseased tonsils, adenoids, or if they are constantly getting colds. They are particularly sensitive when recovering from any other illness. Most of the infectious diseases enter the system through the mouth and nose; in fact, we might say children eat diseases such as scarlet fever, diphtheria, typhoid, smallpox, whooping cough and sore throat. Some of these are absolutely preventable, especially diphtheria and smallpox. In the case of others, a great deal of research work is still being done to find specific means of prevention.

**L**ET us take a few and see what already can be done. Of course, no one should ever have smallpox. Every child should be vaccinated at six months and every seven years thereafter. This also holds good for diphtheria. It is a disgrace for any community to have either of these diseases. The greater proportion of smallpox cases occur in spring and fall, and usually in children up to five years of age. We may say, however, that most cases occur in adult life now, because if children are vaccinated they are immune for seven years, while adults often fail to be revaccinated.

The majority of cases of measles occur in spring and winter, and children are susceptible to it after six months of age. It is an acute highly contagious eruptive fever, affecting children and sometimes adults. If there is an epidemic where you are, take your children to a doctor, who will save them from its ravages. By letting him give your children serum made from the blood of patients recovering from the disease, they will be protected for about four weeks.

Diphtheria occurs oftenest in autumn and winter, and children are most susceptible to this disease from one to twelve years of age.

### Children Are Susceptible as follows:-

10 % as infants  
40 % from one to two years  
60 % from two to three years  
25 % from ten to twelve years

Preventive inoculations in three doses may be given one week apart.

Chicken-pox occurs to the greatest extent in spring and fall.

Whooping cough is most usual in spring and winter. Preventive vaccine makes the attack of disease lighter.

Infantile paralysis usually occurs from July to October, eighty per cent of cases occurring in the first four years. Preventive serum may be given in an epidemic.

Scarlet fever claims most cases in fall and winter, reaching its highest percentage at the fifth year.

This will give you some idea of why you should have your children inoculated. The baby up to six months can come to very little harm, but the pre-school child is your greatest care.

How can we overcome some of the difficulties of traveling? First of all, if there is a baby he will give little trouble if naturally fed, provided most of the traveling can be done at night. The greatest problem is one of privacy, if your trip is by train. Conductors will often give permission to use an empty compartment or drawing room, however, where wash rooms are too small or unpleasant for nursing baby. If you are traveling on a train or boat, a hammock is about the best thing you can have for the baby, as when sleeping he will not feel the jolts and jars of stopping and rolling. You will need a waterproof bag for his soiled clothes, a thermos with some warm water, and paper kerchiefs will be found most useful for wiping his hands and face. These are also useful for the same purpose when traveling with older children. You will need a boiled bottle or two with boiled water for him to drink when thirsty and a few boiled nipples which can be put up in small wax paper bags.

If he is a bottle baby or past weaning time, then you have a more difficult problem. You will have to provide as many feedings as you will need for the trip and have a thermos which you can get filled with hot water and provide some receptacle to stand the bottle in to heat, at mealtime. You will also have to have as many nipples as feedings. You will also have to think of the kind of milk supply you will get where you are going. Let me advise you to boil all milk as well as water, away from home. Take a mosquito or fly net along with you. Do not allow other travelers to handle your baby. Take his own pillow if he uses one, his own bedclothes and baby carriage. This latter will, of course, have to be shipped separately, but it will serve as a crib as well as an outing vehicle when you reach your destination.

Then we come to the toddlers and pre-school child. If you have an older child of ten or twelve years, you have a great help. If not, every mother with more than two children should have reliable help of some kind. For the train journey take a few small toys that will keep the children amused. They need not be bulky but enough for variety, and interesting enough to keep them quiet. See that the smaller ones get their sleep before they become irritable. Most travelers are sympathetic and have lots of patience with a mother who travels with two or three children, but it is bedlam if they are all cross at once.

Again think of their meals for the journey. If you cannot afford to give them good food on the train, take sufficient sandwiches and fruit to provide them with three adequate meals, but do not let them eat oranges, cake and candy between times. It is after these meal times that paper kerchiefs or serviettes are so useful.

Try to get the children to relax if you can. If they sleep a little, they will not get tired and cross so soon.

(Continued on page 48)



Distinct  
in the Mode  
Expressed in  
**HARVEY**  
*Lingerie*  
*and*  
*Hosiery*



*Harvey Lingerie*

Cobwebby silk-like material, fine and light and strong, in exquisite pastel shadings; fine workmanship to give long, slender lines—These are the necessary foundations to careful grooming that the woman of today demands, and finds in *Harvey Tailored Lingerie*.

The garment illustrated is a Harvey Two-in-one Brassiere and Bloomer, with tight-fitting cuff. The model is a one-piece style with well-fitting brassiere top, the brassiere and bloomer attached with a French style waist band. This model is in favor with women particular about the fit of their undergarments.

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is for your protection. Look for it.*

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# New Things for the New Baby

*There is a great demand for originality in baby gifts*

by BARBARA BLAIN

**S**UCH a discriminating person—the new baby! His fine things must be so *very* fine; his dainty equipment so fastidiously dainty; his tricky little accessories so ingenious, if they are to qualify for a place in the regard of His Small Majesty and his even more exacting admirers.

The little jacket which I have selected from the wardrobe of one delightfully outfit ted baby, is as dainty as heart could wish. It offers an alternative from the justifiably popular knitted jacket, being so absolutely different in appearance and also in warmth; it makes just that little extra weight which is sometimes desired, without the warmth of even the finest knitted jacket.

Creamy nun's veiling is the material used, with wash silk or crêpe de chine (pink or blue) for the lining. The two are cut out exactly alike and basted together along all the outer edges, with a quarter-inch turn-in of both materials; this leaves the jacket equally neat outside and inside. The lining is slip-stitched to the nun's veiling, so that the stitches do not show. This would finish the actual making of the jacket—a simple matter indeed.

The trimming of the wee coat is a matter of a crocheted silk edge and a double row of small French knots around the edges. The crochet hook should be as fine as will do for the silk, so that it will pierce the two materials, making the smallest hole that is practical. A length of crocheted chain six or seven inches long, makes each little tie with a tiny silk tassel to finish the end.

Any baby jacket pattern may be used (or see *Vogue Pattern Layette Set No. 2762*); you can follow it exactly, or adapt the lines of the jacket shown, to its general outline. For instance, any jacket can be given just a little extra length and then scalloped around the bottom. You can use a scallop pattern or just trace an outline with the aid of any round article, from a saucer to a big spool. The saucy little flare at the side seams makes a soft small coat of this kind more graceful, and it is easily added if the pattern you follow is straight-sided.

The side seam, which is continued as the under-arm seam in the jacket pictured, is fagotted instead of being ordinarily stitched; three additional little slashes, each about two inches long, are cut in each sleeve, they conform in position, to the scallops, when

the edges of the two materials are turned in and slip stitched together, the slash is fagotted to match the under-arm seam. This gives a little shape to the sleeve which it would not otherwise have if cut by the usual straight kimono pattern. The sleeve, like the neck, fronts and bottom, is finished with the crocheted edging and French knots. If you cared to elaborate the jacket further, a tiny motif could be embroidered in the lower front corners, or an initial or little monogram placed high on the left front would make a very individual thing of the jacket if it is planned as a gift.

#### *A Useful Bath Apron*

**T**HE fitted bath apron pictured on this page offers assistance as well as protection at the bath hour. The apron proper is made of one of the gay new patterned oil-

cloths, in very light weight, though any waterproof fabric which would bear stitching, could be used. Rubberized chintz also suggests itself.

Any practical apron pattern will do for the foundation; the one I have chosen has a plain bodice section, a suitable background on which to mount the pockets; the skirt should be full enough and long enough to offer adequate protection. I chose one which extends well around the sides. Plain cotton in a color which echoes some part of the design, is cut or purchased in bias strips and used to bind all edges of the apron. The same fabric can be used for the pockets.

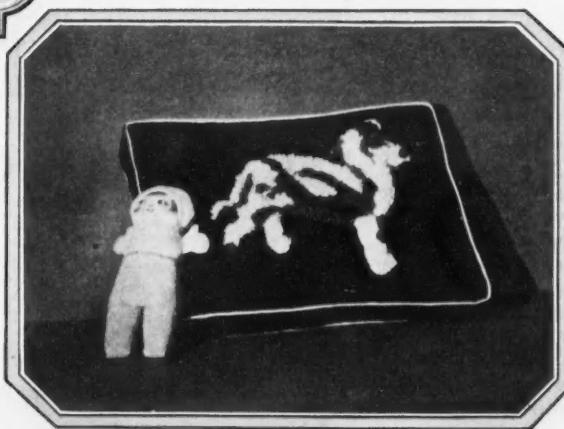
Just what fittings are to be placed in the pockets will be a matter of individual preference. If you give the baby his bath in the big tub in your own bathroom, there are certain things you may like to carry handily in your apron pockets, while you might prefer different fittings if the bath is a bedroom performance and you have baby's bassinet at your hand. The apron pictured has pockets cut to carry the tiny brush and comb, the tin of baby talc and the useful bath thermometer. And, by the way, the first and last of these items, which are always popular gifts to the newcomer, are seen in the shops in very up-to-date forms. The little brush and comb illustrated are miniature editions of the pearl-on-amber toilet sets which have lately become such popular appointments for the grown-up's dressing table; they may be had in ivory white or in the baby blue and pink.

The bath thermometer shown in our illustration is an amusing version of a very practical piece of equipment. The thermometer is safely embedded in a long narrow block of wood, with a painted head at one end; the specifications for baths of different temperatures, are plainly stated at the back. Another pretty baby-bath thermometer has the business part mounted in a block shaped like a cake of soap, and suitably enamelled in either pink or blue. Both thermometers will float. The first of these sells at one dollar, the soap-shaped thermometer at \$1.25.

#### *Dog or Kitten Cushion*

**A** WOOLLY dog, convincingly soft and cuddly to the touch, makes the little cushion for baby's carriage quite a personal possession. Because it would reproduce more clearly in the photograph, we have shown you a little white dog mounted against a dark background; (Continued on page 50).

*An outfit waterproof bath apron, a pillow for crib or carriage, a stocking doll and a "change" in jackets.*





*It is astonishing how soon children learn to take care of others in many ways, such as helping the baby up the stairs or fixing up a hurt finger.*

## WHAT OF YOUR CHILD? *Training in responsibility*

by FRANCES LILY JOHNSON

ACCEPTANCE of responsibility must be a gradual growth from infancy when the parent necessarily has complete charge of all the child's behavior until the individual himself assumes the full control of his acts and their consequences. Parents must be forward-looking enough to realize that a time will come when the child has to make his own choices and face difficulties by himself. They should plan, therefore, from the beginning to retreat from the child's life rather than keep themselves in the foreground, gradually ceding control as the child matures and proves able to take on the direction of his own affairs.

Most parents do too much for their children and so rob them of the chance to attain the inner self-control which is essential to complete independence, without which no individual can make a successful adjustment to life. Mere prohibitions will never help toward this goal. The child who is continually prevented from trying out activities for himself will never gain in self-reliance. The parent who will not permit the baby to climb the stairs for fear he will fall, or go near the lake for fear he will be drowned, or eat candy because it will make him ill, is merely laying the foundation for a future filled with indecision, fears and misgivings. Rather, the constructive side of each activity should be stressed, and the parent, instead of dominating, should act as leader and teach the child to do what he wishes in a way that is safe.

It is the duty of parents to give the child plenty of opportunity to experiment and compare values, even at times, if necessary, to reveal values, so that later on the child can make his choices, wisely and unaided, in the light of past experience.

By the time he has grown away from parental guidance he should have built up powers of judgment and a sense of responsibility which will prevent him being swayed by others. He should be able to make and abide by his own decisions. Parents can act as guardians until that time.

Every child should learn the law of consequences and be permitted to suffer from the effects of his own errors of judgment. Too often we begin when the baby is small, teaching him to avoid the results of his own acts by shifting the blame to inanimate objects. If he falls, we slap the floor and say: "Bad, naughty floor to hurt baby," instead of letting him learn that the floor is unyielding, and the way not to be hurt is to learn how to manage himself so as not to fall. He should realize that the error is on his part, not because he is at fault, but

Continued on page 48

because his performance is, and the situation is within his control when he makes it so. In the same way, confession of wrongdoing is often considered to offset the consequences, when it should be used to explain the law of cause and effect. The weight of the consequences can be tempered by the parent to suit the age of the child.

Since the child, who begins with utter and implicit reliance on adults, soon grows to be an adult himself, when he must not only govern his own impulses but also guide his children, he cannot continue to rely on others. Training in self-reliance must begin as early as possible. It really begins with the child's acceptance of his regular routine of eating, sleeping, elimination and play. Habit training in these fields can be used to establish the child as an independent and self-sufficient human being. Experimental nursery schools have proven that children can assume charge of their own affairs much earlier than most parents imagine, though the amount of responsibility should be limited to the physiological equipment of the child, and increase progressively with his physical and mental development.

Demands should be reasonable and light at first, preferably of a personal nature, such as taking the initiative in the toilet, seeing that teeth are clean, hair brushed; at first under supervision, but by the time the child is five, he should be able to take charge of these routine matters almost entirely. Then the care of his clothes and toys should be included. This entails the provision of suitable equipment for their care. Later the child can be made to feel his responsibility to the family group by being given small tasks such as the supervision of a younger member. It is astonishing how soon children learn to take care of others in many ways, such as helping the baby up the stairs or running for mercurochrome and bandages to fix up a hurt finger. I know of one family of three children, the eldest seven and the youngest four, where the mother never has to worry about minor scratches and bruises. She keeps a bottle of antiseptic with absorbent cotton and bandages on a low shelf, and the children all use them whenever even the slightest abrasion occurs. There is no doubt that many serious infections are thus prevented.

THE more the child can do, the greater the opportunity which should be given him for self-expression. Here, play is the natural medium, and he should be permitted

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# NOTES FROM A SPRING DIARY

## *Some epicurean jottings*

AT MISS MARY'S Boarding House in our neighborhood there are so many good things to eat in May that one hardly knows how to order, for Miss Mary is that rare creature—an intuitive caterer. If the day is overcast you find sunshine at her tables; if the sun shines in angry sultre, there is refreshment at the very sight of her menu card.

Of course, it is no use trying to be like Miss Mary—all one can do is take a few notes and follow her lead in similar circumstances. There is no way of *learning* a gift like hers.

So I open my notebook this morning and review its pages: "To-day, it was sunny but windy, and I had a wonderful appetite. For lunch there were cheese soufflé, green peas and French fried potatoes. At dinner, instead of jelly with the roast chicken, we had sliced tomatoes on lettuce with sharp French dressing made with tarragon vinegar.

"To-day, Miss Mary had been making sunshine cake and had a lot of egg whites. So she gave us what she called 'Fruit Flurry.' It consisted of orange, grapefruit and their juice frothed in stiff egg whites sweetened with confectioner's sugar. She says it's a wonderful thing for people with sore throats.

"Miss Mary's flaky pastry is superb, but she had a new filling to-night. It is grated apple beaten up with egg whites and confectioner's sugar until stiff, and used uncooked. It is covered with whipped cream. (I wonder what new way she'll devise of using up those egg whites.)

"She did it with another soufflé! She made this one, she told me, out of the pea pulp for canned soup. She considers it much too troublesome to purée vegetables.

"Every now and then Miss Mary surprises us with a new vegetable. This time she presented us with a salad of *phoenic*. (I think that's the way one spells it; at any rate, that's the way it sounds.) It is a cross between a lettuce and an onion! She served it with French dressing. Then the other day she gave us broccoli with Hollandaise sauce—it seems to be a cross between a cauliflower and asparagus, but one cooks and eats it like the latter.

"Miss Mary has a theory that you should serve the sort of things with meat that the animal would have enjoyed in life. I have never been able to understand, however, why she always braises a shoulder of lamb with a bay leaf; although her roast duck stuffed with celery, fried bread crumbs, mashed potato and chopped onion sounds as though it might have interested the bird. Still, how does she account for horseradish and whipped cream, which is the glory of her rare roast beef, or the serving of cranberry sherbet with goose or turkey?

"A great chef once told someone I know that his favorite dish was dandelion greens picked by his own hand and served with French dressing. I wonder if that is why Miss Mary's favorite salad is purcelain with the same accompaniment. (Purcelain, you know, is nothing more nor less than pig weed!)

"Mushrooms are pickable now, and we had the

small ones that are so delicious and tender, with hard-boiled egg and cream sauce just barely flavored with cooking sherry, for lunch to-day. They were served on rounds of toast.

"One of Miss Mary's specialties is fried corn cakes filled in layers with bits of round steak and

cheese. The effect is what Miss Mary likes to call 'Bohemian.'"

I would close the notebook with more regret if it were not for the fact that I have just seen Miss Mary herself hurrying down the street with a huge bunch of scallions under her arm. Another one of her theories is that without scallions, salt and thin bread and butter, no spring dinner is complete.

\* \* \*

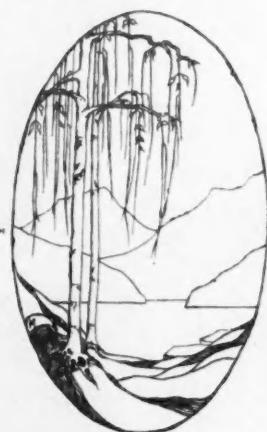
HERE is a question I should like to propound to our farm readers. As you know, one of the most popular features the magazine has ever carried is our "Bride's Progress." This is an actual course

in domestic science and cookery, accompanied by recipes evolved and tested—sometimes as many as four and five times—for flavor, consistency or delicacy, in our laboratory kitchens. Yet some of our farm-readers feel that our cookery articles are not giving them all they need. So I am getting in touch with some farm women of my acquaintance, who are likewise domestic science experts, to find out what they have discovered about country food preparation which makes it different from other cookery. Meanwhile, I should be grateful to any of you who will take the trouble to drop me a note on what you have found that difference to be—as well as some of the problems which, as farm women, you would like to see solved. It matters not how local they may be. What is local to you may be local to hundreds of others.

Then there is the question of clothes for the country woman. We are going into this and hope to be able to present some patterns and ready-to-wear styles which will appeal particularly to this class of our readers. It seems to me, however, that the gap between farm life and town life is fast dwindling. It is not a progressive thing to overemphasize it. The only outstanding difference from the home point of view should be food supply. Modern appurtenances are doing away with the drudgery of farm housework almost as fast as in the cities. It is only within the last few years that the great wave of labor-saving installation has turned Canadian city housekeeping into what is termed by many optimistic salesmen "child's play." The house that "runs itself" is as likely to appear in the country as in the heart of a metropolis, nowadays.

As for clothing, the ordinary day dress of the city housekeeper differs in very few details from that of her country sister. Women's clothing is all simply designed to-day, and one may choose one's own materials. The patterns shown in *The Chatelaine* are notably the most accurate and best fitting of any so far produced, and are used by dressmakers the continent over for this reason. They are also for that reason a particular boon to the home dressmaker who is not a fitting expert. However, *The Chatelaine's* motto, as always, is: "We Want to Know," and I hope you will let us.

*Amelia Sibley Wilson*



### Old Birches

By Lucy G. Clarkin

Out in the fields where rain-pools  
glisten

Spring comes picking her dainty way;  
Listen, Oh, cold bare birches, listen,  
Spring is singing a roundelay!

On with your veils of misty greenness;  
Billow and drape with right good will.  
Hasten, birches, cover your leanness,  
Spring is coming across the hill!

Why do you loiter? Woodlands hurry  
Into their gowns of verdant hue.  
Maybe you've grown too old to worry,  
Spring means nothing at all to you.

brown gravy, sprinkled with chopped onion and grated cheese. I don't know whether she knows its antecedents or not, but I recognize it as the Mexican *enciladas con carne*. It is marvelous with coffee—and a very reasonable luncheon dish.

"It may be that the cook has a liking for onions and cheese or he may be trying to use up a quantity before they go bad—but here is the soup he gave us to-day. It is simply called onion soup and is served in an earthenware jar. It is made by cutting up onions, frying them and using them to a third of the jar's depth. They are then dotted with a little butter and seasoning and covered with soup stock. When the jar is full it is covered and set in a medium oven for about an hour. Before serving, small slices of brown toast are floated on top with a tablespoon or two of grated Parmesan or Cheddar

# Discriminating women prefer Oriental Plush Interiors

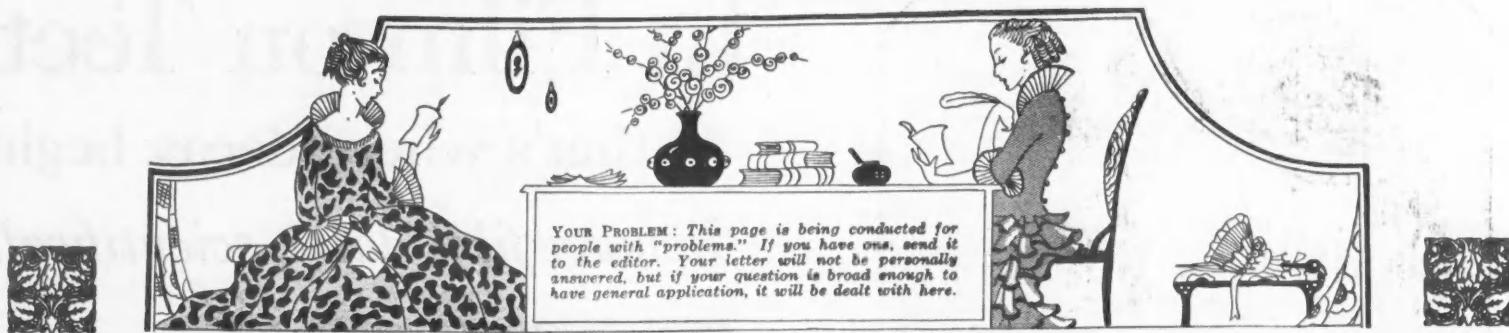


The beautiful Chrysler Sedan illustrated above is just one of the many fine enclosed cars in which Oriental Plush may now be specified without extra cost. Ask about it when you purchase your next motor car.

The choice of appointments in fine motor cars is governed by the preferences of women whose tastes are authoritative. Thus it is significant that McLaughlin-Buick, Chrysler, Oakland, Studebaker, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Durant and Chevrolet have all chosen Oriental Plush as the upholstery fabric in their enclosed cars.

You can now have this luxurious material in any of these cars without extra cost, if you specify it when purchasing. Insisting upon Oriental Plush assures you of upholstery that will retain its sunny sheen as long as the life of your car, without evidence of wear or loss of beauty. The Oriental Textiles Company, Limited, Oshawa, Canada.

## ORIENTAL PLUSH *Its Beauty Lasts*



## HOARDING AND GIVING

*Spring cleaning in homes and minds*

by NANCY LEIGH

**S**PRINGTIME may be ring time for the lover and his lass, but for the housewife it is more likely to be marked by the bugbear of housecleaning. She is haunted by the nightmare of attics and cellars, windows and woodwork, mirrors and mattresses.

Her heart sinks when she contemplates the boxes marked "ch'n'lle tble-cov" "sum'r und-w'r-John," "bl'k eve-dr," and all the other cabalistic signs that mean so much to her and so little to anyone else.

Most of us have too many boxes in our attics, both literally and figuratively; too many old clothes, old furniture and old ideas, hoarded until they are moth-eaten, dust-covered, out-worn and out-grown, and yet we cling to them with a pathetic, fanatic loyalty, quite regardless of the fact that all sorts of new and bright and shining things are trying to force themselves on our attention.

Many women's publications are full of suggestions for making new things out of old, for cutting your husband's shirts into kitchen aprons, for making dresser-covers out of handkerchiefs or cushion covers out of dresses. It is all highly commendable, no doubt, and we all approve of thrift and economy within reason, but I think women spend a great deal of time on old things that they might expend to better purpose in learning something new.

I like the letter of a woman who says "every time I get a new dress or hat, I give an old one away. What's the use of cluttering up my storage space with a lot of old things I think I'll have made over some time when I know down in my heart that I never will 'get round to' having them renovated, and if I do, I'll never be satisfied with them. So off they go to my charwoman or to one of the charitable organizations or to a church rummage sale where they may be useful to someone else. I once had that complex of 'this is too good to give away.' Now I know the time to give it is when it is good." Sensible woman!

Children's toys are put away broken because "some time Daddy will mend them." He never does. Meantime the Boy Scouts or the Home and School Club would take them and mend them for some less fortunate child. Every garret harbors broken furniture, the ugly vase your rich aunt gave you, the marble clock that has been collecting dust for fifteen years, the golden oak bedroom set about which you feel sentimental because you had it when you were first married. Meanwhile in the slums people lie on the floor wrapped in rags. Wouldn't your sentiment be more worth while if it had something practical about it?

Yellowed baby clothes, voluminous lingerie petticoats, old furs, old shoes—root them all out and send them to your nearest charitable agency. You know perfectly well you'll never use them. Why hoard them?

One woman writes: "I have stacks of old music gathering dust—what could I do with it?" Another says: "I have an attic half full of old books and magazines—do you suppose I could sell them?"

Sanitariums for tubercular patients, homes for old people, church libraries, orphanages, mental hospitals all welcome contributions of this sort. The Salvation Army will send a truck to your door for these things, for bits of old linoleum or carpet, for empty bottles, for old newspapers, for anything in the world you want to give them. Why burn up or throw away the things they could use? Why collect a few cents from a junk man when you don't need the money, and the Salvation Army does?

There is some charitable organization or some poor person ready to use every single article "too good to throw away." Why continue to hoard them as a magpie fills his nest with

glittering fragments or as a miser hoards his gold? Get your money and your goods into circulation.

AND quite apart from the material things, what about those of us who are hoarding outworn shibboleths, old grudges and fixed ideas instead of opening our minds and hearts to new spirit?

I have a letter from a woman who has become interested in a form of religious philosophy which has given her much

religion. Yet nowhere did Christ preach anything but love and forgiveness unto "seventy times seven." If we could cast aside the outworn cloak of dogmatism which makes us think our own individual beliefs must be the best, we should have gone far toward that art of being kind which means so much to the world and to ourselves.

NOW comes a woman who is suffering under a family quarrel and with the exception of a religious dispute—perhaps not even with that exception—there is nothing so bitter as a dissension in a family. She writes a long letter about the injustice shown her and the humiliations heaped upon her by her husband's relations and wants to know if she should refuse to see or speak to them again. The poor husband, who is always the real sufferer in these cases, declines to take sides and tells her to settle it herself. What should she do?

Forget it. Life is too short to harbor grudges and to nurse quarrels. Look within yourself to find where you were wrong and don't be one of the luckless crowd to perpetuate one of those hideous disfigurements of the human landscape—a family row.

What, the very people you expect to love and help you have turned against you! Then what use to trust anyone in the world? All right, if that's the way they treat you, you will never speak to them again. You quote bitterly: "God gives us our relations; thank God we can choose our friends." and you go out of your way to be ostentatiously cynical and disagreeable, instead of throwing away your resentment and doing your best to establish a new *entente cordiale*.

Nine-tenths of the family quarrels start through jealousy. I knew two brothers who were in business together and who built a double house so that they might live side by side. They walked to and from business in each other's company; they were inseparable.

Their wives quarrelled, ostensibly over which of them had the better fur coat, and never spoke to each other again. Probably, the underlying reason was that each was jealous of her husband's devotion to his brother, that she thought it took something from his love for her. To the everlasting credit of the brothers be it said that they flatly refused to have anything to do with the quarrel. "Woman stuff," they called it, and with outward placidity they went on the even tenor of their ways in business and out.

But needless to say, it created a most disagreeable social situation. Their friends were compelled to invite them separately, their children's lives were shadowed, all the old pleasant informality and freedom of intercourse between the two houses was stopped and each brother felt in his heart that the other's wife was a narrow-minded, unreasonable woman, together with an uneasy suspicion that his own wife was not altogether blameless.

WHY hoard a burden of resentment, jealousy and suspicion? Fling it into the spring bonfire with the other rubbish.

It is only by giving that you ever get anything. Give love and friendship and trust and you get these things in return. If you are looking for an unkind meaning, a "cut" in the simplest remark or action, you will find it; and if you keep it in your heart, it will bring you unhappiness. That is an axiom as easily demonstrable as one of Euclid's propositions. But if you refuse to see the slight or the unkindness, or seeing it, put it out of your mind and give back something sweet and charming, you will turn your enemy into your friend.

Try this system and see if it doesn't work.



*If we could cast aside the outworn cloak of dogmatism which makes us think our own individual beliefs must be the best, we should have gone far forward.*



The lovely design shown above is "CONCORD," Congoleum Rug No. 605.



## NEW BEAUTY in these inexpensive rugs

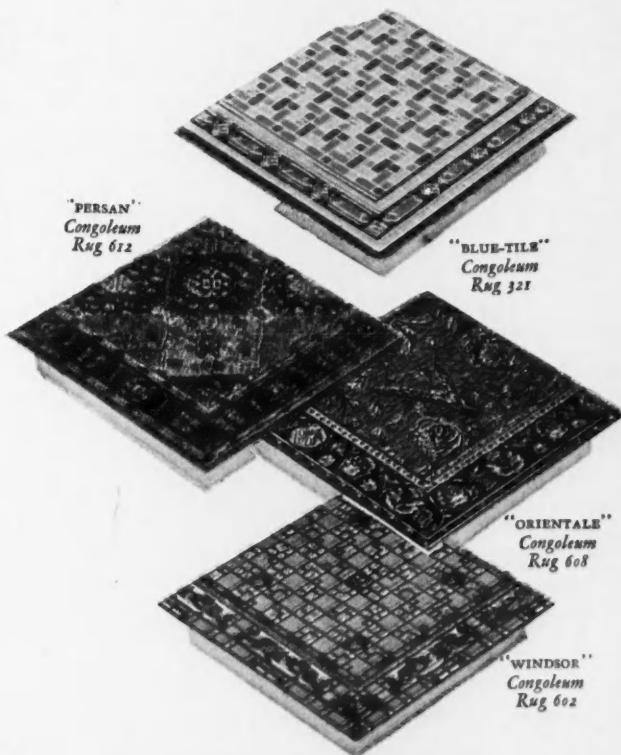
NOW . . . all the quaint lore of bygone days is possible in the most modern and inexpensive of rugs.

All the unique colour tones of the hooked rugs of pioneer days are splendidly brought out in the newest and most sensational of present-day rug patterns . . . the new "*Concord*" pattern, Congoleum Gold Seal Rug No. 605 . . . illustrated above.

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JOAN CRAWFORD

*...at her loveliest...at last finds peace and happiness in Nils Asther's embrace in this scene from "Adrienne LeCouvreur" filmed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*



*At the right Miss Crawford is photographed in the act of awakening her beautiful skin with Boncilla Clasmic Pack.*

## How Lovely Are You? Find that out—tonight

MANY girls and women do not know how beautiful they can be. They never look their best. But stars of the stage and screen make a study of the factors—so they shine. Do that in your own career—it pays.

The foundation of beauty is a clear, clean, radiant skin. After that, use any art you wish. But start with natural beauty at its utmost. There is only one way to do that. Beauty experts the world over now employ it as their greatest aid.

Apply Boncilla Clasmic Pack. Rest while it dries. At once you will feel it draw from the skin all that clogs and mars it. All the dirt and grime, dead skin, hardened oil. The causes of blackheads and blemishes, excess oil. You will feel it draw the blood to the skin to nourish and revive it. There is no illusion—you can feel it act.

*All toilet counters sell Boncilla Clasmic Pack. In jars at \$3.50 and \$1.50—in tubes at \$1 and 50c. Mail the coupon below for one week test of complete Boncilla Treatment.*



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CLASMIC  
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## The Promise of Beauty

*Fitting your clothes to your personality*

by MAB

YOUR clothes," said the style specialist impressively, "should match your personality. If you are dignified, wear frocks with long straight lines and rich subdued coloring; if you are small, avoid variety in color and emulate Jenny Wren who dresses in one tone; if you are dark and sparkling, wear glowing colors with plenty of contrast as do the gypsies; if you are a pink and white blonde, you will look best in pastel shades, or in black with soft touches of color. A blonde should never wear anything vivid, for bright colors dim the fairness of her own opalescence. Each woman has her special color and style, and if she will realize this and play up to it, she will achieve distinction."

These words of wisdom were addressed to a crowd of women who were looking for light on the dark subject of what clothes to get for spring. Few of us ever take ourselves in hand to find out what our type may be, and how we can enhance our latent good points and subdue our physical shortcomings. I was reading a story the other day in which the heroine tried to follow the lead of the other girls of her set, who all dressed practically alike. She was a slender blonde with an old-world air, and the usual style of hair cut and straight narrow clothes did not suit her at all. As she was afraid that her failure to wear the clothes of her era satisfactorily might cause her to lose favor in the eyes of her fiance, she appealed to an artist friend to help her select fabrics and colors which would, as she expressed it, enable her to "give the effect of beauty."

This artist selected lengths of various materials used for draping in his work, and brought these and the girl before a large mirror. He tried each of the fabrics over her shoulders and at last found one that enhanced her in every way. He suggested, also, a style that would suit her figure and would also be in accord with the fashion of the times. Of course, this story had a happy ending in which the

girl became a personality instead of an echo, and realized her heart's desire. In this fiction there is much truth, and, since every one who reads this page is anxious to increase her attractiveness, it is important that she consider her type in choosing her clothes and remember that it is always possible to enhance our good points and minimize our defects.

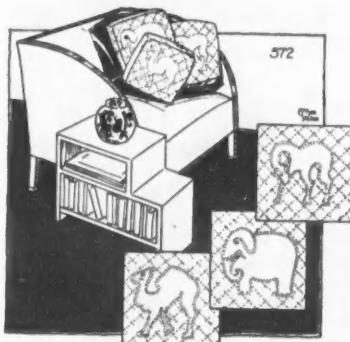
BY TAKING thought, any woman can add several cubits to her beauty. All she has to do is to select her apparel, not on the basis of what other women are wearing, but after an honest and intelligent appraisal of her own needs and with the object of emphasizing her personality which may be struggling for expression.

Speaking of personality reminds me of a series of pictures which a clever writer selected recently of some very modern young professional women and some women of distinction who lived centuries ago. Between the old and the new, she found strong points of resemblance chiefly because of the strong individuality in dress as well as in expression. This writer summed up the charm of the women represented in this collection of pictures, by these words: "Beauty may be a gift of the gods and grooming a matter of care—but far greater than these is personality."

It is difficult to define personality although it is something very unmistakable—a flavor of being that lingers in the memory. If the ugly duckling has it she will be able to outclass her pretty sister who lacks it. She may lack beauty of feature, but because of her personality, people will turn to look at her and will want to know her.

After you have solved the problem of dressing to suit or develop your personality, the next important point is to wear your clothes with an air. To do this, one must have poise, and this is possible only when the

*Continued on page 62*



Quilted pillow-covers and pillow-squares  
No. 572. No. 573.

## May Gifts for June Brides



by RUBY SHORT MCKIM

**S**HOWERS for the June bride are apt to be frequent in May, and a few clever things to make are always in order. And not brides only appreciate smart felt pieces such as this scarf and book-ends, or the handy aprons, or charming little quilted pillows. You will like them for your own home and can make them at small expense and effort.

The felt pieces are really the smartest of poster patterns on black, for a library table scarf and with matching book-ends. The work of cutting and machine-stitching the stamped color swatches on to the clearly stamped black background is something that any woman can do, and the resulting pieces are charming. The garden gate on the scarf is sand color with posies in red, orange and lavender, all silhouetted against a large background piece of green. The scarf is number 601 at \$1.27 postpaid, and includes best quality black felt, 16 x 36 inches, stamped in yellow at both ends, all swatches stamped on the five colors used and complete instructions for making.

On each felt slip-cover for the metal book-ends is a cunning orchid bird-house, with a red roof and a little cut-out window in which is perched a saucy yellow-orange bird. Greens and a violet post complete the picture. Order number 602, the book-ends, is \$1.27 postpaid, and includes not only all necessary materials for the pair of felt slip-covers, but the heavy metal book-ends themselves.

**H**AVE you noticed that clever, conventional animals have come to a place in home decoration? Elephants have loomed large, from both size and decorative standpoints, while deer, fish, tabby cats and their kindred have flaunted their grace in porcelain, bronze, and embroideries.

Our group of three pillows presents a camel, giraffe and elephant primly conventionalized to fit the ten-inch squares of satin. There is a quilted background on each, while the outlining of the figures may be braided, embroidered, cone-painted in plastic or simply quilted, all equally effective. The entire group is for use in a big chair, chaise longue or davenport, separately as elbow pillows, or simply grouped with other pillows. Order number 572 includes the group of three, fronts, backs and edge boxing material of satin-radiant, a high lustre silk and rayon cloth. Colors are red, gold, and green stamped with the camel, elephant and giraffe, the group of three for \$1.61. Box pillow-filers, that is, for the tops described—slightly under ten inches square, may be ordered as number 573, at \$1.93 for the three postpaid.

In the workaday group of aprons, number

101, there is a garden apron, the original of which was yellow chambray—medium dark blue could be used—brown bias tape binding and basket handle, brown stripe or check pocket with red-orange tulips, and light blue morning glories.

A large pocket is convenient in house-tidying as well as for outdoor tasks. Smiling Dinah was designed specially for a laundry day assistant. Her cap and apron are to be bright appliquéd patches, face and shoes anything from maple to dark chocolate with eyeballs embroidered white, a few French knot curls, and an ample red mouth.

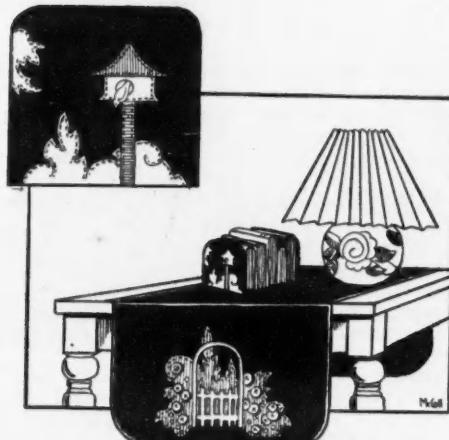
The Dutch pair make a most distinguished apron of blue, green or apricot chambray. It, too, is appliquéd and embroidery, a combination that ranks first for stunning effects, quickly achieved and safe to launder. The boy's kerchief, the girl's cap and apron which forms the pocket, are white; his cap, trousers, her sleeves and shoes are orange or tan. You can outline stitch these figures in all black or with naturalistic colors, as red mouth and yellow hair. The small windmill pattern may be used on an apron bib or on a matching dust cap.

The holders are a padded and quilted nasturtium and pansy in natural colors and regulation size, and the two-handed lifter you will like immensely. Cutting pattern is given for this as well as for its bluebell design which may be quilted or appliquéd. Pattern number 101, (wax transfers in black) at 25 cents, contains this entire group of designs and their appliquéd parts, but does not give cutting patterns for the aprons themselves; any favorite pattern is used.

These patterns may be ordered by writing to,  
Handicrafts Dept., The Chatelaine,  
143 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.



Group of lifters and aprons. No. 101.



Book-ends No. 602. Table-cover No. 601.



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Mars watches for men and women are made by specialists in small watches for over seventy years. The Canadian distributors, The Levy Brothers Co. Limited, Hamilton, Ontario, offer you an attractive illustrated booklet in colors. Write for it or ask your jeweller for a copy.



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# Write to "Lady Di" about your home dyeing problems!

Here is a wonderful new service free to every user of Twink. How many times have you felt a little hesitant about dyeing a certain piece of fabric! How often have you wished you could exactly match a given colour! How often have you longed to be sure that your work would turn out a success and that you would not spoil the dress or drape that you wanted to dye! Now, all you have to do is to write to "Lady Di" about your problems. Whether it is a dress fabric that you wish to dye and renovate, or a colour you want to match—just write to her, if possible enclosing a small sample of the material, and she will study your problem and send you back an answer that will at once remove any difficulties you may have.

Twink has made home dyeing as easy as washing. There are endless uses for Twink. It makes undies, jumpers, woolen suits, stockings, dresses, fresh and bright again. You can renew curtains, couch covers, hangings, with Twink. Nothing need look old when there's Twink about. It is so easy—simple as washing—just follow the directions.

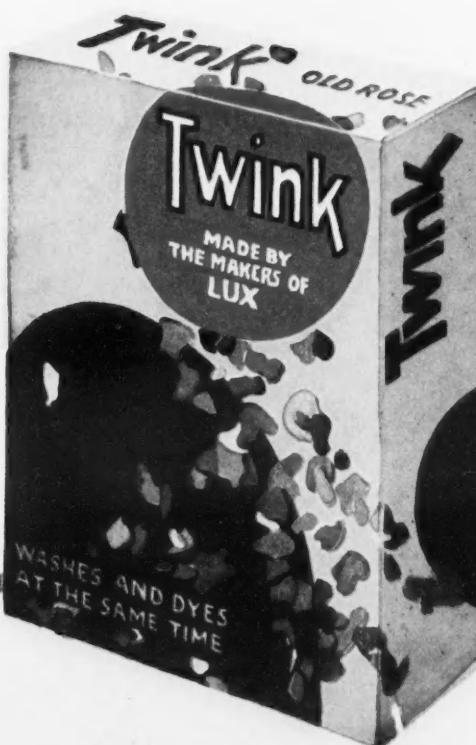
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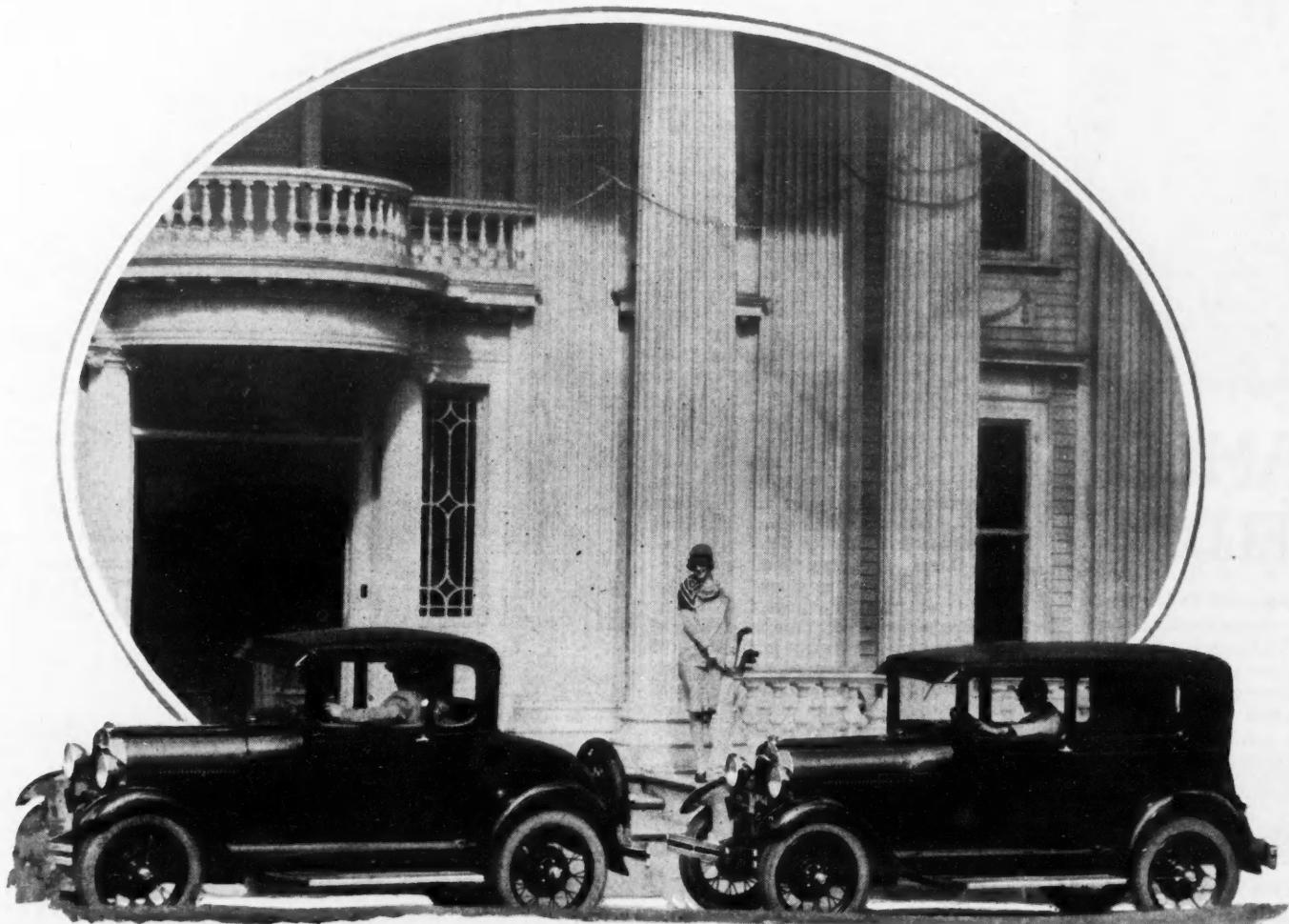
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# Twink

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## Shopping for Garden Tools

*The Domestic Workshop goes into the garden*

by VERA E. WELCH

HERE'S something in the April air that entices the most conscientious of us away from our household tasks—even from the sacred rites of spring cleaning. Call it the lure of the land, if you will, for in springtime, whether you are the proud possessor of a fair estate or the guardian of a humble window box, just as surely as seed catalogues precede vacation folders, you will feel the urge to grow things. Then you will get out your lawn mower or scissars as the case may be, and spend happy minutes gloating over the prospect of their use. Grass to cut—you have almost forgotten the art in the weary months of snow-shovelling that have gone; a window box flowering upon the sill outside, as well as within the house!

And there is no finer way of satisfying the queer little aches and pains and suppressed longings that are spring's inevitable accompaniments, than by getting out into the garden and preparing the newly-thawed ground against the coming of its warm-weather finery. All the patent tonics in the world cannot compete with the wholesome exertion and refreshing thrill that comes from pottering around your own garden.

Which brings us to our subject, for even pottering should be done, to a certain extent, scientifically. By that I mean that without the proper equipment for preparing the soil and caring year-round for the garden, that first fresh thrill is likely to degenerate into a prolonged labor, and the results be far from satisfying.

First, of course, one must consider the preparation of the earth. For this a good strong four- or five-pronged fork is needed to dig with, employing a spade to shovel out with, when that is necessary.



*The Five-Tine Adjustable Cultivator—a splendid tool for the small plot gardener.*

Too many tools will cause confusion and thereby defeat their own purpose, but certain standard tools are used continuously: the sturdy fork and spade for digging, the rake and hoe for surface work, a sharp steel trowel, a small hand fork, a pair of secateurs for pruning, and a sharp budding or pruning knife.

You can secure all these standard garden tools in strong, Canadian make. The four-piece set shown here, for instance, is put out by The Welland Vale Mfg. Co. The set consists of one spading fork with 26-inch straight handle and D-top; one 8-tooth level head rake on a four-foot handle; one forged

steel hoe with 4½-inch blade and 4-foot handle; one spade with 26-inch straight handle and D-top. These are especially adapted for feminine use. The infant brother of this set is the four-piece floral set made by the same people. This consists of a small weeder, a spade, a trowel and a hoe, packed altogether in a box. Each tool is made from special carbon steel, forged and tempered, and fitted with a well-shaped green lacquered handle.

Tools & Hardware, Ltd., also put out a line of very good garden implements. Their child's set of small spade, rake and hoe would be the means of giving a fund of joy to young gardeners and are strong enough to be of practical use at the same time.



*A special heart-shaped garden hoe of many uses.*

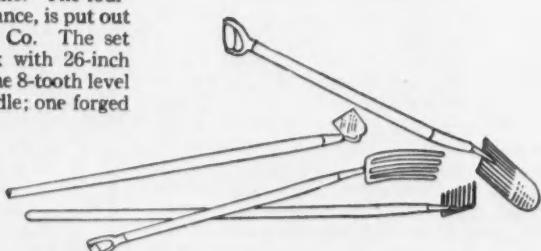
Children love to dabble in the garden, and if they are taught how to put their dabbling to some use, they will derive infinite pleasure and benefit from helping to make things grow—and so will the garden.

I think women are all agreed on their preference for light, trim, neat-looking and neat-feeling tools, but apart from this in garden tools, as in everything else, the personal choice of the buyer plays a large part.

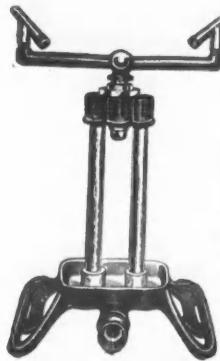
The ordinary rectangular-bladed hoe is ideal as a general-purpose tool, but many instances may be found where a blade of another pattern would be vastly superior for the task in hand. The great width of the common blade prohibits its use in narrow rows or very close to delicate plants, nor can it enter the soil very deeply in narrow places. The heart-shaped hoe here shown, therefore, a Welland Vale product, has a variety of very definite and specific uses. It is an excellent tool for opening the seed row, covering furrows, hillling, cultivating and weeding. Turned point up, the convex ears are used for filling in the seed furrow. A utility tool, this, and one that appeals to many in place of the ordinary rectangular-bladed hoe.

Another hoe in good repute is the Dutch hoe. This is used for weeding garden paths, driveways and dirt courts. It is

*Continued on page 40*



*A four-piece garden set of standard Canadian tools.*

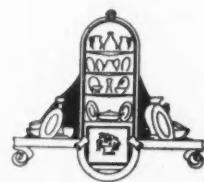


The New Majestic Rain King is an innovation in sprinklers. Its ornamental bird-bath base offers enticement to tiny warblers.

**S**PEAKING of decorative garden features, there is no garden, be it large or small, that is not improved by a seat placed somewhere in it. There is usually a spot in the garden, beneath a tree perhaps or in a

little bend of the path, that is simply predestined to contain a garden seat. Arbors too—why arbors are the most useful things in the world! In many cases they exist simply to cover with their riotous beauty an eyesore which would otherwise be the all too obvious garden skeleton. They provide privacy too. In fact, the arbor, the pergola and the lattice fence might be said always to slip in at the psychological moment and save the face of the garden.

The rose arbor and swing illustrated is made by the Steel Art Furniture Company, Ltd., makers of steel furniture and steel and wood garden specialties of all kinds. Like most of their products, the arbor is made of pine wood. It is 6½ feet high, 6½ feet wide and 3 feet deep and can be obtained either plain or painted. The swing is four feet long, suspended by chains. It is a sturdy structure, built to stand the strain of the swing seat, but that does not detract from its beauty.



## VARIETY IN PIE FILLINGS

### For cooked and uncooked shells

#### Cream Pie Filling

½ to ½ cupful of sugar	1½ cupfuls of scalded milk
½ cupful of flour or 3 tablespoonfuls of cornstarch	2 egg yolks 2 teaspoonfuls of butter
½ teaspoonful of salt	Flavoring

Combine the sugar, flour or cornstarch and salt; stir in the hot milk very gradually; cook in double boiler, preferably, stirring until thick; continue to cook over boiling water until there is no starchy taste. Beat egg yolks slightly and stir into them a little of the hot mixture, then turn back into main mixture; add the butter and the flavoring (vanilla or other extract, or grated rind of orange or lemon).

#### Cocoanut Cream Filling

Fold half a cupful of cocoanut into the cream filling and scatter toasted cocoanut over the surface or put on a topping of meringue or whipped cream.

#### Banana Cream Filling

Fill the baked shell with alternate layers of cream filling and sliced bananas sprinkled lightly with lemon juice and powdered sugar. Top with whipped cream or toasted cocoanut.

#### Chocolate Cream Filling

Make the cream filling, using one cupful of sugar. Melt two ounces of chocolate over hot water and beat into the mixture. Cover with meringue or whipped cream.

#### Date Pie

½ lb. of dates	½ teaspoonful of sugar
½ cupful of sugar	salt
1½ cupfuls of milk	2 eggs

Line pie plate with uncooked pastry. Clean and pit the dates, cut in pieces and spread a layer on bottom of pastry. Beat the eggs, add the sugar, salt and milk, pour mixture over dates and bake in a moderate oven until firm. Chill and top with whipped cream.

#### Coffee Cream Pie

1 cupful of milk	¼ cupful of sugar
1 cupful of coffee (strong)	2 tablespoonfuls of cornstarch
2 eggs	

Separate eggs, beat yolk with sugar. Mix coffee and milk and bring to boiling point and pour over yolks, stirring all the time. Place in double boiler and add cornstarch mixed with a little cold milk; stir until mixture coats a silver spoon. Beat whites of eggs stiff, add to hot mixture and cook one minute. Remove from fire, partially cool, and turn into a baked pie shell. When ready to serve cover with sweetened and flavored whipped cream.

#### Mock Pumpkin Pie

2 cupfuls of scalded milk	¼ teaspoonful of ginger
½ cupful of graham cracker crumbs	¼ teaspoonful of cloves
2 eggs	¼ teaspoonful of allspice
1 teaspoonful of nutmeg	½ teaspoonful of salt
1 teaspoonful of cinnamon	¼ cupful of brown sugar
2 tablespoonfuls of molasses	

Soak the cracker crumbs in the milk. Beat eggs slightly and add to them the spices, salt sugar and molasses. Combine with the cracker mixture and turn into a pan lined with uncooked pastry. Put into a hot oven (450 deg. Fah.) for ten minutes to set the paste, then reduce to moderate heat (350 deg. Fah.) and bake until centre of filling is firm—usually about half an hour.

#### Orange Filling

1½ cupfuls of sugar	1 cupful of boiling water
½ teaspoonful of salt	1 cupful of orange juice
6 tablespoonfuls of cornstarch	4 eggs
	4 teaspoonfuls of lemon juice

Mix dry ingredients and gradually stir in the boiling water. Cook in double boiler, stirring until thick, then cooking until starchy taste has disappeared. Pour some of hot mixture over the beaten egg yolks, stirring vigorously, then turn back into main mixture and cook a few moments to thicken the eggs. Cool; pour into baked shell and cover with meringue made of the egg whites; sprinkle with shredded candied orange peel and brown in a rather cool oven.

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useful, too, for weeding between rows where the soil should not be disturbed to any great depth. For all amateur needs, however, I think that this last hoe can be dispensed with in most cases.

There are two types of cultivators put out by the Welland Vale people. There is the Speedy Cultivator and the Five-Tine Adjustable Cultivator. The Speedy cultivator is so made that the shape and bend of the teeth obviate any chopping motion. It enters the ground with a pulling movement and because of this is a very speedy implement. It is found excellent for preparing the ground for seeding, and is a time-saver for cultivating. It is also useful for work around flowers and under shrubbery, hedges, etc. The Adjustable Cultivator, with a 4-foot handle, is a very popular tool with gardeners having small garden plots. The spread and number of teeth are adjustable to the work at hand. For cultivating small plants the centre tooth may be removed and the tool used straddling the row. Individual eye-bolts passing through the forged steel head hold each tooth firmly in position, which feature makes it possible to adjust the width of spread or the use of any number of teeth desired.

Now is the time to cast an eye over that old mower of yours and decide whether it is still capable of functioning this summer. Mowers — there are dozens manufactured in Canada and it is hard to differentiate between them. To be recommended, however, is Smart's line of mowers made by Canada Foundries & Forgings, Ltd. Their Red Wing mower is very satisfactory for the average garden. It is made in five sizes, 12 to 20 inches, and is equipped with 10 1/2-inch wheels, four or five Sheffield steel blades and plain bearings. It cuts a smooth, even path with the least exertion, for it is very easy of operation. Maxwell's Advance lawn mower is another which is neat and easy-running, as is the Taylor-Forbes line. Each of these makes are equipped with either plain bearings, ball bearings or Timken tapered roller bearings, and priced accordingly. For average garden use, however, the plain bearing lawn mower is absolutely adequate.



The Speedy cultivator enters the soil with a pulling motion

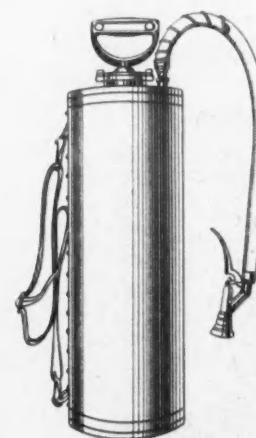
While we are dealing with lawns, I must mention the J.D. lawn rake. This is made by Tools & Hardware, Ltd., expressly for lawn use, and offers a speedy means of ridding lawns of dandelions. As far as hoses are concerned, three garden hoses of unimpeachable good value are those made by Dunlop, Goodyear and Gutta Percha.

ADVANCING into the season somewhat, when insects and fungi begin to creep into the garden, particularly when it is a fairly large garden, it is best to be prepared with sprayer and spray to protect the plants from their onslaughts. There are many kinds of sprays upon the market, and sprayers too. An excellent one that is manufactured in Canada is the New Perfection Sprayer, made by the New Perfection Sprayer Co., manufacturers of all types of compressed air sprayers and attachments. As will be seen, the sprayer is carried over the shoulder, knapsack fashion, the shoulder straps being equipped with snap ends for quick removal, and adjustable to the height of the person using it. The actual size of the sprayer is 25 inches by 7 1/4 inches, with a capacity of four gallons. It weighs under ten pounds.

The sprayer is equipped with a seamless brass pump, two inches in diameter, with a cast brass pump head that is guaranteed not to rust or corrode. The pump cylinder is held fast to the pumphead and does not come apart each time the pump is removed from the tank. The pump screws into the centre of the tank and a few strokes of the

pump charges the sprayer with compressed air. It is then ready for use and the labor is done. The Perfection is fitted with a 2-foot hose, although the manufacturers will supply any length of hose upon request. The nozzle is made of cast brass and works automatically. It wastes no liquids and is non-clogging. It throws a large, broad fine mist or long-distance spray, as desired.

Besides spraying all insecticides, the sprayer is ingeniously adaptable for washing windows and automobiles, for staining shingles and porch furniture, for cleaning automobile motors, spraying oil on springs, and for greenhouse work. It can be used, too, for removing wallpaper and even as a fire extinguisher. So that with all its



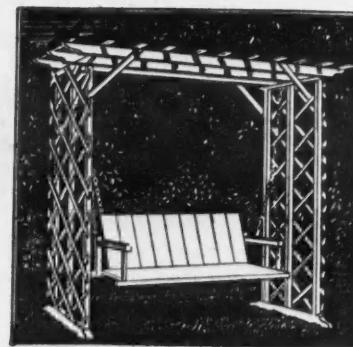
The New Perfection Sprayer can be adapted to work around the house as well as in the garden.

multitudinous uses, the compressed air sprayer becomes a worthwhile, labor-saving device for the home gardener.

A charming novelty in lawn sprinklers has been introduced by the Flexible Shaft Company. Their new model, the Majestic Rain King, serves a twofold purpose, for while watering lawn and garden, its base provides an alluring bath for all the feathered colony. While birds are yet choosing their nesting places is the time to install one in the garden. It should prove an irresistible enticement to little warblers.

Apart from this, the Majestic Rain King offers some attractive features as a sprinkler. It comes in two sizes, 15 and 24 inches high. Its length of arm ensures a fine throw of water, distributing it evenly in the desired direction. It may be set whirling or stationary, with nozzles instantly adjustable for distance, direction and kind of spray — rainbow mist, fine stream, heavy shower or soaking downpour. It is tall enough to allow, if need be, to be placed in flower and vegetable beds, throwing a spray well out over the tops of the plants.

The sprinkler has been beautifully designed. Solid brass columns, nozzles, locking wheel and hose connections show in colorful contrast to the bright green base, arms and bird-bath. It is altogether a most practical and ornamental garden device.



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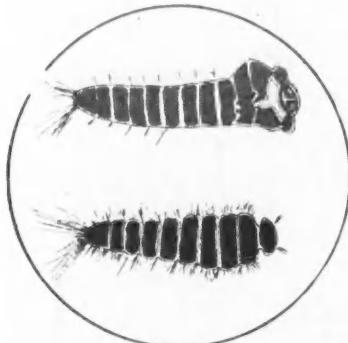
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out-of-doors on certain plants, but come indoors to lay their eggs.

These pests are difficult to exterminate. Of course, it is in the larval stage that they too are dangerous. Vacuum cleaners, movable rugs, hard-wood floors and plenty of strong soapy water where there are cracks and crevices; also spraying suspected carpets with benzoine, are the best means of getting rid of them.



The black carpet beetle in the larval stage in brown and tan with a fish-shaped tail.

THERE is still another destructive, somewhat larger than the first. This is the black carpet-beetle. In the larval stage it is brown and tan with a fish-shaped tail. This

pest is found in cracks and crevices, in built-in drawers and around the floor. It will eat cereals and animal fibre of any kind. The larva of this species, if well-nourished, is a third of an inch long at pupation. It lives two years in the larval stage in cold climates. The same methods should be used to prevent their activities as in the case of the other pests.

In time, one can free a house of destrictives, if one leaves nothing around unused or undisturbed, and frequently use either a vacuum cleaner, or a scrubbing brush, broom, or whisk. It is better to have rugs than carpets and shake them frequently. All woollens not needed should be packed away during the summer and even the winter months, in air tight containers—cedar boxes, moth-proof bags, or paper parcels, with the addition of mothballs as a double precaution. Feathers, after being cleaned, should be placed in cardboard boxes and sealed. Men's clothes should be either frequently brushed or kept in moth-proof bags. Every linen or clothes closet should have its monthly cleaning and final spraying with some insecticide.

Sulphur candles are ineffectual unless used in a trunk or some very small space. The carbon bisulphide is both dangerous and evil-smelling, but if placed in a trunk over night, its fumes will destroy the pests without injuring the fabric. Camphor, of course, will not destroy the pests. They simply do not like the smell, and the moths will not go near it.



## What of your Child?

Continued from page 31

to live his own life without interference from the parent either to prevent mistakes or to save time. The practice in initiating and carrying through play plans is an invaluable aid to the acquirement of ability to accept and fulfil obligations. Parents can be an inspiration to the child while he is developing his own resources, giving him understanding, sympathy, and assistance in the great struggle toward maturity.

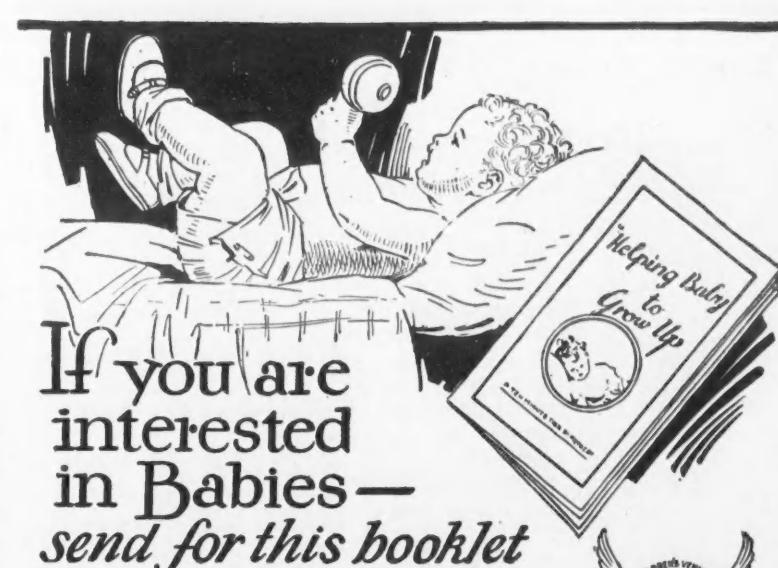
Responsibility should always be stimulated, not forced, and this can be done by taking advantage of the child's impulse to do for himself in handing over responsibility when he wants to take it. Just as there comes a time when there is infinite satisfaction in lacing shoes, which passes when the act becomes automatized; so there comes a time when the boy wants to choose his own clothes, and these opportunities should be grasped to transfer the onus of control from parent to child. The child who habitually looks to others for decisions, who cannot depend on his own judgment, is handicapped and the only way to learn to choose wisely is to have opportunity to choose. If the child is to learn to deal skilfully and honestly with the problems of life he must understand why things are done and why they are best. For this reason he should have a chance to participate in family affairs. When old enough he should be given the privilege of contributing his quota to the maintenance of the home by sharing household tasks. These duties should be regular, so that he will know what is expected of him and not be subject to adult whims. Then, too, the older children may help to plan the budget and decide on a fair allotment for the personal needs of each member.

It is difficult to control the child by making him use reason and decide matters on their merits, but the old way of coercion by parental authority was no easier. Is it not better anyway to teach obedience to universal laws of health and fair play than to the arbitrary ruling of an individual? In the first instance, it rests with the individual to make the best of himself, physically, socially and morally; in the second, with the parent.

For the child who is mentally gifted and so does not need to struggle for superiority in school, and whose parents are so well off financially that he runs a risk of never experiencing the joy which comes from surmounting difficulties, camp or farm life affords opportunity to taste the satisfaction of labor and achievement through effort. Sports are also good, as they foster ability to stand up under hard knocks and teach him the spirit of team-play. Rivalry also is excellent but should be used in the sense of surpassing previous self-made records and not to the detriment of a less able child.

In spite of the desirability of having the child learn to bear his share of the world's work, an exaggerated sense of responsibility is a mistake. This phase is often manifested by the daughter, who in utter self-abnegation devotes herself to an ailing mother, to the detriment of both. The younger woman forgets her responsibility to herself which is as important as her responsibility to others.

Children should be reared with a purposeful attitude toward life and its problems, energy to attack and surmount obstacles, ability to win through effort, while parents should act as guides and guardians until this result is achieved.



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## HOW DOTH THE BUSY LITTLE MOTH?

Notes on the household destructives

by BLANCHE COSTAIN

FOR long, long ages we have had the household destructives with us—in fact, long before Tuthankamen's time; but whether they bothered the ladies of the stone age is a matter of conjecture.

If only more were known of the habits and peculiarities of destructive insects in the household; more could be done to exterminate them—or at any rate, keep them from increasing too rapidly. We do know that if we place our furs in cold storage they will be safe until needed; but what to do with carpets, hangings and woollens, in our warm city houses is a question which vexes every careful housewife. Of course, if we were only half civilized the matter would adjust itself; or rather the spiders and other natural enemies of the clothes-moth would adjust it for us; but being as we are, we carefully brush down all spider-webs and kill the spiders, house centipedes, and long-legged aphids, thus leaving our clothes to the tender mercies of the pests.

One enterprising scientist did go so far as to try out this theory. He said that if the scourge which menaced the silk-worm could be transmitted to the clothes-moth the latter would be exterminated. He therefore powdered some of the afflicted silk-worms and spread them on infested clothing. But unfortunately for the complete success of his experiment, the clothes-moths are not good mixers; the pests which partook of it were killed, but that did not give the disease to others.

We are nourishing five common varieties of destructives in our homes: the common clothes-moth, a slightly larger clothes-moth, the carpet moth, the "buffalo bug," and the black carpet beetle. You are fortunate if these are the only ones—for there are other varieties, although they are not quite so common.

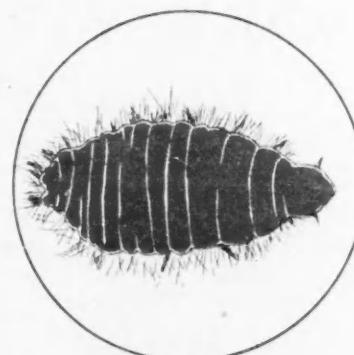
The habits of our clothes-pests differ but they are alike in two respects: they all like animal fibre, and they all have four stages in their life cycle. First there is the egg; the larva or caterpillar stage; the pupa, or resting stage; and lastly, the moth or beetle stage. The larval stage, of course, is the only destructive one.

that they are almost invisible to the naked eye, but what they lack in size they make up for in a voracious appetite, and they start eating right away.

In color they are whitish with a brown head. The little case or covering which they weave and carry about with them is made of the same material on which they have been feeding. They line the case with silk; secreting it in much the same manner as the silk worm.

The moths, which, of course, are not destructive in the moth stage, are very small and of a pale buff yellow. They dislike strong smells such as sachet, camphor, or naphthalium. In fact, the female will not lay her eggs where there is a strong smell of any kind.

The best way to get rid of the clothes-moth is to iron your woollens with a fairly hot iron. That will destroy eggs and larvae. Then wrap tightly in several pieces of paper



The buffalo bug is a minute broad oval shape about three-sixteenths of an inch long, marbled black and white

and tie with a string. If you do not want to iron the garments, brush thoroughly out-of-doors, and leave in the hot sun for several days. Afterwards, put away either in a cardboard box sealed with strips of gummed paper, or place in a cedar chest with plenty of moth balls.

The slightly larger clothes-moth, and the carpet-moth, have about the same habits as the tiny clothes-moth. But they are not quite so abundant.

If these were the only pests that presented themselves, the problem would be rather simple, but, unfortunately, there are others. For instance, there is the carpet-beetle, sometimes called the "buffalo bug." It is a brown hairy little brute and will feed on silk carpets, wool, or any animal fibre, though as a rule it prefers coarser material than the clothes-moths.

The beetle is a minute broad oval shape about three-sixteenths of an inch long, marbled black and white and with a red stripe down the middle of its back. It has one peculiarity both in the larval and beetle stage. When disturbed it folds its legs and feigns death. As a rule the beetles begin to appear in the autumn and continue to issue in warm houses throughout the winter and following spring. Soon after issuing they pair and the females lay their eggs in convenient places. If there is nothing else handy, the beetles, like other pests, will lay their eggs in cracks where fuzz has collected, and the larvae seemingly thrive there as well as anywhere. The eggs hatch in a few days and the larvae develop rapidly.

The carpet-beetles, unlike the clothes-moths, are day fliers and will be attracted to the light. They may be found upon the window sills and panes. They are common

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The most destructive of these pests, because they are so numerous, is the larva of the tiny clothes-moth.

THE most destructive of these pests, because it is so numerous, is the larva of the tiny clothes-moth. From April until September the young clothes-moths will emerge from their pupa stage, and flutter out looking for a mate. The worms have been feeding for nine or ten months—depending on the temperature of your house, upon your best woollens, furs and feathers. Now, they will emerge, mate and in twenty-four hours lay their eggs on some suitable material. In twelve days the young worms will appear, thus completing their cycle. So minute are these tiny worms at first,



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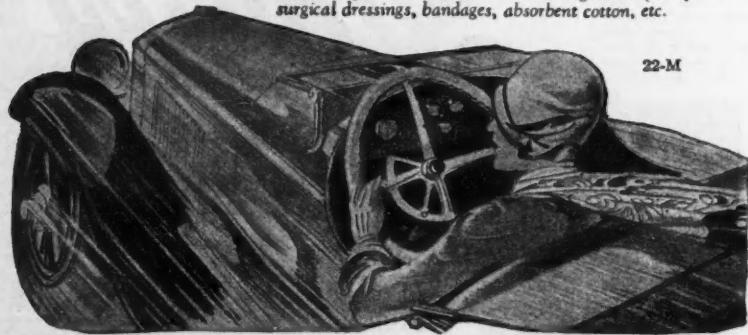
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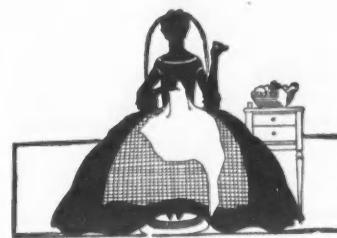
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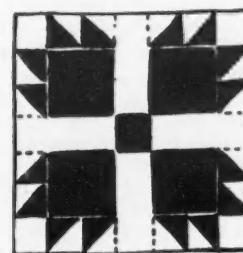
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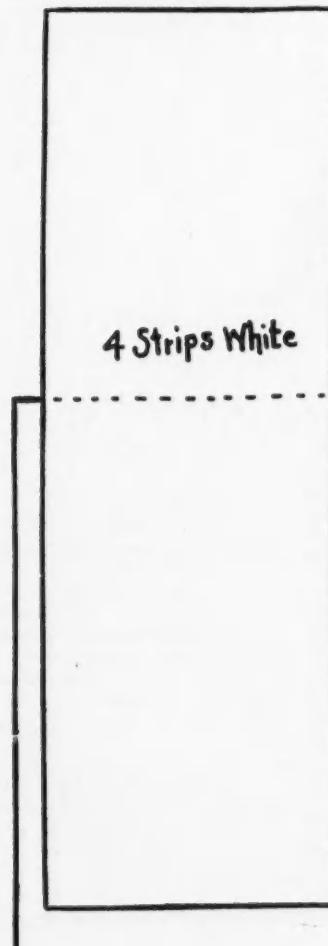


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### The Bear's Paw Block

THE Bear's Paw is unquestionably of frontier origin. Perhaps the pioneer father found such a track in his field or garden one morning and the mother bravely thought "how interesting" instead of "how dangerous." Then we suppose she transferred it to linsey-woolsey or hickory dyed jeans, using the unworn parts of much bepatched garments into a sturdy quilt block.

All of our series of old time quilts have

stories, more of them than we can possibly know, of course. It is worth while to clip and file every pattern even though you will not be making all of the quilts.

This is a simple block to seam. Make each section the size of the given patterns when finished, which means allow something extra for seams. By the way, a friend suggests blotting paper instead of cardboard for cutting units as it clings to the cloth while marking.

## Tin-Tin Twopenny

Continued from page 4

vehement of his sorrow, until it was like living in a room with an unexploded bomb.

At first Louise thought she must die. The pain was like a great gravestone balanced on her heart. By-and-by it must tilt and close her in, too, with all she knew of life.

More and more time she spent with Nanny, conning over the private things they had always shared together, the bits they had not rendered up to Richard. Little by little they knitted together a sweet memory of maternity, gathered the fragrance of a childhood that had never really existed for them. Sitting there, a strange deep happiness came to them, a happiness they built up together out of their frustration, out of their pain, a happiness no one could take away. It was as if they had always possessed Tin-Twopenny, his sweetness and his little ways, his babyishness, his quaintness. It was as if Richard had been a great wind that had blown these things about for a little while, and now they were gathering them, gathering them to make a complete whole.

"Do you remember when he said to me?"

"Do you remember when he threw that thing out of the window?"

Then Richard got his fantastic idea. It possessed him, as all his ideas possessed him. Tin-Twopenny had always wanted to fly into the sunset in an aeroplane. Yes, that was true. Again and again Louise and Nanny had heard him express the half-baked childish thought, and seen it woven into exquisite stories, poems that were gentle and tender as a mother's tears, by Richard. Richard had capitalized this as he had capitalized Tin-Twopenny.

Tin-Twopenny, said Richard, should ride into the sunset in an aeroplane. His little ashes should be scattered at sunset from a silver aeroplane.

"Oh, God!" said Louise. "Not that!" She gibbered at his feet.

He did not move. Louise knew Richard when he did not move. He was frozen in his idea.

She went to Nanny. The stout woman and the shadow woman clung together. "Heathenish!" said Nanny. "Heathenish!"

"It won't be Tin-Twopenny," said Louise. Suddenly the knots of her agony straightened out, untwisted themselves. She looked through the fretwork of the branches. She saw the little sweet-shop, the little secret sweet-shop; the secret, knotted threads of her life and Nanny's and Tin-Twopenny's ran in and out of that door. Across the seasons, across time itself, they made a tender scroll, apart from Richard. The pattern of little feet was traced indelibly on the village green. Over the white frost it lay, the crisp snow, making little black dents in the early dew, the secret pattern and pathway of their three lives together.

"It won't be our Tin-Twopenny," she said.

THE story leaked out. Perhaps Richard had meant it to—perhaps not. God alone knows the twisted brazen hearts of men that must yield themselves up in words.

Richard watched it start. Under trees, seeking to hide, those other people watched it start, the aeroplane that was to take Tin-Twopenny to the golden gates.

There were golden gates that night, pale ones, fading into the endless gray acres of the sky. Perhaps they opened to let Tin-Twopenny and his silver aeroplane in.

Along the wintry roads the people in the cars watched its gleam with bared heads. Richard, standing in the field, watched it as a man's soul might watch himself leaving his body.

Louise and Nanny, kneeling before the fire, heard the whirr of wings. When it had died away Louise went to the window, and looked out into the dusk. Across the green, she saw the little general shop. The lights were blurred and soft, as if it were a glass lamp lit inside a deserted church.

She called Nanny. They stood together.

"Do you remember how he used to run, picking up his funny little feet, twinking over the grass, looking over his shoulder, so delighted, so excited, as if there were Indians after him?"

"Do you remember how he used to say to me: 'Keep cave, Nanny!' No one ever knew."

"No, no one ever knew except us three." A customer went in, and the light dimmed. The customer came out, and the light glimmered again. It was as if the last watcher in the world had come and gone, leaving the candle to glimmer for all eternity.

Richard wrote a marvelous poem, a memorable poem; long after Richard and Louise were dead, children in little schools would recite, in shrill childish voices, the story of the silver flight to the golden gates. Long after Louise and Richard were dead, Tin Two-penny's fame would still run silver in mothers' tears. But Nanny and Louise never read it.

SOON after Tin-Twopenny died, Richard's secretary married. He got a new secretary who glowed like banked-up embers. She had red hair and red-brown eyes, and great soft white shoulders like wedges of solid milk. From the very first she glowed for Richard. Louise felt that Richard had only to blow and she would blaze and crackle.

Richard bereft was a romantic figure. He talked of Tin-Twopenny as if he still existed: "To-day, when I walked through Mrs. Rabbit's wood I felt his little hand in mine." "To-day he suddenly said to me in the garden: 'Listen! There's the winter porridge song of the wind!'"

Louise felt Richard's unspoken ambitions stretching out toward her. Already he was making his overtures, his concessions. Nothing in her responded. Nothing ever would respond, but she was not unhappy any more. She was strangely, quietly happy.

He did not say to her: "I want another child to live in!" But he did to other people, sadly, hungrily, sombrely. His sorrow had a sable quantity of grandeur. He lived behind it.

His new secretary was so young, so glowing, so passionate. Louise felt her resentment of her, her hostility, with a strange regret. She would have liked to warn her, to stay her from her impetuous yielding to Richard. There was something so ferociously loyal in her subconscious preparation to yield herself up for Richard to live in.

She came to Louise one day, snow-white over her shoulder.

"Mrs. Offlow, I must ask you something?" "Please do."

"It's a very intimate question."

"I think I can stand it."

She had reserves now, inviolate shrines. She had built them. She answered out of them.

"Could you have another child?"

"Oh, yes, I think so!"

"Aren't you ever going to give Mr. Offlow another child?"

"No, never!"

She said: "But it's wicked; it's cruel! I mean, it's all wrong! Can't you see his terrible, terrible hunger?"

"Yes," said Louise.

"You never will give him another child?"

"No, never."

"You relinquish your claim?"

"Yes, if that's what you call it."

"Well—I'm going to!"

Louise looked at her, so fiery, so ardent.

"Will you divorce Richard?"

"Did Richard send you to me?"

"No."

"But he knew you were coming?"

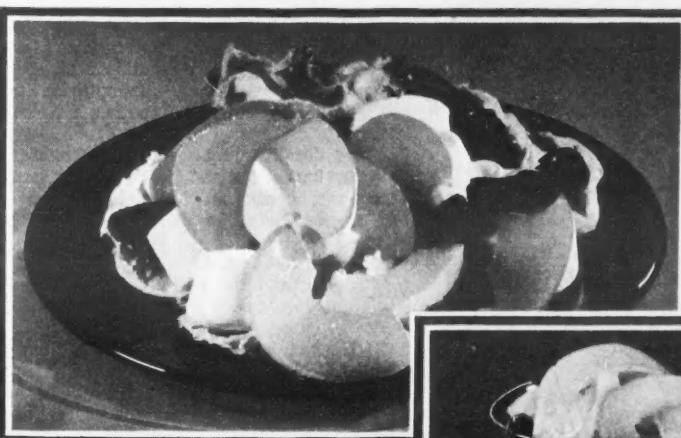
"Yes."

"I see."

"You've no right to ruin his life!"

"No," said Louise, "I suppose not."

"Richard and I are going away."



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*They need never be dull with Del Monte Peaches to help you*

What good cook doesn't like smiles of approval when her meals are put on the table?

Well, here's a prediction—if you'll try an experiment with us! No matter how well the family likes many of your favorite desserts and salads NOW, they'll like them better if you'll add DEL MONTE Peaches.

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Right there is where peaches play their big part. They're much more than a delicious dessert by themselves—or a favorite in cobblers, pastries and pies. They are also the finest kind of "dress-up" addition to almost any other standard dessert or salad. They supply essential fruit balance—and a brand new flavor, too.

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You'll find, for instance, that they're packed in just the sizes of cans to meet your everyday needs. DEL MONTE Peach Halves, full-flavored, luscious fruit, may be bought in the No. 2½ (large), No. 2 (medium) and No. 1 (small) cans—fruit graded in size to fit the container. Also in Buffet cans (just 8 ounces) a handy service when planning for only one or two. DEL MONTE Melba Halves (extra

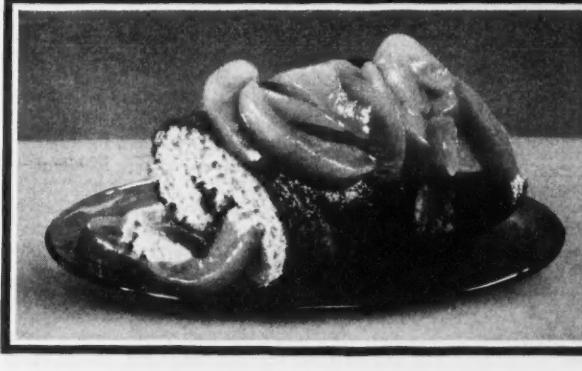
large) and DEL MONTE Banquet Halves (colossal), special fruit for special occasions, are available in the No. 2½ can. DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches, packed in all four sizes of cans, are a most convenient form, especially for preparing made-up dishes.

In all of them, however, you are sure of the same juicy, tree-ripened fruit which has made DEL MONTE Quality famous! And that's equally true of all DEL MONTE Products—the best that Nature offers of each particular food. Under this one label is the widest assortment of canned fruits and vegetables, canned fish, condiments and relishes, dried fruits, raisins and prepared foods—all waiting to bring new variety and flavor to everyday meals.

Why not insist that your grocer supply you with a full selection of this well known brand? You'll certainly find the added quality-assurance well worth your while.

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Packed two ways—Del Monte Peach Halves and Del Monte Sliced Peaches.

Many delightful ways to serve them—above, a Sliced Peach, marshmallow and prune salad and a Del Monte Sliced Peach cocktail; below, Del Monte Sliced Peach roll.

**The Latest Opinions of  
SCIENCE on SLEEP**

Written by an  
Eminent Medical Authority

**WHAT LACK OF  
SLEEP DOES**

**MANY ILLNESSES  
TRACED TO SLEEP-  
LESSNESS**

**Rich Homes and Cheap  
Bedding**

Two women were discussing a mutual acquaintance and one remarked, "I was over at Mrs. Blank's to a bridge party last week. She had us remove our outer wraps in her bedroom, and when I put my things on the bed I got a real shock."

"Why the mattress was very lumpy and felt as if it had been used for twenty years."

"With all their money I could not understand why they would spend one-third of their lives in such discomfort."

"It wasn't because they are stingy, because they entertain generously, and are very kind and charitable to folks in need."

The other lady remarked "I noticed that too and a relative of mine who is a physician stated that this might be the reason, or one of the reasons, why the Blanks are such a nervous, fidgety pair. They appear to be 'restless' all the time."

Now a mattress that is lumpy thus not supporting the body evenly and easily, actually keeps the muscles tensed because of the uneven position of the different parts of the body. And a tensed muscle is not resting; it is working.

The fact that it is tensed or working means that it is asking the brain for the nervous impulses to stimulate its fibres to work. Thus the brain is likewise working.

Does the loss of sleep really mean so much to your health?

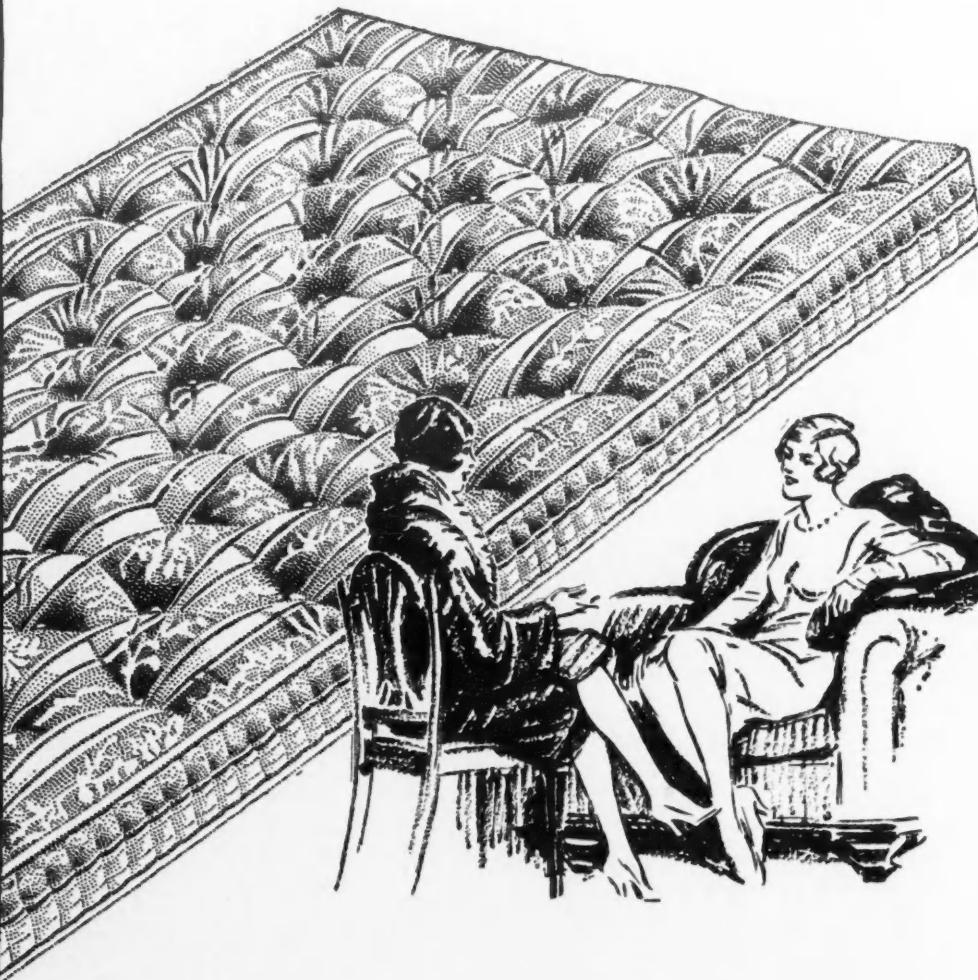
Dr. R. C. Cabot of Boston said recently, "I believe that more minor illnesses are due to lack of sleep than to any other recognizable factor."

Now what does he mean by "minor illnesses"?

Frequent "run down" conditions, the "common cold," disturbances of digestion, headaches, pains in the muscles, and many other conditions perhaps permit the individual to get about but they make life seem hardly worth living. And what is more important is that it is from these simple ailments that real trouble begins. It has been well said, "an illness doesn't happen, it develops."

What about your sleeping habits? Is the room well ventilated? Is it too warm or too cold? Are the bed-clothes too heavy? Does your body get ventilated during sleep? Is the mattress comfortable? Is your pillow too high or too low?

If lack of sleep is the cause of more minor illnesses than any other one thing, and these minor illnesses are the forerunners of serious ailments, surely it is only good sense to give some real thought to your sleeping equipment.



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**OSTERMOOR  
MATTRESS  
BUILT BY SIMMONS**



## Part Time Housekeeping

Continued from page 21

AND still there are desserts! All gelatine mixtures, plain and fruit jellies, snows, charlottes and Bavarian creams are ideal to be prepared and chilled, hours before the meal. Junket, with fruit and a variety of flavors as well as custards, fall into this class, too. With custard sauce on hand we may have trifle, floating island or fruit custard, and for last minute preparation, crushed fruit pulp combined with beaten egg whites or whipped cream and sweetened to taste, makes a delicious dessert served in individual glasses.

No pies or hot puddings? Why not pastry shells filled with jam, or fruit and custard, and topped with whipped cream, or rich triangles of pastry dropped on fresh fruit. (The pastry only needs a moment's crisping in the oven.) Mince, apple, and raisin pie will bear reheating, and there is no reason why steamed suet puddings could not be prepared days or weeks ahead of time and steamed again during the dinner hour; shortcakes can be left in the refrigerator all day and baked for dinner. And there are those who might prefer the simpler dessert of fresh fruit with biscuits and cheese and a little tart jelly.

As you read this, I am sure other ideas for last minute cooking will occur to you—griddle cakes, waffles—perhaps cooked on the electric waffle iron at the table—and muffins and tea biscuits left in the refrigerator, needing only the addition of liquid before baking.

This plan presupposes two things for its success, an efficient system of work which will be conscientiously followed, and one free day each week when the housekeeper can prepare in advance pastry, mayonnaise, cookies, soup, croutons and steamed suet puddings. On this night she can have a roast which needs long cooking and fresh pie. But if she is six days in the business world this work must be done in the evenings or early mornings, or more food bought ready cooked. The menus should be prepared well in advance, and the marketing for these meals, with the exception of meats and perishable vegetables, done but once a week. Looking over the next day's menu, the housekeeper must decide if the dessert and vegetables can be prepared before going out in the morning, or if half an hour should be spent in the evening to relieve the next day's work.

### Extra Money is Needed

SINCE the business woman is a wage-earner, too, she must be ready to spend some money on labor-saving devices and efficient equipment in order to have free hours. The sportswoman must also realize that her leisure time costs money.

But most people consider money well invested in washers, mechanical ironers,

perhaps even dish washers—at any rate dish drainers—a good stove, a kitchen wagon on wheels to save steps, and plenty of modern kitchen utensils in excellent repair. Some money may have to be spent, too, in making the kitchen a more efficient working centre with equipment properly grouped and unnecessary steps eliminated.

### Other Tasks

WE QUITE realize that cooking is not the entire work of housekeeping; cleaning, laundry and dish washing are three large items. The cleaning is best accomplished by a reliable paid helper, one of a superior type who is competent to be left in charge of the home for a day, or better still, two half days. If the house is small she can combine the laundry with this work, or the various services supplied by the city laundry may be used. The ironing machine will accomplish its work with speed and efficiency; if the paid helper does not do this work, the housekeeper will find that it demands little physical or nervous energy.

The daily routine of cleaning, never great when the house is unoccupied all day, is accomplished in a special time allotted to it immediately after breakfast—but still there are the dishes. They must be dealt with once or twice a day. If they are scraped with a rubber scraper, rinsed, stacked, washed in very hot water and left to dry in the dish drainer, only the silver and glass needing polishing, they will not be too great a task. And here again money is well invested in some type of heater which gives a constant supply of hot water.

It is obvious that this plan leaves no time for the extra duties such as housecleaning, preserving, and fruit canning, if the business woman is away every day. She must be prepared to employ the services of the professional dry cleaner, seamstress, window washer, floor polisher, and content herself with factory canned fruits and jellies. Consider it from the viewpoint of the business man. He doesn't spend eight hours at the office and then try to do another day's work at home before midnight. Why should the woman needlessly expend nervous energy trying to do so? Of course, the woman who is using her outside hours for sport or social life can arrange time to look after these extra tasks.

It is hoped you can modify and improve this plan to suit your individual case. You may need more outside help, simpler meals, or a dinner or two each week at your club or favorite restaurant. But above all, don't let yourself become hurried, confused, and nervous. Half-an-hour spent in planning will save hours of confusion in the following week.

So here's to part-time housekeeping, with fewer hours in the kitchen and more leisure for outside interests, whether it be business, profession, charity, sport or society.

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REFINEMENT

"To Italy?"  
"No—to Spain!"

Louise smiled a little. "You can have this house for your own. Richard will make it over to you—everything—and sufficient to live on. We shall make another life elsewhere."

"My dear!" said Louise. She stretched out her hands, but the girl drew back, and there was hostility and hatred in her face.

"A great man like Richard . . ." She paused.

"Yes?" said Louise.

"A great man like Richard deserves what he wants."

She came into the nursery where Nanny sat. She had an evening paper in her hand. The sun behind the new leaves of the copper beech was tender and soft as fire behind tortoiseshell. The first breath of spring blew through the open window.

"The laundries are no good now. Them chemicals rot the stuff," said Nanny.

Far away a motorcycle whirred. There were little sounds of a little life, fenced round, guarded, safe.

"Richard's wife has given him boy twins! They were born this morning. Isn't she marvelous, Nanny?"

"What'll he be calling them in his bits in the paper—Tweedleum and Tweedledee?"

"I shouldn't wonder, Nanny!"

They looked at each other, and their thoughts flowed gently on.

"It's funny they should be born just the day before Tin-Twopenny's tenth birthday.

I don't suppose Mr. Richard remembered, Nanny."

"I don't suppose he did, M'm."

"Do you remember that marvelous horse Richard gave Tin-Twopenny on his birthday?"

"I should think I do! I was scared he'd take a crack off it on his head."

"And the scooter his Uncle John gave him!"

"And the electric railway the staff of that paper gave him!"

"And the farmyard, with over a hundred sheep, that an unknown admirer sent him!"

"Eh, and the eight boxes of sweets Mary carried back to her people, and they was all sick that night!"

"And then you gave him a penny, Nanny."

"And you gave him a penny, M'm!"

"And we kept cave for him while he ran over the green to the sweet shop."

"A pennyworth of acid drops he brought back, and a pennyworth of them mints."

The wind blew the copper beech back like wisps of autumn breathed on by God, red and russet, blowing, blowing back. Through them they saw the lights spring up in the little general shop across the green, eternal lights gleaming on an eternal shrine.

"They've cut the grass," said Louise.

"Ach, it never made no difference to him whether they'd cut the grass or not!"

They stood for a moment by the window, looking through the old bars. The wind blew the beech leaves back as if the tortoiseshell cover had closed on the secret book of their lives.

## The Family Takes a Holiday

Continued from page 26

PROVIDE for the journey sensible clothing, something that does not soil or crush easily. For the holiday have plenty of cotton crêpe rompers that can be easily laundered. You do not want to tire yourself with washing and ironing. A suitable sun suit should be provided (Vogue Pattern No. 2813), a sensible hat and shoes. It will depend upon where you are going as to whether you allow the children to go barefoot or not.

Don't forget to take a variety of clothing, some warm and some light. I have known holidays to be completely spoiled from the lack of a few warm things when cold days come. Also know what provision there is for bedclothes. This is an important item on holidays, especially at the seaside and in the mountains where the nights may be very cold indeed.

Let the children get all the sun they can, and try to get as much as you can yourself. Expose the children's bodies gradually, taking off one article of clothing at a time. Bare first the feet and legs, then the arms, then allow them to run about in a sun suit, and later a loin cloth, according to their age. Do not let the skin get sunburned but allow it to become tanned gradually. Applications of oil or vinegar before exposure prevent sunburn. Let them wear hats if the sun is very hot and steady. If there is danger of getting the feet cut, make them wear sandals or shoes.

### Teeth

DO NOT let the children neglect their teeth while on holidays. Have your dentist examine them before you leave. It will spoil your holiday if they should get toothache while away, and may even necessitate your returning home.

### Food and Water

WHEREVER you are going, be sure the food is fresh and clean. Remember that in the city food and water are under control, but this is not always the case in the country. Beware especially of flies. If you are doubtful of the water supply write a note to the health department. Most provincial health departments know what water supplies are reliable, and they will provide you with an outfit for chlorination and instructions for carrying this out if the supply is at all doubtful in your district.

TAKE enough toys, books and other things to keep your family happy and see that they get plenty of play. Do not neglect yourself in this respect. You need it just as much as they do. If you are going where there is fishing, boating and other outdoor sport of this description, warn the older children of the dangers but do not make them fearful. If you are going to a farm for the first time, introduce the children to animals gradually. Do not let them be afraid of them. Remember that this is a golden opportunity of giving them sex education and answering many of the questions they have put to you or will put to you in the future.

Avoid undue punishment on holidays but do not allow them to get "out of hand."

### Emergencies

TAKE along a few necessities for emergencies if you are going away from shops and doctors. For instance:

1 bottle of 2½ per cent. tincture of iodine

Epsom salts—useful in case of poison ivy

Carron oil—in case of burns

Olive oil and cold cream—to protect the skin on hot days

Castor oil—in case of acute illness

Mild laxative—sometimes change of water will make children constipated

Some boiled soft clean rags.

A couple of bandages

Medicine dropper and medicine measure

Safety pins

Adhesive tape

Essence of peppermint or cintronella for mosquitos

If there are any difficulties we can help you with or any other advice you may need, write and we shall be only too pleased to help you. Have the best of holidays, get all you can out of them, enjoy every minute—and if the mother of many children, do not overwork and come back more tired than you went away! Remember that "The best physicians are Dr. Quiet, Dr. Diet and Dr. Merriman."

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is much more durable. You can sketch in and then embroider the eyes—just a cross stitch will make them, with a bit of fine chain stitching for the eyebrows—a couple of dots for a nose and a chain stitched smiling mouth. Outline two pink discs in chain stitch, for the cheeks, and fill them in with this same simple embroidery. Add a little golden hair where it will show around the edge of the cap.

With the doll's make-up in place, stuff

the head again and stitch it on to the body. Cut a band from the colored stocking about half an inch wide, and make a little scarf of it to cover the join at the neck. Use one of your stocking tops that you have reserved, to make the little cap; use the second one for the skirt, letting its finished top act as your hem.

The arms may be just little mitten-shaped pieces cut from a colored stocking, stuffed and sewn into place.



## Double Lives

*Continued from page 11*

"What?"

"That your husband is really and actually becoming better and stronger. Well—why not go straight to Dr. Macaulay?"

"But I couldn't tell him what I've told you."

"You needn't. All you need say is that you want a comparative report on your husband's condition now against, say, a month ago. Isn't that it?"

"Absolutely."

"And if there's a definite improvement, you'd be fortified to carry on a little longer?"

"Yes—yes—I wouldn't mind anything then. If he were quite himself, he'd understand—but he won't till he is. Mrs. Trench, no matter what the doctor says, would you have done what I have done were you in my place? Could you say that?"

Mercy put out her hands. "My dear, I would, were I as brave a woman as yourself."

"But I'm not really brave at all," said Helen, greatly moved.

Trench's wife made a slight, but very eloquent gesture.

"When we know each other better, you'll see why, in this house, one doesn't say things like that just for the sound of them. All kinds of stories drift in here; sacrifice, hardship, suffering, and simple news of brave and simple lives that it does one good to hear. Your story is not so different from many another."

"Isn't it?" Helen looked surprised.

"No, but unlike some of the others it has the element of hope. So often one realizes that, humanly speaking, there is no hope. And you know," she added, smiling, "every woman finds it her duty to deceive her husband at intervals for his own good. I do it constantly with Peter."

Helen's eyes began to twinkle. "So you say . . . ?"

"Go on, my dear, as you are going—provided Macaulay's report is satisfactory. Am I to tell my husband about all this?"

Helen pondered. She had been tremendously fortified by her visit, and now was oddly convinced that the fewer were those let into her secret, the better all round. There appeared no obvious reason for this at the moment, but the sensation was vivid. It seemed in some way linked up with something yet to occur.

"Should you tell him?"

"Oh, dear, no. Lots of things we don't inflict on each other. It would be almost too much to carry if we did."

"Then please let it be our secret a little longer."

FOR twenty-four hours Helen restrained her impatience, then broached the Macaulay matter. There need be no evasion about this visit. To her surprise, she learned that Macaulay had dropped in at Ormiston Terrace that morning.

"Jack, why didn't you tell me at once? What did he say?"

"Nothing very much. Took my pulse and blood pressure, looked at my tongue, grunted something about progress, and went off."

"Is that all?"

"Well, he gave a sort of condensed lecture about the power of mind over body as though he were talking to a lazy schoolboy. But he seemed satisfied enough."

"Did he say when you might get out of bed?" she ventured.

"No."

"Do you feel like trying it now—say, walk round the table if I helped?"

"Not yet—I will soon." He did not meet her glance.

"Wouldn't you practise the least bit? You'll be awfully weak the first time."

"No one knows that better than myself," he said dryly.

That silenced her. Presently she went into her own room, put on her hat, nodded at herself in the glass, and came back to the bedside.

"I'm going to see him, anyway," she announced.

Macaulay had a large but not very profitable practice, because, like most of his profession, he put in much work for which he expected to receive nothing. He was well over middle age, and when the end of the day came he felt tired—not so much with the day's duty, but aware that before morning he would be dragged out of bed. He hoped to spend heaven in bed. Like Trench, with whom he had a great friendship, his life offered but little privacy.

When Helen was announced, he felt a throb of genuine interest. It was a month since they last met, but he remembered her vividly. And during these past few weeks the case of Glaisher had presented a new angle. It rather puzzled him.

"I saw your husband this morning," he began, laying aside his pipe.

"Yes, he told me. It's about that that I came. I—I've been wondering whether there's anything you'd care to say to me."

Macaulay gave her a sharp glance.

"And not to him?"

"Doesn't that happen, sometimes?" she hazarded.

He studied her for a moment, noting the candid eyes, the expression that suggested capacity and imagination.

"What makes you think so in this case, Mrs. Glaisher?"

"I dare not think, doctor; I only hope."

This was very eloquent, and Macaulay, not averse from opening his mind to a clever woman, gave a preliminary cough.

"In other words, you rather believe that your husband's condition is better than appears on the surface?"

"Yes," she said steadily. "Am I wrong?" Everything hung on the answer.

"Mrs. Glaisher, you're not so far out. I'll put it this way; two months ago when you asked me whether he'd live, I was hard put to tell you. I thought it just as well if he didn't. I don't think so now. There's been a change—but not in my treatment. Wasn't it Shakespeare asked: 'Who can minister to a mind diseased?' Well, at that time your husband's mind was as diseased as his body."

"And now?" she said, breathless.

"Always in the practice of a doctor," he went on in his own oblique fashion, "there's the recognition of something about the patient that can't be reached by any nostrums. It's the ego—the self—the hidden thing that makes the person. If that is with you, you can help. If it isn't, the best practitioner is at sea. Till a few weeks ago that's what I was up against with your husband. The result—nil!"

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## The Home Bureau

Continued from page 16

you and see what you can find in a sweet little pleated paper shade that will go well with the scheme. I found one for twenty-five cents the other day in a flowered mauve laced with a mauve silk cord. You can buy whole lamps and shades for \$1.25 and paint the base if you want to.

Have you thought of a hooked or crocheted rug for your bedroom? They are cheap and beautifully decorative. Notice some of the designs in this issue. They are charming.

By the way, our Handicraft Department for April has some designs for painting medallions on furniture that you could send for.

#### Dining Room and Living Room

JUST a few lines in hopes that you can help me out. I read *The Chatelaine* magazine from cover to cover every month and find it very interesting. As housecleaning time will soon be here, I want some help with color schemes, as I always seem to make a mess of things. No matter how I try, things always seem to get wrong. My big trouble just now is the living and dining room, which are practically one, as there is an archway between the two rooms, and the furniture is very ordinary. I am enclosing a picture of what the furniture is like. The dining room is twelve by fifteen feet, with two windows facing west. The living room is eleven by twelve and a half feet with an open stairway leading upstairs, one window facing south and an outside door to the east. I intend to get new curtains for both rooms and a new rug for the living room. I do not want a tapestry rug as a good one is too expensive, so I want a Congoleum rug for

the dining room and am enclosing an illustration of same. I also want to put slip covers on two armchairs and the davenport.

Please work out a color scheme for me. I have a desk and a corner shelf that I would like to paint, also a book shelf. I am making out a diagram of the two rooms to show you just how things are arranged. Perhaps you can rearrange them for me to look better. The floors around the rugs will have to be painted. The walls are tinted light buff with rose and mauve borders sponge work and stenciled.

**Answer**—I think it would be a mistake to get a rug in an entirely different color from your dining room—the blue, for instance, of which you sent me a picture. A tan rug, containing very little design, a companion to that in the dining room, for instance, would do much to weld the two rooms together. With such a rug undercurtains of gold voile and overdrapes of rich mulberry casement cloth would look well in both rooms. Your chintz with which to cover Chesterfield and chairs, could then take in warmer colors with a preponderance of rose, mulberry and rich gold. As your living room window faces south, mulberry is a more suitable window drape than a warmer color. Put gold voile on your door facing west, which, I presume, is glassed, and carry this in undercurtains into your dining room, with or without overdrapes of mulberry.

I should advise you to stain your desk, rather than paint it, the color of your other furniture or woodwork. The bookshelves are best painted the color of the woodwork also. When I have your diagram of present furniture arrangement, I shall be glad to give you my opinion on a possible better planning of the two rooms.



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## New Things for the New Baby

Continued from page 28

but if you would prefer baby's cushion to be all light in color, pink or blue sateen could be used for the cover.

The dog (in one of several breeds which lend themselves nicely to interpretation in wool) or a fluffy kitten if you would prefer it to a puppy, is traced on the piece of sateen which is to form the top of the cushion. Andalusian wool is used. If you happen to have a small hook, you can fill in the body just as you would do when making a hooked rug; otherwise, use a chenille needle or an ordinary darning needle.

Whichever method you are following, set a row of stitches along your stamped or sketched outline for a small section, then fill it in; you will require besides the white wool, a little black to touch in the nose and other features, a bit of color, perhaps, for spots and to give a little outline where necessary.

The stitch is the simplest possible—practically a running stitch, leaving a loop about one-quarter inch long on the top side. Set the stitches about one-eighth inch apart and when a small section has been fitted in, cut the loops and proceed on another part.

If you would like to buy the material for such a cushion, ready to make up, it comes complete with a stamped top (dog or cat) plain back and side pieces and the wools for embroidering baby's new pet. The cushion, as we have shown it, is given added smartness by a narrow piping of white along the seams; this piping material is not included with the stamped cushion cover, but anyone can add it; the cushion outfit sells for eighty-five cents, the material, sateen. It comes in pink, blue, black or tan, the latter colors being smart in a black or brown carriage.

#### A Stocking Cuddle-Doll

A PAIR of little stockings that have been outgrown or outworn, will take on a new and probably longer lease of life if re-

incarnated as a lovable member of the adored Rag Doll family.

I shall not try to give you exact measurements, because they will really be governed by the size of stocking you are using, but our illustration will give an adequate idea of the proportions.

First, cut off the top part of each stocking, reserving one top for the doll's skirt, and the other for her cap; this will give you a finished edge to use where it will be most useful, around the bottom of the skirt and along the edge of the turned back bonnet.

Next, cut a section from the leg of the stocking, to make the doll's body and legs, perhaps a six or seven-inch length. Usually these little stockings are seamless, but if there is a seam, fold the stocking so that the seam will lie along one side or straight up the middle of the back. Make a split of sufficient length to separate the two legs, then, turning it inside out, seam up the leg. This will leave a little opening at each end of the leg. Fold this at right angles to the leg seam and stitch it from toe to heel, as it were, of the foot.

Now, fill the legs and body by packing tightly with cotton batting. Do not stitch closed at the neck, but run a stout drawing thread around it, so that it may be shaped in to meet the similarly-shaped base of the head.

For the head, we use a little white sock or the smallest section of a little stocking, cutting it narrower if necessary and reseaming. Round it to shape nicely, seam it across the top and stuff it with the soft cotton. If it is the first time you have attempted to place features on a rag doll, you will find it much easier to do if the head is already stuffed, even though you pull out the cotton again while you make the features permanent. You can either paint them in or embroider them—but the latter

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thin hand went out, grasped the table, felt from that for the mantel and reached it after a perilous moment. From this he made a tottering voyage of exploration round the room, looking much more than his natural height on account of his gauntness, his eyes darkly bright, his breath coming fast. Miss Burritt stood as though mesmerized.

"I've been experimenting," he repeated, regaining the bed, "but never did that much before. To-morrow I'll do more."

"How happy your wife will be!"

"Ah, that's the rest of the secret." He put his head on one side and gave her a strange look. "She mustn't know—yet, and you mustn't tell her."

"But is that fair?"

"Yes, for a little while. I want to give her a bigger surprise than this."

"You couldn't!" said Miss Burritt with conviction.

"Oh, yes, I could. She's going to see me, not a semi-invalid, but a sound man again. Can't you understand one being a little proud in that direction? These months in bed have given me a dramatic instinct."

Miss Burritt felt astonished and greatly perplexed.

"If I were your wife, I'd much sooner have the good news at once," she persisted.

Glaisher differed there.

"She knows I'm getting better, and that it's just a matter of time. It's a long season since I've been able to do anything off my own bat, and I want to do this. She's not anxious any longer. Macaulay assured her on that score, she told me so herself. Now will you help—or won't you?"

"Just what is it you want me to do besides keeping dumb?"

"In a week or so I'm going out—with you. Only a toddle to begin with. Mrs. Huggins mustn't know either, so you'll get rid of her for an hour. Then again—and again—till I'm fairly steady on my feet."

"And when is Mrs. Glaisher to know?"

"Not till then. Are you with me?"

She promised, but rather unwillingly, mentally excluding Macaulay from the promise. One could have no secrets of this kind from a doctor.

Then Glaisher gave a laugh that sounded nervous and high-strung. "You think it queer that any man should have a secret from his wife, don't you?"

"I do, rather, especially from a wife like yours. However . . ."

"Ah, Miss Burritt, wait till you're married yourself. Half the excitement is in having secrets from each other and suddenly taking the lid off."

"I wonder," she said, still dubious, then went on with "Kim."

Presently she saw that his thoughts were far afield.

"You're not listening at all, and I'm going." He made a gesture of apology. "I'm sorry, but that's perfectly true. Forgive me, and come back to-morrow. My head has gone to my feet."

Miss Burritt went off a little huffed. He hardly heard her when she said good-by, and lay still for a long time, lips compressed, brows drawn steeply down.

His eyes looked hard. Surveying this room he had tenanted so long, this lovingly-guarded prison whose bars he proposed to break, his glance roved to Helen's room. He could see the dressing-table, the corner of a bureau, and that was all. Presently he gave his chin a jerk, and repeated the slow process of getting out of bed. His head felt dizzy, but cleared in a moment, and again he navigated along the walls. Stopping at Helen's door, he listened to the heavy tread of Mrs. Huggins below, and went in.

He sat in the chair at the dressing-table, and felt like a criminal, a sneak thief. He had come there to explore. The small room had a faintly distinguishable atmosphere as of a human presence. Its contents seemed to emanate something of the woman whose they were, and he recognized things he had not seen for months. Some he had given her himself. These appeared to rebuke him. What was he doing there—while she was away? Didn't he trust her? He sat

very still, feeling a new pulse in his body, distant but steady, suggestive of the new manhood he was about to achieve.

He thought and thought, pushing out his lips, wrinkling his brows. He had been driven here—no other words for it—by the acid working in his brain since that night when he had a glimpse of Helen taking off her evening frock. And that evening she had lied to him!

Then the Birkett letter—more acid. Now he was determined to find light, no matter what was unsealed.

He fingered her few personal possessions with a lingering touch. Queer that a man could both love and suspect at the same time. The silver brushes—that was during their engagement. The dressing-case with the other silver-fitted things—that was his wedding present. How she had loved it, saying that she must travel a lot in order to enjoy it! Perhaps she was going to travel now. He opened a drawer, seeing odds and ends—a broken bangle, a brooch that had been her mother's, a tiny diary he had given her for the New Year.

He picked this up, turning the diminutive pages. All unused. Then one page appeared with a half-legible pencil scribble:

"Meet Mark at D.S. 10.30."

The date was less than a month ago.

A faint humming sound grew in Glaisher's ear, and increased mysteriously to a dull, booming roar. He seemed to be living all at once at a terrific rate. One hears of this sort of thing happening to others, but could it conceivably happen to him? Was the whole world crashing, or just his own brain? He felt very cold.

He rubbed the shred of paper between waxen finger-tips, and searched on. There was not another entry—only this damning note. She made it and forgot about it, or perhaps copied it into some other book. But she had not forgotten to keep the appointment. He was sure of that. And how many others?

So it was Mark after all! How long had it been Mark?

Automatically Glaisher's imagination went back—back as it had before, and performed again the same piecing together process, but this time with a sharp, tense certainty. It was quite different from the previous rather blind questioning. Things fitted together now.

Helen had left Birkett, and said nothing. Mark! "Present occupation unknown." But Mark would know! Six pounds a week—did Mark find that? She had been dancing. With Mark! Thus it went on, point after point thrusting itself up, and Mark supplying the solution to each, then drifting into a sort of horrified calm. John Glaisher faced what must be the essential meaning of all this. Helen was in love with Mark.

He felt as though he were descending into the pit, wallowing in torment, here, with the small, intimate possessions of his wife around him. Each of them, however valueless, seemed to have its own particular sting. Now he had need of all his returning strength, for he was left weak and limp. How would he reach his bed? Crawl—he might do that.

He did not look at or for anything else, having found so much more than he sought, and it was as though, deliberately, he had asked for punishment—and got it. In the midst of this whirl, a small peremptory voice came at him, asking what he was going to do about it. With that dawned a further light. He had not fully realized it before, but now he understood why he had wanted to keep his returning powers a secret. It was an unconscious move of self-protection. He must be strong in order to discover and meet the whole truth, and the truth would never journey out to Balham. It was in London—perhaps in D.S., wherever that lay.

At this he began to work his way back to bed, slowly, uncertainly, and stretched himself in a sort of mental and physical stupor. Lying there, he commenced to reason, furtively, slyly; and it became clear that for the immediate future he must be very, very careful and cautious. If he now showed suspicion, he might never discover anything.



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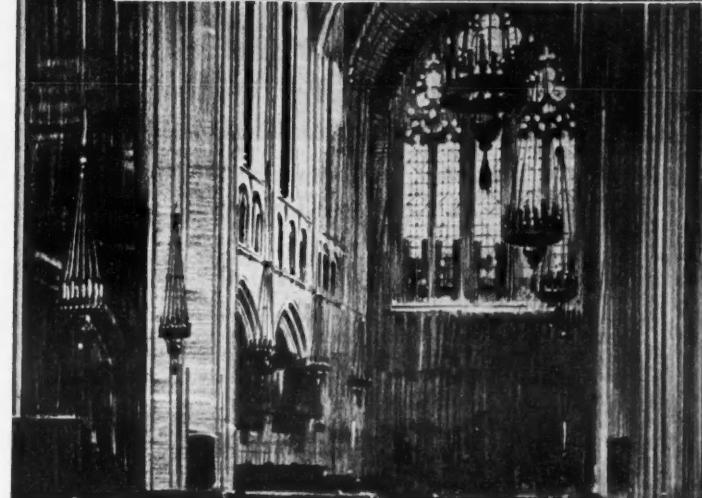
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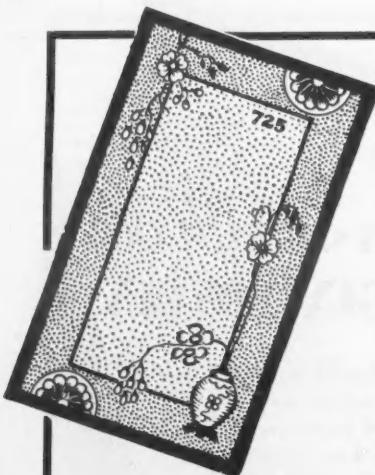
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She nodded quickly. "I can quite understand."

"Aye, and perhaps better than I do. Well, that's as it was. To-day there's something at work that I never sent in a bottle. The man's finding himself, and recovery is in sight, bar accidents. You needn't doubt it. Also he's getting touchy and patronizing—an excellent sign. Nothing more irritating and assuring to a doctor."

"Did you tell him this?"

"I did not, because it was not advisable. There's a bit of psychology in it. The man has made up his mind, privately, to get well. Privately, you'll observe. Now suppose I were to appropriate the credit of that betterment, or want some of the credit for it, it would vex him. He's that kind."

"But, apart from this . . ." here Macaulay sent his visitor an invitational smile—"there's something else at work, and I don't know what it is. Might a tired man go on with his pipe?"

"Please do; I'm sure it's a great comfort."

"Check one," he chuckled. "Perhaps I asked for it. Now I'll put a straight question. Is your husband vexed or ruffled about something?"

"Perhaps—a little," she said guardedly.

"Might one ask what it is?"

"As a matter of psychology or medicine?" queried Helen.

He laughed outright. "As a matter of experience, I withdraw the question. You're treating him yourself—will you admit that?"

She nodded, eyes beginning to sparkle.

"Then, whatever it is, go on with it. You've roused something in him, the thing I can't reach. You've found reinforcements when my reserves were about used up, and that should swing the day. Don't mind if he's cranky. Perhaps I needn't say that to you."

"Perhaps," she murmured. "Dr. Macaulay, when should he be on his feet?"

"As things go, in about two months—able to get about a bit, you understand. Four months should make him fit for work."

"And just as well as before?"

"Aye," said Macaulay; "just as well—and wiser."

This was quite involuntary, and, coming from him, a sort of tribute, not to Glaisher, but Glaisher's wife. Wheels within wheels! That, he had concluded, was the state of affairs in Ormiston Terrace. Also one could not look into the eyes of this girl and question who it was that directed events. She radiated something that Macaulay found it hard to define.

Helen rose, giving his hand a grateful squeeze.

"I don't know how to thank you. It will all be much easier now."

"I'm glad of that. Come and see me again soon."

Macaulay was left wondering just what it was that would be easier now.

A WEEK later, Miss Burritt, halfway through a chapter of "Kim," was interrupted by a dry chuckle. She looked up and smiled.

"Good, isn't it?"

"Yes—and don't think me rude—but that's not what I mean."

"You're not interested!"

"Not awfully—to-day. Forget about Kim for a moment, and tell me something. Can you keep a secret?"

"I'll try."

"Then I believe I can walk."

"Walk!" she ejaculated.

"Yes; that's part of the secret. I've been practising a little on the quiet. Now watch."

He sat up, drew his dressing gown close, swung his feet to the floor and slid on his slippers.

Very groggy at the knees, he then stood erect.

Miss Burritt stared at him.

"But you mustn't . . ."

"Wait a minute—I'm going to try something."

What followed would have been amusing, were his expression not so intensely serious. He was like a man risen from the dead. A

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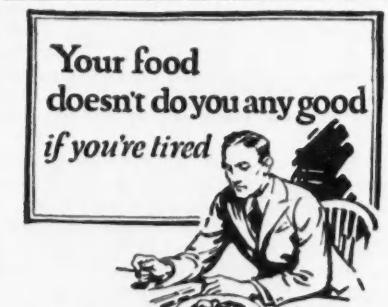
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that is possible. What did they say downstairs?"

"Just that—so I came to you. Mr. Powers, it's got to be done, and we haven't a penny more to put into it."

She sat back, her lips a little tight, and with the manner of one who is accustomed to get what she wants. He had recognized the type instantly. Also he recognized that to decorate Purdon Fleet—even at no profit whatever—would be quite worth while to Gillam's. But how swing this with his estimators and foremen buried in work?

"I'd like to be of use, Lady Fort, but really . . ."

"A job of that size doesn't mean anything to your people, does it?"

"Normally, no; but to-day . . .!" He indicated a pile of papers at his elbow. "Those are all different jobs, all waiting for attention."

"Well," she said firmly, "aren't we worth as much attention as anyone else? All you've got to do is put ours on top. Mr. Powers, we've just reached England after years and years abroad, and we want to settle down."

"Have you tried any other firm?" he asked, not without sympathy.

"I have, and went to see some of the houses they'd done. I didn't like any of them."

Houses! Something clicked in Powers' brain, and he took a sidelong glance at the fine, frosty old face beside him.

"There's only one suggestion I can make at the moment."

"Please make it. It's much better than they did downstairs—which was nothing."

"It's that you go to see a house we've just done in Lowndes Square with an—associate of ours. It's her scheme throughout."

"Hers?"

"Yes, and a very charming, capable young lady. If you like this house—the effect—there's just the possibility that we might make some similar arrangement for Purdon Fleet—but I can't promise. Would you care to do this?"

"I'll do anything to get what I want for what I can afford," she said promptly. "When can I go?"

"Would this afternoon suit, at three?"

"I'll make anything suit."

Powers smiled a little and scribbled the address.

"I'll ask Miss Glaisher to meet you there."

"Is she the—the person?"

"She is, and very much the person. Perhaps you might telephone me the result of your visit."

"I'll do my best to like it," she said, unbending a little, "and telephone whether I do or not."

She picked up her bag, and gave a slight snort of satisfaction. It reminded him of the whinny of a well-bred horse. "I knew, if I found the right man, the thing could be done easily."

Powers smiled non-committally, bowed her out, and in two minutes was talking to Helen on the telephone. In another fifteen she occupied Lady Fort's chair. He put the whole matter, omitting none of its difficulties.

"It's this way. We simply cannot look after it ourselves, though we can scrape together enough men to do it in reasonable time—I mean experienced men—and nothing more. That's as far as actual work goes."

"And supervision and all that?"

"We can't touch it. As to Lady Fort's estimate—and I leave you to form your own opinion of her—of course, it's too low, but no doubt by careful thought the job can be done for not very much more. I'm of the opinion that it can be made too good an advertisement to pass over."

"Too good for whom?" said Helen pointedly.

"I thought you'd ask that. For both of us. And, oddly, it chimes in with something I was thinking of not long ago. But I didn't expect to use that Lowndes Square house so soon."

"Glad you like it," she said sweetly.

He laughed at her. "You and I must have a business talk. I've got a scheme on."

"Shouldn't we attend to Lady Fort first?"

"We should—and will. As to the money side of it, I make this proposal. We'll finance it for the £1,500, and stand any loss over and above that. You look after it, entirely, doing your best to hold down the loss to a minimum consistent with good work, and we pay you your out-of-pocket and ten per cent on the £1,500. Is that fair?"

"Very," she agreed. "Will it take much time?"

"A fair amount—perhaps a dozen visits—but you'll find her ladyship the hardest nut to crack. She needs handling, does that woman. At the same time, it's exactly the sort of thing I feel you can do. Personality counts a lot, and tact, and you have both."

Helen sent him a smile. "Why these bouquets? I begin to suspect something."

"No," he said largely, "it isn't anything you need worry about. A while ago Mr. Mark Upton was in here trying to get a job for a friend of his—an amateur decorator. I told him there was nothing doing. Did he ever tell you about it?"

Helen nodded. "He went to several firms. Wasn't it kind?"

"Well," chuckled Powers, "he'll only have to go to one next time."

THAT afternoon Helen sat in the office in Dover Street talking very earnestly to Mark Upton. He watched her, his eyes full of meaning.

"So it should be an awfully good thing for us," she concluded, with a sort of quick confidence, "and give the entrée to just the kind of client and business we want. There's not much profit compared to Lowndes Square, but we can't lose on it. And it won't interfere with anything else."

"Then you've taken it on?"

"Yes, subject to a letter from Gillam's."

"Helen!" he said abruptly.

"Anything wrong?"

"Putting this Fort business aside, what sort of a man do you think I am?"

"The kindest and nicest possible to describe."

"And human?" he asked in a queer tone.

"Mark! You promised!"

"I did, but there are limits to endurance. You know why I promised."

"To help me," she said under her breath.

"Yes—and to keep you." He put his hand on hers, gripping hard. "I can't stick it much longer, dear."

"Mark—don't! Oh, you must think me a selfish, calculating beast!"

"Nothing of the sort. Shall I say what I think you?"

"No—please—I—I—know."

"Well, knowing that, and admitting that I'm human, how is this thing coming out?"

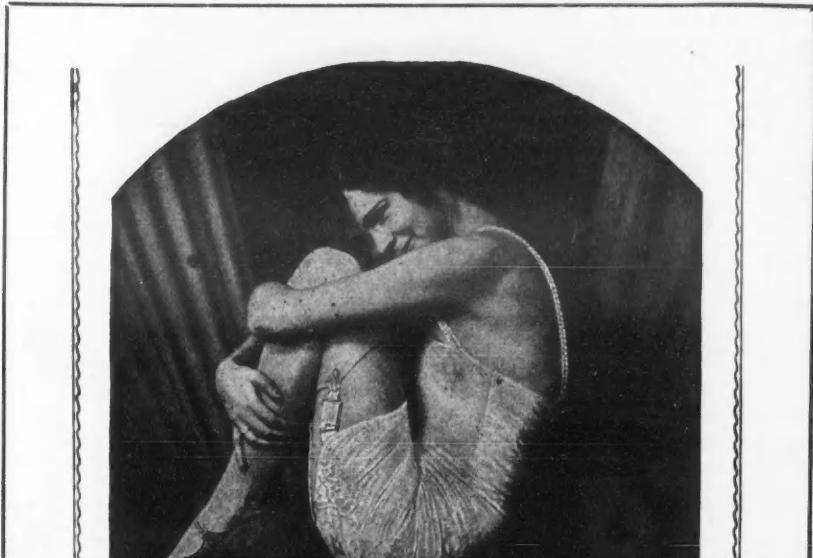
She sat very still, fumbling for an answer and finding none. How was it coming out? How long could she go on accepting, but giving nothing. Had there been any real justification for using a man who loved her in order to serve one about whose love she was becoming uncertain? And, admitting that question, why did she continue to love John Glaisher? Was it only because she had given him all that any woman could give to any man? Had that robbed her of the power to love another?

"How is this thing coming out?" said Upton again.

"I—I don't know. Mark, it seems that I can't speak without hurting you. And everything in life has become a sort of snare. I can't move in any direction without blundering still more. Oh, it was all my fault from the start! I ought to have told Jack at once."

"And if you had?" said Mark quietly.

That was the point she could not answer. Would it have been better to risk everything, trusting to destiny and Glaisher's faith in his wife? Even now she could not tell. Why had destiny compelled her to such a bitter decision? Of one thing she was sure. If Glaisher were to die tomorrow, she could hardly marry Mark after what had happened. It would put the past few months in too dark a light.



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KEEP BABY WELL

No leading questions, or the condition of his mind would be made obvious. If he was sullen, Helen would put things together and become circumspect. If he was cold, she might guess what had hurt him. There was only one thing to do—be natural. How long could a man in his position be natural?

Thus Helen found him that evening, more amiable, more appreciative, less critical; and she, fortified in spirit by Mercy Trench, and in her reason by Macaulay, was utterly and innocently thankful. Her tactics weighed more lightly on her soul.

"Good night, dear," she murmured as she kissed him. "I do see a change in you to-day."

"There is—a distinct change—I feel it myself," said Glaisher, and managed to smile back.

**M**R. JOHN POWERS had a complaint against life—too much business to look after. Work had piled up in Gillam's until he was smothered, and it showed no signs of abating. More profit for the firm—yes—but, he argued weakly, there were other things in the world besides profit. He was brooding over this when his secretary informed him that Lady Fort was on the main floor and would like to see him personally.

"Fort—what Lady Fort? Don't know the name. Who is she?"

The secretary turned up Debrett.

"Sir Michael Fort, Bart., Ex-Governor of Kenya, also of a large Central Indian province. Ex-Equerry to the King. His clubs are the three best in London. F.R.G.S. Cousin to a marquis and brother-in-law to a Bishop. Estate is Purdon Fleet, in Surrey, held by his family for three centuries. Married Julia, eldest daughter of Lord Camshot. No issue to this marriage."

"H'm," ruminated Powers, "we can't do anything for her, but you might as well show her up."

The secretary was slightly astonished. "You won't go down, sir?"

"Not as things stand to-day—not for three earls and a duke."

Lady Fort, who was also slightly surprised at being sent for, arrived a moment later. She looked and felt a little *honté*, was about sixty, and had thin, frosty cheeks, an aquiline nose and bright, blue imperative eyes. Her manner was one of complete assurance.

"The man downstairs is a perfect idiot," she announced briskly. "So I came to see you."

Powers murdered an involuntary grin. "Thank you, Lady Fort."

This left the situation open at both ends, and she hesitated a little.

"Really, it's quite simple. We want Purdon Fleet done over, and I explained the sort of thing we'd like, and what we could afford to spend, then he said it was out of the question at that figure. Perfect rubbish, I call it. I'm not altogether a fool."

"Quite," murmured Powers, mindful that he was addressing a title, but beginning to enjoy himself. "Would you please tell me what else you told him?"

She was more than ready, and talked for an unbroken ten minutes. In Purdon Fleet were twenty-five rooms, none of which had been done up since the days of Victoria. Now some modernization was badly needed. In addition there were certain advisable structural alterations, but the expense here involved was, she claimed, negligible.

Powers's brows lifted a shade, though he said nothing. Then she drew a ground plan showing an intimate knowledge of the house. The effect she desired was quiet and restful. When she paused for breath, Powers got in a word.

"I understand, in a general way. And you want an estimate? Just there is my difficulty: we're so excessively—"

"I don't need an estimate. The thing has to be done for fifteen hundred, including everything."

One of Powers's strong points was that he never showed any surprise. "I question if



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**T**HAT is the regular income enjoyed by Booster Lloyd Cook, of Toronto. He has been earning it for over a year, and he is now 11 years of age.

**L**LOYD is getting to be the classical example of how to go about it as a Young Canada Booster. He sells 500 copies of MacLean's each issue, because he talks about the Magazine. People like it when he shows enough interest in them to really try to show them how fine the magazine is. And since they like it, they listen; and since they listen, Lloyd "sells" them.

**Y**OU will be interested in a recent "stunt" of Lloyd's at a Toronto club. Going up to the main desk (the top of which was above his head), Lloyd called to the chief clerk and started to tell him what was on his mind about MacLean's. The chief clerk was observed to be interested. He leaned over the desk to see what this was that was wound up so tight and going so fast. When his eye finally fell on Lloyd, he reached his long arms over the top of the desk, lifted the lad from the floor, and deposited him on the desk where all could see him. "Now," he said, "go to it." And Lloyd went to it, ending up by successfully persuading several people in the lobby of the club to buy a copy.

### Others Can Do It

**L**LOYD would be the first to admit that he has no monopoly on sales ability. Other lads his age can talk, too, and can explain the merits of so fine a magazine as MacLean's without the slightest trouble.

*Make application to-day for membership in the Young Canada Boosters' Club, with the privilege of earning a splendid income and winning many fine prizes serving the Canadian public in this pleasant way.*

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Name . . . . .

Address . . . . .

"Then I'll probably inspect Purdon Fleet with Lady Fort to-morrow. So good-by till the day after."

Mark, not trusting himself to say more, stalked into Dover Street, and she waited a moment, tired in body and mind, but with a new consolation in her thoughts. It was not herself, but Mark, who had brought in Clara Pritchard. Surely that meant something!

**H**ELEN was met at the station by an elderly man, the benignity of whose expression suggested that he was a gardener. This happened to be the case. He wore a Victorian coachman's coat and white cotton gloves, and conducted her to a car of prehistoric vintage, its brasswork, of which there was a great deal, polished to a glittering brilliancy, its paint worn thin by years of elbow grease.

"Her ladyship is expecting you, madam."

Helen nodded, vast'y interested in the whole equipment, and they started. Along the twisting Surrey lanes this ancient vehicle labored with an asthmatic wheeze, Charon grasping the wheel, his seamed brown face wearing an expression of extreme responsibility. It was like a personally conducted tour under the auspices of a prophet, and gave the newcomer a curious sensation of form, the kind of form that triumphs over all worldly limitations. The car might have been worth forty pounds in the market, but the point of view it stood for was beyond value.

After a mile and a half of this exalted progress, they swung past a tiny Tudor cottage, at sight of which Helen gave an exclamation.

"Who lives there?"

"No one, madam, just now. It belongs to Sir Michael. Nice little place, too, for them as likes that sort."

Nice little place! It was a perfect gem, with diamond-paned windows, steep wedged roof, black oak timbers that subdivided its low walls into irregular quadrangles, drooping eaves that came down like overhanging brows, a black oak door, haphazard chim-

neys and a mellow brick walk through an old-time garden. Helen rubbed her eyes, twisted her head, and stared till it was out of sight. What a haven!

Then came Purdon Fleet, blocky and uncompromising. Her heart sank a little. Then she saw Lady Fort, who came out of a box-hedged garden. Now she was in well-worn tweeds, heavy brogues, woollen stockings. She carried a trowel and a pair of leather gloves and wore a nondescript hat that had once been her husband's. Even thus she looked the aristocrat. She smiled cheerfully at sight of Helen, having taken a fancy to the girl when they met in Lowndes Square.

"Good morning. I'm dirty, but don't mind me."

"It's a nice kind of dirt," said Helen. "I wish I had some of it."

"You don't look it," remarked her ladyship promptly. "Want to go over the house now?"

"Whenever you're ready."

Lady Fort rubbed her gritty palms against her shabby coat. "Well, we might as well start. I won't disturb my husband. He's writing his book, 'The History of India Under British Rule.' He doesn't know much about it, but it gives him something to do. You'll meet him at lunch."

Helen grasped the situation of Sir Michael at once, and followed into Purdon Fleet. She saw a big hall, big public rooms, walls covered with dingy and appalling papers, prison-like passages, large, square windows with enormous panes. The thing was a great cube, stark, heavy and uncompromising, and had it not been for the talk with Powers, she would have felt hopeless. Then they went into the garden again, where the indefatigable old woman pulled on her gloves.

"Now what do you think? Don't mind if I work while I talk, do you?"

"No," said Helen, "and you don't mind if I work, too, do you?"

Lady Fort laughed. "I rather like you for that. Get at those dead roses. Well, what about it?" *To be Continued*

## A Timid Woman

*Continued from page 7*

her trembling hands. The white squares of linen, with their tiny stitches, their fairylike embroideries fit only for hands chiseled and shaped finely by long life, were no whiter than Miss Orpheus's fingers. She touched the handkerchiefs as one touches the pale lilies that lie on the breast of the dead. Mr. Derry saw a dark spot fall and widen on the linen—another and another.

"Why, you're crying; Miss Grafton!"

"I am so s-s-sorry that your mother is dead."

His firm hands fell upon her trembling fingers and pressed them close. If only he might speak. But how could he? She was as fair and as fine as the linen under their clasped hands. How could he tell her that every day for three years he had wanted to come into her shop, and dared not?

"Don't cry."

Tenderly, as for a child, he touched her tear-stained cheek with his handkerchief. But it left dusty dabs on her white skin, and it smelled of the stables. He threw it away in disgust, and picked up one of the unsullied squares she had worked for his mother and pressed it into her hand. She would never understand; no more than did Jenny Gates, straining her eyes from across the street, snickering at Dick Derry holding hands with that old maid, Orpheus Grafton, across the counter of the fancywork shop. If only Ben Myers would print but half the news that came into his office!

**H**E WAS gone, and she thought: "Yes, it is just as I read it," and the linen square he had pressed into her hand was a sudden lump with her tears. It was all there,

in the last chapter. Always she had read it with a lump in her throat, and a numb wonder as to whether there could be such sorrow in the world.

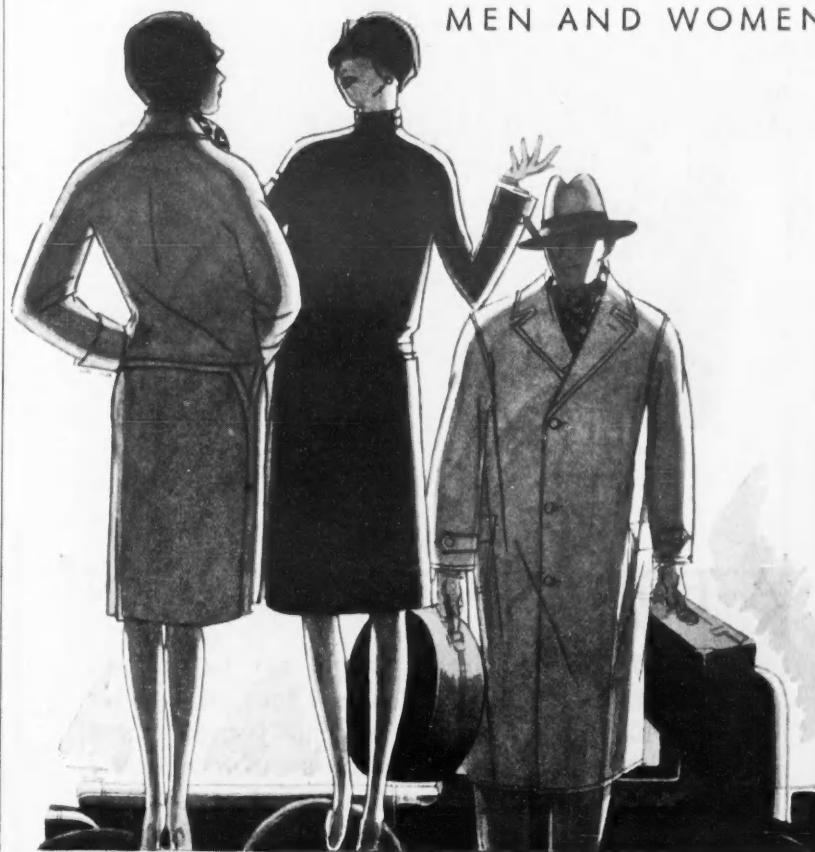
"And the Rider picked up the little kerchief, meant for a fairy hand, pressed it to his lips, and returned it to the giver.

"I return your token, fair lady," he said, brokenly. "I return it to you unsullied as when you gave it. You are no longer bound to me. I am wholly unworthy. Something that you will never know, that your pure ears may never hear, stands between us. Because I, unworthy as I am, love you truly, I must leave you. You will never see me more. Farewell, forever!"

"And the gentle girl—" continued the narrative—"in the silence of a broken heart took back the pledge which she in her youthful joy had given to the chivalrous stranger. He was right. It could never be. Their pure and noble love must not be smirched by the irreparable past. They would love and suffer on to the end. 'He could not love her, dear, so much, loved he not honor more—'"

Miss Orpheus couldn't read the last five lines because her eyes were blinded by tears. But she knew them by heart. She knew by heart, also, those final heartrending paragraphs where the Lone Rider strides silently from the rancho, leaps upon the waiting Silver King, and gallops for the mountain fastnesses, never to return. She saw the fair girl watch his departure with clasped hands and streaming eyes; saw her collapse upon the couch strewn with skins of bear and wolf and deer, the trophies of his trusty rifle; and she saw the form of that

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"Mark," she faltered. "I've got to tell him. There's no way out of it."

"Very well; it can't hurt him more than this does me."

She doubted that. There was so much to tell, so much to try and justify. She could picture Glaisher's face while it went on; his incredulity sharpening to distrust; the distrust to suspicion; suspicion to open accusation. And this just when success waited on the doorstep in Dover Street.

"Mark," she said desperately, "I can't do it now—and you know it. Not yet."

"Why?"

"It would smash this all up—the business."

"This little affair doesn't matter compared to you—nor does Lady Fort—nor Gillam's—nor anything. The business doesn't exist without you. It was bought for you, and if you don't want it I'll give it away. Hang the business! You knew what I wanted from the start. Can you tell me now that you didn't?"

He shot this out in a sort of angry hunger, that was so real as to be unanswerable. And she had known from the start—as would any woman who was not a fool.

"Mark," she whispered, "don't drive me away."

He choked a little at that. "Drive you?"

"If you go on like this you will. Can't we let things stand till this last job is done?"

"And then?"

"I will go; you leave me no alternative. But we're committed to Purdon Fleet, and though you don't care what happens afterwards, the result may mean a great deal to me. I'm trying to think away ahead."

It was a strange thing, but true, that this petition of hers, for it was nothing else, should have impressed him more than anything she said. He, on his side, was so caught up in hunger for her that it obliterated all other consciousness. But she had a scheme, a definite project of life, and it remained unshaken even now. That was the difference between them, and it struck him with peculiar significance.

"What do you see ahead?" he asked with a certain calm.

"A profession — independence — self-expression—whatever you like to call it. A satisfactory reason for being alive. It hasn't anything to do with emotion or love, but is the thing that is me demonstrating itself as being worth something. And," she added, gently, "when that comes about, I'll owe it to you. Wouldn't that please you, Mark, and make you feel that what you had done was worth while, too?"

He looked at her strangely, because in some subtle way she seemed to have become an individual of potency, a bigger, more competent person than before. This odd development also appeared to move her away from him, so that she was not so easily within grasp. His arms could not go so swiftly round her. And the spirit of her—that had grown too. It all left him puzzled.

"Well," he said slowly, "you've made yourself clear enough. What do you want me to do now?"

It was then that she put her hand over his.

"Mark, just carry on, and believe that I understand. It's hard for a woman to be—well—always the same to outward appearance, but I do try. There's one thing that would make me happier than anything else."

"What?"

"That you'd find someone who . . . He shook his head almost savagely. "You're away off—she's not what I . . ."

"Who?" interrupted Helen, swift merriment in her eyes.

"You know very well; you suggested that before. I'm not having any."

She rippled into a laugh. "Am I frighteningly cheeky?"

"Not exactly," he grumbled; "but you can leave that lady out."

"What lady?"

"Look here, when are you going to see Powers?" He had tried to be angry with her and failed completely.

"Now, will you be here when I get back?"

"Don't think so."



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**MARY T. GOLDMAN'S**

confessed to her mother, to an understanding and pitying God.

"Because I love you, and I was afraid that you would not ask me to marry you."

He had never known such honesty, such faith, such purity of heart.

"I've wanted to ask you to marry me since the first day I saw you," he said, "but I didn't dare."

"Why shouldn't you ask me?"

"From the very first day I saw you," he continued, "so fine and dainty among your silks and laces! Look at me. I'm a rough man struggling along on a ranch. I'm going to succeed some day if hard work will help me! but what a life for a gentlewoman like you. Look at this shack, dirty, disordered, uncomfortable. It's no place for a woman. Could I ask you to share this with me? Do you see now what kept me from speaking?"

Oh, those dreadful, silly books on which she had fed her mind!

"I could help you."

He took one of her smooth, white hands.

"Look at this hand. If you came here, it would soon be rough and red. You couldn't work pretty posies on white linen any more. You'd be lonely out here. You'd be poor, for the land takes all I can make and will for years. Don't think this is easy for me to say. I'm putting aside a thing that I have longed for more than my life. It's like cutting my heart out."

"Do you think," said Miss Orphea, "that I have never been lonely or poor or sad? Listen; I've something to tell you."

She told him everything from the beginning, of her narrow girlhood, its fears and repressions; about the hidden books and her search for the realization of a dream; of how he had ridden into her life on his black horse, like the embodiment of that spirit of the West which she worshipped; and lastly she told him of Jenny Gates, and of how she had been driven to come to him.

"I understand," he said, gently, "but don't you see that it only proves that I am right? You were expecting to find a romantic hero like the fellow in the book you speak of. I read stacks of such yarns

when I was a kid. You thought you would see one of those ranch houses they set up in the movies; and instead there is only a lonely middle-aged bachelor in a prairie shack. My dear, my dear, let me hitch up the team and take you home before I weaken."

"I am not going back," cried Miss Orphea, standing up. "I am not going back to that shop and the hemstitching and the crochet. I am going to be happy, and you have no right to deny me my happiness. I want my hands to be hard and rough and useful. I want to wash your clothes and mend your socks and cook your meals and live in your house. Pray God I may never see an embroidered towel again!"

"My dear . . ."

"Richard! Please let me stay!"

"I am going to hitch Jack to the buggy . . ."

"You can't force me back into prison . . ."

"And take you back to town . . ."

"How can you be so cruel!"

"But to-morrow . . ."

"To-morrow I shall burn the towels and the doilies and the scarves . . ."

"My dear girl, don't do that!"

"Why not? I hate them!"

"I think they would look very well in our home, don't you?"

HALF-WAY to town Miss Orphea said from the shelter of his encircling arm: "Richard, what has Jenny Gates against you?"

"Has that flapper been cackling? Don't let her worry you. Jenny has nothing against me except that I wouldn't take her to Ole Higstrom's barn dance last week. An evening with Jenny would bore me to death, so I sidestepped the invitation. She's pretty sore about it, being used to having her own way with the men."

"You mean Jenny Gates actually asked you to take her to a dance?"

"Uh-huh, sure!"

"Well, the idea!" cried Miss Orphea. "I'd like to know what girls are coming to in these days!"



## The Market Basket

Continued from page 23

remainder of the year. Unfortunately, the price of sweetbreads is never cheap.

Sweetbreads spoil very quickly, and should be used at least within forty-eight hours. When fresh, they are bright, moist and glistening, and are sweet smelling. If they are dried or sour smelling they are not fit to use.

When received from the butcher shop they should be allowed to soak in cold water for one hour, then drained and cooked slowly in acidulated salted boiling water for twenty minutes, then drained again and plunged into cold water. This is what is known as "parboiling" the sweetbreads; and they are always parboiled in this manner before preparing them in any one of a great variety of ways.

FRESH calves' brains are on the market during the veal season, and are particularly plentiful during the month of May. They are cheaper in price than sweetbreads, but almost equally delicious. Brains, also, should be glistening in appearance and sweet smelling. If they are dried, dull-looking or sour smelling they are not fresh. Like sweetbreads, they spoil very quickly and should be used at once. Before cooking brains, they should be soaked in cold water,

the membrane removed and then parboiled, the same as sweetbreads. Then they may be creamed, served with scrambled eggs or cooked in other ways.

CHOICE salmon is found at the extreme east and west of this country, and through improvements in handling and transporting the fish, anyone, no matter how far inland, may plan to serve fresh salmon very shortly after it is caught. Fresh Gaspé salmon is on the market from the first of May until July; and after that chilled salmon may be obtained. Fresh British Columbia salmon is found on the market during the fall months, and chilled British Columbia salmon at other times.

Gaspé salmon is easily identified by the color of the flesh, which is a very deep pink—a real "salmon" pink. When buying salmon, avoid what are known as "runners." These are salmon of inferior quality. They may be detected by the color of the flesh, which is a much paler pink. The flesh of good salmon is firm and springy to the touch, but that of runners or of poor quality salmon is soft and putty-like. Runners are always a cheaper price, but they are not as good a flavor and the flesh is not as flaky when cooked.

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## A FORTNIGHT OF FUN!

Think of jumping into a huge war canoe and paddling like a lusty Indian for mile after wonderful mile! What a fine time you can have every day when you go in for a swim with the crowd. And won't it be great to sneak up early in the morning, before the other fellows are awake, and join in a raid on the next tent, perhaps taking the sleepers down for an unintended dip in the lake!

Every night there will be the fireside with its songs and stunts. Every morning there will be breakfast, every noon there will be dinner, every evening there will be supper—and oh, boy! will you be ready for those big square meals? AND HOW!

### A Two Weeks' Camping Trip Yours for the Winning!

That's what the offer is. To the boy in your district who wins this latest of Young Canada Boosters' Club contests will be awarded a two weeks' camping trip in some local boys' camp of his own choice. And the second prize is one week at such a camp.

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fair girl fade and waste away until merciful death ended the sufferings of her broken heart. She dwelt on that last scene of all, where the figure of the Rider stands outlined against the evening sky high up on the lonely sierras, keeping vigil over the grave of his beloved. Farewell! Farewell, forever!

Miss Orphea let the book fall to the floor.

"Farewell," she sobbed. "Farewell, forever! Oh, my dear, I understand. I, too, have suffered. Farewell . . . Oh, no, no! Oh, good heavens! She let him go! Oh, goodness gracious! Oh, d—damn—the poor, weak, miserable, sniveling, cowardly fool of a girl! She let him go!"

THUS having broken away from her moorings, Miss Orphea sailed an uncharted sea. She knew no precedent for her future acts. She couldn't keep up an interest in the Lone Rider. Nor did she receive any assistance from Alkali Ike. He, bluff soul, was putting up with the goings-on of a dreadful creature who danced and drank and gambled in the Sure Shot Saloon. True, she was his lawful wedded wife, and though she had long since fallen from her pristine state of innocence, as was delicately hinted in the tale, still, duty bound him to her as honor had kept the Lone Rider from his love. Poor Miss Orphea, looking out at life through the windows of her shop, found herself in a quandary.

What did Jenny Gates know about Mr. Derry? What was that dreadful thing that had made him suddenly release her hands, dash his hat upon his head and rush from the shop? He had leaped upon his horse and galloped down the street at such a speed as required his steed to keep all four legs under him. Nothing he had done, nothing he might do, would lower him in her eyes. She would go straight to Jenny Gates and demand to hear the story, and then she would hurl Jenny's accusation in her smirking face. She would let Jenny Gates and the whole world know that Mr. Derry had some one to stand by him.

All the afternoon she raged within herself. She put on her hat a dozen times to go and confront Jenny Gates. A dozen times she took it off and sat down again, her hands icy, her cheeks burning. She was afraid of Jenny's stares, of Jenny's snickering; most afraid of all, that Jenny might really have something to tell. She tried to sew but she experienced a sudden distaste for needlework. Thirty-five years gone, and nothing to show for it but crocheted lace and embroidered towels and little socks and bonnets for little feet and heads which she might never hold to her own breast! She wanted never to take a needle into her hands again, never to smile and cajole a reluctant customer, to be polite to hagglers and firm with recalcitrant debtors.

She locked her door, although it was not yet five o'clock and insistent customers might knock and rattle the knob. Miss Orphea would not hear them. She was agonizing over another soul. What had he done? She did not know, and her ignorance made her more uneasy, made his sin more heinous. One never did learn what had barred the Lone Rider from the arms of the fair maid of the rancho. It was, evidently, too appalling to mention, but lost none of its effectiveness for that. So, too, with the sin of Dick Derry. She remembered the warmth of his hands on hers, the light in his eyes, the huskiness of his voice. Perhaps he, too, had something to say to her and dared not. For all her shut-inness, Miss Orphea was woman enough to read a man's heart when it was opened to her.

Never would she fling herself upon a couch and pine into a coward's grave. She remembered the eyes of her mother, alive in a dead face. Since the old way of downcast eyes and dumb lips would not suffice, she, Orphea Grafton, a woman brought up in the Puritan manner, was going to depart from it. She might be an abandoned woman, but she would never be—she sought again in her adopted country's jargon for the sufficient word—she would never be a "piker."

THUS Jenny Gates, dining in the Chinese restaurant with an ardent admirer who was treating her to a night out, missed one

of the best bits of news in her young life. She did not see Orphea Grafton, in her old tweed coat, walking on a week day, straight down Main street when she should have been tending her shop. At the end of the walk, without looking back, she stepped down to the road and headed south.

Six miles south was a little white house on the rim of a coulee. Miss Orphea would know it in her sleep. But Miss Orphea had not walked two miles in ten years, even on smooth pavement, and now she walked over rutted muddy roads and her light shoes were soaked and her heels blistered. The sun set, and she was in a world of whisperings and scurries and dreadful shadows. She had eaten hardly any luncheon and no dinner. And she was going to see a strange man who might not be glad to see her when she got there.

Something crashed through the thickets—a startled cow. Something ran between her feet—a gopher. A bittern boomed from a nearby slough. She thought of wild beasts and folk being murdered. A dreadful roaring and clanking rose in the distance, approached and passed her, while she crouched in the damp willows. It was Ole Higstrom returning home from town in his ancient car, but it sounded to Miss Orphea like the chariot of Mars.

She was now wet, cold, hungry and exhausted. And as her physical energy was dissipated, the old fears, the old tabus of her youth rose once more and pointed at her with jeering fingers. She seemed to hear the Grafton ancestors turning in their graves. She could not move forward another inch.

She was at the parting of the ways. If she went back, it would be to the security, the imprisonment, the servility of the past. She would be a coward. She acknowledged to herself that she didn't care what he had done; but that she was afraid of Jenny Gates; that she was afraid of what people would say. She would always be in thrall to fear.

Miss Orphea went on.

How would she find him? Bowed down with despair? Perhaps he had already fled; perhaps the powers whom he had offended had already confronted him with their accusations. She saw him lonely, undefended. She thought of dreadful things, like bootleggers and cattle thieves; thought of them without condemnation, knowing the strength of temptation and the frailty of the human heart. He needed her—that was all she would remember. She was very thankful now that she had not stopped to ask Jenny Gates what he had done.

She found a little wicket gate and saw a beam of light marking the open door. She pressed her white face against the wire screen, looking in at him.

She saw it all in one understanding glance—the disordered table, the greasy skillet, the littered floor, and the bowed figure in the centre under the smoky kerosene lamp. On his outspread hand he held a gray sock with gaping toe and heel, at which he was making futile dabs with a long darning needle, threaded with green yarn.

A cry seemed to spring from her throat.  
"You need me! Oh, do you need me!"

HE SET the shivering figure in his old armchair, built a fire to warm her wet feet in the oven. He made her tea in a pot half-filled with rusty leaves from previous brewings. Then he answered her first words: "How did you know that I needed you?"

Miss Orphea, sipping the bitter tea with relish, looked down at the smoking toes of her stockings.

"I was afraid something dreadful would happen to you."

"And you walked all the way to see that I was all right? Did someone tell you I was sick?"

"Oh, no, no! They said—I thought . . ."

Miss Orphea was ashamed. The honest face before her had harmed no man.

"What was the trouble, Orphea? Why did you come?"

Her name, spoken in such a kind tone, melted the last of her icy fears. She answered him truthfully, as she might have

Billy thought he had never seen anything as beautiful as this girl when she smiled, and even though he was only a little boy, he fell instantly in love with her, and was just going to tell her so and how he would rescue her from her cruel father, when the shop door opened and out came a very tall man. When Billy saw how tall and ugly he was, his knees started to knock together and he felt very much like running away; but he decided that generals never do cowardly things like that, so taking a step nearer the big man he said: "If you are this girl's father, I am going to fight you, for you have been very cruel to her, so you had better watch out!" Which you will admit was a very brave thing for Billy to say.

At first, the big man hardly knew what to answer, but suddenly he roared out in a very loud voice: "Very well then. I shall fight you, and we shall see how you like that." And with one little cuff he sent poor Billy rolling on the ground. Then he jumped into his carriage and drove away.

When Billy got up on his feet, feeling very sore and dizzy, he found himself quite alone, and was just about to start for home when his eyes caught sight of a little white handkerchief lying on the ground. He picked it up, and examining it, found that in one corner was written the name, Emilita. "Ah," said Billy, "of course this must be hers! Emilita, what a wonderful name! I am going to look for her all over the world, and when I have rescued her from her cruel father, I shall bring her home and marry her." And tucking the handkerchief into his pocket, he started for home.

When Billy got home he went straight to his parents and told them what had happened that afternoon; and when he had finished he said to his father: "You see, I have quite lost my heart to Emilita, so what do you think about my looking for her until I find her? Then I shall bring her home and marry her." Mr. Brown, who liked his son to be brave, said he did not think it was such a bad idea, though he didn't want Billy to miss his schooling. But Blue Eyes said: "I never heard of anything so silly. Little boys don't fall in love with big girls. You will have to wait until you are a big, big boy." And as Mr. Brown always agreed with Blue Eyes, that was that.

When Billy heard this he grew very sad, and was just about to say something rather naughty back to his parents, when he suddenly remembered the rule about always obeying your elders. So he did not speak his mind, which as you will agree with me, was a very good thing.

And now you will see what good things result when we obey our parents, for if Billy had not stayed at home and gone to school as he was told, a most wonderful and extraordinary thing would never have happened to him.

ONE day a great man named Professor Kalazoozoo came to lecture at the Sunnyville school. After the lecture, which was all about how to grow thin or fat, short or tall, by what you eat, Billy went up to the professor and asked him if there was anything that he (Billy) could eat that would make him into a big man. Professor Kalazoozoo said he had just the thing, and opening a box which was filled with all sorts of biscuits he chose a brown one. He gave it to Billy saying that if he ate it all it would make him about as big as a giant. But Billy thought if he were a giant he might find it rather awkward getting through doorways or into bed and all that sort of thing, so he said, six feet would be quite tall enough for him.

"Well then," said the professor, "just eat half the biscuit." No sooner had Billy eaten it than he started to grow taller and taller, and very soon he was able to look right down on Professor Kalazoozoo's head. Of course, Billy was very delighted to be so big, and after thanking the professor several times, he ran off down the street to show himself to his father and mother.

You may imagine how surprised poor Blue Eyes and her husband were when Billy, grown as big as a man, came running into the house shouting: "Oh, Father and

Mother, now I'm a big man, may I go and look for Emilita?"

All Mr. Brown could answer was: "My hat, how you have grown!" But Blue Eyes who was very sad, for all mothers hate to see their children grow up too quickly, said, turning to her husband. "It is all your fault because you bought him that soldier suit, and taught him to be kind to women in trouble."

"Well, I do call that unfair," said Mr. Brown. "I am sure if you were in trouble you would like to be rescued by a gallant soldier in a red coat." Blue Eyes agreed that she would, and as there wasn't anything they could do about it anyway, they stopped quarreling and told Billy that as they had said he might go and find Emilita when he was a big boy, they supposed they would have to let him go now.

AND so it happened that not many days after, Billy said good-bye to his father and mother and all the people of Sunnyville town and fared forth on his journey to find Emilita. After he had wandered for several miles along the great white road that leads from Sunnyville Town, he saw an old woman washing some clothes in a stream by the roadside; so he said to her: "Have you ever heard of a very beautiful girl called Emilita, who has a big, bad, and cruel father?" And the old woman said yes, she had, and that she lived in the next village which was called Sharksville. But, she added, if Billy was from Sunnyville Town, she would not advise him to go there, as the people were very jealous of Sunnyville because it was so prosperous, while they of Sharksville were so poor. And that if Mr. Wuggly, who was Emilita's father, caught Billy, he would be sure to do him some harm, because he was even more jealous than the others. Billy thanked her, but said he thought he would go to Sharksville anyway, and that if he got killed it would not matter, for he could not bear to live without Emilita.

The old woman was really quite a benevolent person, and she did not want Billy to be hurt so she said: "If you will wait three days while I finish this laundry which belongs to Miss Emilita, I shall hide you in the bottom of the clothes basket when I take it to her house, and then you will have a better chance of seeing her." To which suggestion Billy most readily agreed.

Three days later a very heavy laundry basket was delivered to the house of Mr. Wuggly, and, would you believe it, it was carried right upstairs into Emilita's room. When Billy peeked through the basket and saw where he was, and that it was none other than the beautiful Emilita whom he now beheld sorting the laundry, he pushed the clothes aside, and stretching out his arms cried: "My beautiful Emilita, at last I have found you! Will you be my wife?" Well, as you may imagine, Emilita was rather startled at this, for she had never seen a man in a laundry basket before, and she was just about to send him away, when Billy showed her the handkerchief she had dropped in Sunnyville Town. He told her how he had fallen in love with her that very day, and had sworn that just as soon as he grew up he would come and rescue her from her cruel father. As Emilita heard this and many other things, she was very happy, and so she told Billy that she also had fallen in love with him that afternoon, and would like to be his wife. She was very glad he had come, because now she would be able to tell him of a wicked plot of her father's which was to raid Sunnyville the next day.

"Well," said Billy, "I am very glad you

will be my wife, but I do think it is too bad of your father to raid our nice prosperous, peaceful Sunnyville just because he is jealous. I suppose if he will do it, we shall have to fight him, so the sooner we get home and warn all the people the better.

That night, when all was dark, Billy with Emilita in his arms, escaped from Mr. Wuggly's house, by sliding down a rope made of sheets which he got out of the laundry basket, and borrowing one of Mr. Wuggly's horses, they rode away as fast as they could for Sunnyville Town.

When they at last reached home and had

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cried Bob as I sat down at the piano

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"You need a little publicity," Bob said, when I confided my troubles. The very next day he had a long talk with Helen.

"She's crazy about music," he told me later. "So I conveniently forgot you can't play a note and told her you are an accomplished pianist!"

"But Bob . . ."

"Not a word! If you're asked to play, just say you've sprained your wrist!"

That evening we were all gathered around the piano.

"Won't you play something?" said Helen.

I smiled and replied

that it would be a pleasure. Bob's grin changed to amazement. "Don't make a monkey of yourself!" he whispered excitedly.

Instead of replying I began the first notes of Berlin's "Russian Lullaby." On and on I played until thunderous applause shook the room.

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## Mating Still Depends on the Mater

*Continued from page 5*

about which contemporary writers so agreeably wrote?

And if you point to Ruth Elder as the daring personification of the modern girl, we can point to Alice Roosevelt, who with no other company than a feminine friend as hot-headed as herself, motored from Washington to Philadelphia while official Washington stood aghast, and the scandal-mongers whispered meaningfully behind their hands.

And if it is difficult to imagine the modern mother inviting a young man to the house, beguiling him with the ancient lure of home-cooking, mothering him ostentatiously and finally leaving the young people sitting in a comfortable shadowy corner of the rosy-light living room, while she settles herself down to read, in a stiff-backed chair with her elbows on the dining-room table—with the door between just sufficiently closed to ensure privacy, just sufficiently ajar to instil discretion—if you find it difficult to conjure up this picture, try to imagine the late Mrs. Pankhurst performing the same gentle function for the redoubtable Christabel!

The old-fashioned mother left her daughter and her daughter's caller sitting in the Moorish cosy-corner with rare and precious tea cups dangling precariously from hooks just above their heads. She slipped away, in the immemorial covert, overt fashion of match-making mothers, and left them, somewhat uncomfortably established, but alone, which was all that mattered. The modern mother sees them contentedly settled in the corner of the Chesterfield and discreetly goes next door to play bridge. And being as old-fashioned as she is modern, she probably comes back about ten o'clock and creeps upstairs without being observed, and lies awake in the dark waiting for the front door to close and her little girl to come into her room and whisper that she is the happiest person in the world and a little girl no longer. This may not be precisely the way it is done to-day; there may be a slight variation in detail, but what may be described as the general order of business, the agenda of match-making, remains unchanged from one generation to another.

And so we arrive back, rather circuitously it must be admitted, at the original problem: "Does Mating Depend on the Mater?" It is one of those questions forever destined to be laid, in the language of executives, "on the table." One might just as well ask, "Should all Modern Mothers have Noses like Roman Emperors?" The analogy is more valid than might appear at a first glance. There will always be a proportion of mothers with noses like the noses of Roman Emperors; and mothers of that sort will always coerce the destiny of willing or unwilling daughters. There seems to be no rule that anyone can lay down about it in either case.

## Sunnyville Town and the People in it

*Continued from page 15*

young girl sitting in a carriage weeping as though her heart would break. Billy hated to see girls cry, and remembering the rule about being chivalrous to women, he went up to her and asked her if there was anything he could do for her.

The girl stopped crying a little and said: "Oh thank you very much, but I am afraid there is nothing you can do. I have been crying because my father, who is a cruel bad man, has been shaking me. He has just gone into that shop, so you had better go away before he comes back, or he may shake you, too—and he is very strong." And smiling, she thanked Billy for his kindness in thinking of her.

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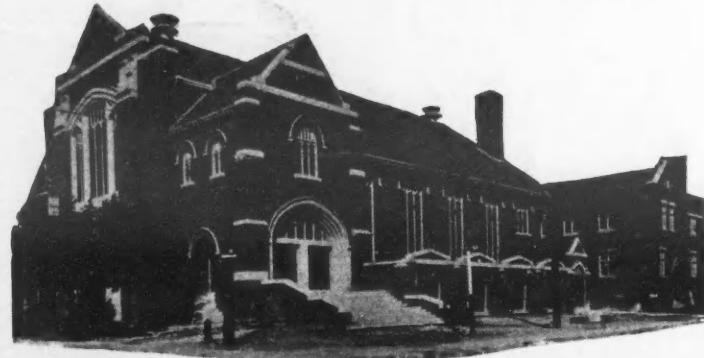
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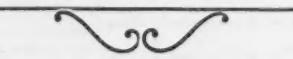
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proclaimed the bad news, Billy heard to his great distress that all the men had gone out of town to a meeting and would not be back until the following day. Can you imagine anything more unfortunate? Women and children are not much good at fighting, you know. In fact, when they realized what a plight they were in, they all started to cry and beg Billy to save them. He really did not know just what to do.

Then suddenly Emilita shouted: "Hurrah, I have an idea! Why not do what Robert Bruce did at Bannockburn, and dig a big ditch in the middle of the road and cover it over, and then when the enemy come they will all fall into it?"

Well, Billy and all the people thought this was quite the most clever idea they had ever heard. So General Billy blew his trumpet, and summoning all his soldiers together, started them digging. And they dug, and they dug, and they dug, and dug, until when morning came they had dug so far down, that they had to be pulled out with ropes. Then they quickly covered the mouth of the trench with some sticks and some earth so that the road looked just like it had before, and hiding behind some trees nearby, waited for the enemy to approach.

They did not have to wait long, for just as the sun commenced to rise, the men of Sharks'ville, led by Mr. Wuggly, came marching along, looking as though they were going to conquer the whole world, and, of course they fell right into the big ditch. It was so deep that try as they would, they could not possibly get out again.

You should have heard the grumblings and grouchings of the men when they saw they were trapped; but you should also have heard the people of Sunnyville shouting for joy, and crying: "Hurrah, hurrah, for Emilita and Billy! They have saved the day. Hurrah!"

IN FACT they were still shouting, when not long afterward all the men of Sunnyville Town returned from their meeting.

When they were told what Billy and Emilita had done, they were so pleased that they said they would give them anything they asked for. Strange to say, both Emilita and Billy wished for just the same thing, and that was that they should get married at once.

And so that very afternoon, Billy and the beautiful Emilita were married at the church in Sunnyville Town, and after a big ball given in the town hall, which lasted nearly all night, they left for their honeymoon in Mr. Brown's lovely big limousine.

The next day when the mayor and all the people went to the pit, the men of Sharks'ville were so sorry for what they had done, and made so many promises that they would never raid Sunnyville Town again, that the mayor forgave them and had them all pulled out and sent home. And you will be glad to hear that Mr. Wuggly had hurt himself so badly when he fell into the hole, that he was not able to give any more trouble.

WHEN Billy and his wife returned from their honeymoon, the people of Sunnyville Town presented them with a fine new house, which was really quite the handsomest in the town, for it had a flight of very grand stone steps with iron railings, lots of flower boxes, a canary in the window, a lovely garden with a fountain, and all sorts of other wonderful things.

And as Emilita said she didn't want Billy to be a soldier, because she was tired of living with people who fought, he became a doctor, and did lots of kind and good things for people, like taking out an appendix, and splinters after they scratched their heads—which you will admit was far better than fighting. And so they lived very peacefully and happily together, and had a great many little Browns, and, of course, grandpa and grandma Brown were exceedingly proud and happy grandparents.

The End

## The Promise of Beauty

*Continued from page 34*

body is in perfect control. We are only beginning to realize the important part that exercise, deep breathing, proper food and plenty of cold water within and without, play in the attainment of beauty and general fitness.

It has always been and doubtless always will be the fashion to be good-looking, but to-day this term means more than the possession of a pretty face. The very latest requirements for good looks demand that one shall be slim but not too thin. The mark of perfect condition in either human beings or animals is a healthy leanness. Other requirements are that one must be alert, clear-eyed and clear-skinned. The new beauty also demands a tanned skin—all over if possible—and this suggests an out-door life.

The fad for bare backs in our clothes this season has called a good deal of attention to posture, and bent backs, round backs, and backs that carry a "dowager's cushion" are being corrected and rolled into a condition a little nearer to the heart's desire. Slumping is distinctly out in this "bare-back era." The bending and stretching exercises which we have prepared for our readers if faithfully performed daily will raise up the sagging muscles and lop off the settling bunches of fat that bear testimony to lack of fitness.

A LADY who has just returned from one of the fashionable watering places abroad, tells me that the women of this country have no idea of the value of oils for the skin. She says that at the beaches the women who are seeking to achieve the so-fashionable tan skin, carry with them while on their quest of the sun's rays, bottles of oil and pots of cream with which to anoint their bodies so that their skins will become tanned but not burned. She says also, that the regimen of the would-be-beauty has completely changed. Activity has taken the

place of indolence. One of the daily requirements is that they must exercise until they perspire, after which they must eat wisely but not too well, and live as much as possible in the sunlight. This prescription turns out a woman who is slim, straight, tanned a golden brown, and exuding health and vitality.

The vogue for tan has turned the attention of beauty specialists to the making of creams that will protect the skin from any unpleasant effects from too great intimacy with the rays of the sun, and make possible a smooth, even tan. One of these is particularly good because it is easy to apply, most effective in its results, and not expensive. It will be a boon in the good old summertime, especially for those who suffer from sunburn. It melts on the skin and protects it, and in addition has a delightful fragrance.

Face powders have also followed the trend of fashion, and the shops are showing every type of tan tone to suit the new requirements. Rouges too, are less vivid in tone, and are being subdued to accentuate the look of perfect health which has become a new—and surely a most desirable—fashion.

I have heard recently of a new preparation that should be unnecessary in this health age. It is an antiseptic preparation for an unpleasant breath. A doctor tells me that if people drank a sufficient quantity of water, this condition would be unknown.

His prescription was twelve glasses a day, none of which should be taken during meals. Few people will follow this water line, however, and would rather try cure than prevention. For them, therefore, there are little capsules which when dissolved in a glass of water make a fine wash for the mouth. If one has that most unpleasant experience; "a bad taste", it can be easily dispelled by the use of one of these capsules, which can be easily carried about and thus are easily available.

## Hooked Rugs for Color

Continued from page 19

long as the colors are well chosen. Mrs. Cleveland follows a system of her own.

When she wants to hook a mat she gets a man to draw a picture of a ship, being wise enough to know that she cannot draw them in proportion. Here is a woman who cannot draw, neither can she hook particularly well. Yet the result of her work is so outstanding that her prices quite eclipse those of the other women, and her ships have become famous. The method is amusing although admirable in ingenuity and purpose. Mrs. Cleveland's family always dresses in blue!

"I always wear blue dresses, and I wear them hard," said Mrs. Cleveland pointing to the deep sea blue cotton that she had on.

Where other people use "store dyes," she uses only material which has been worn. Her husband also wears blue, and his shirts are to be found in the contours of many a brisk sea wave. For although Mrs. Cleveland is technically untaught in the mystery of color harmonies, she has found that there must be at her hand many shades of blue to give the proper effect of life to her backgrounds. New material would be expensive and give less satisfaction.

To a certain extent Mrs. Cleveland works in the same way as an artist with his canvas, ripping out her imperfections where an artist would paint them over. She gets her effect of waves as she goes along, never being satisfied with anything but perfection. It is her idea of color that stamps her as being at the peak of her profession. Thinking that she must be particularly fond of the sea, I asked her if this was the secret of her success.

"No," she answered. "I don't like the water one little bit. If I go out on it, it makes me seasick. But I don't want to be away from the sight of it. Look, I can see it from my house," and as she looked out there was that in her expression which be-spoke generations of seafaring folk.

One of Mrs. Cleveland's mats was copied from a photograph. Many patterns are taken from pictures, a calendar perhaps, or an appealing cover design. In this case, a man snapped his cottage after the first snowfall and she reproduced it in a rug. This made an excellent picture, as it was not too large for him to hang upon his wall. In fact, many of the mats are charming when hung. A particularly pleasing design comes to mind of a camping scene with a narrow border of yellow enclosed by a wider one of black. In the foreground is a tent and a fire where a man is cooking his meal. The moon casts a soft glow on the two trees that stand one on either side of the picture, and the reflection on the water is most artistically produced. There are hills in the background, and the sky is filled with soft, fleecy clouds. There are many canvases less effective.

A mat exclusive to Chester is the Patty-pan rug taken from the little pans used so much in baking. At first these were thirty inches in diameter, and there were eight scallops bounded by a wreath of roses. It was found that these were used for living-room tables, so now they are made about twenty-six inches in diameter. The pattern may be four pink "riz" roses with green leaves surrounding a centre of pink or cream. These would not be suitable for every house, but they are particularly suited to cottages.

But what, you ask, is the centre made of? The cream you mean? Ah, yes, that is worn out underwear. Woollens manufactured in Nova Scotia are cut in pieces two ribs wide. This is particularly effective, as it is soft and fluffy when hooked and gives the appearance of chenille.

HOOKED mats are easily washed. The country people often take them to the sea and wash and scrub them. Considering the source of their material this is somewhat of a relief. Mary's old scarf and ohnny's worn stockings may look very

well, indeed, but it is pleasant to feel that they are thoroughly cleansed in the waters of the sea.

In a single rug you will see odd bits of wool which the housewife has shorn from the lamb, made into wool, woven into yarn, knitted into a sweater, worn for numberless years and finally hooked to make the tail of a donkey. There will also be the remnant of a silk stocking, reminiscent of a joyful extravagance, rose-colored velvet which may have been a well loved dress, red flannel from a petticoat, silk from a blouse, and a raveled bag in which sugar once came to the house. One made penwiper-fashion was constructed of grandpa's wedding suit, a particularly fine broadcloth! Of course, results, in any of these cases, may be so crude that you will turn away with a shudder, or it may be so artistically arranged that you will marvel at the skill of untrained women in producing anything so lovely.

Generally speaking, there is need of a guiding hand among the women who hook. In Chester, Miss Mitchell has a large clientele and much credit is due her for the help which she had given. A bit of advice in regard to color, and a hint that pastel shades are more desirable than brilliant orange or flaunting purples, has often a most happy result. The Women's Institute of Bridgewater hopes to employ someone soon to talk to the women on color, and they are gradually learning that soft tones are most pleasing to the buyer.

An industrious woman in Bridgewater paid the mortgage off her house by her rugs. Being more ambitious than most, she made rugs seven feet by nine. One of these sold for \$1,000, and another for \$600. Such prices are exceptional, as most of the rugs are valued at from \$5.00 to \$15.00. What they may be worth when buyers take them to the United States and resell them is a question, for it is quite understood that this very frequently happens.

Among the hookers there is a difference of opinion regarding the dyes used. Some will tell you that all use commercial boiling dyes. Others say that most of the country people make their own. Some use bark from the trees, and others use vegetables, weeds and berries. Onions are good, moss, spinach, leaves and herbs, but as a rule it takes so long to make the dyes that it is not profitable. The buyer does not pay for the time required, so the hooker uses whatever device makes up most quickly.

SOME of the patterns have already been described. Nearly all originated in Nova Scotia, and many are hand-me-downs. The names are usually explanatory, for there are Sunshine and Shadow; Lucky Strike and Chesterfield; Shell Pattern; Spruce Top (a very popular geometrical design); Doughnut; Chain; Ivy Leaf; Maple Leaf; Old Carpet, and Rose, Shamrock and Thistle. One year a well-known jeweller sent out a catalogue whose cover was a picture of a Spanish square rigger. One woman copied it on burlap and worked it into some half dozen rugs. The "Bluenose" of international schooner race fame was widely copied from calendars, the subject being particularly romantic to the wives of fishermen. Animals often predominate. In one there may be two little brown dogs with pink bows sitting looking at a bone in the foreground. Again there will be a yard of kittens, so called. Or perhaps it will be an owl on a tree or a lion's head copied from a flour bag.

Nor indeed need they all be colored. Mats in silhouette are particularly good. In one I know, a little boy is sitting beside a brook, fishing. There is an overhanging tree above, and the ripples on the water are very lifelike. A touch of realism is given by the dog sitting beside him.

Occasionally word comes of a woman hooking a mat of new material. Wishing to have a rug to match a room, one summer

Continued on page 69

## "Pink Tooth Brush"?



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neglect it  
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A LITTLE tinge of "pink" upon a tooth brush may be a trivial and unimportant thing. But more likely it is an indication—a pretty broad hint—that somewhere in your gum wall is a tender, spongy spot... one which you can quickly restore to normal with Ipana and massage.

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\* \* \*

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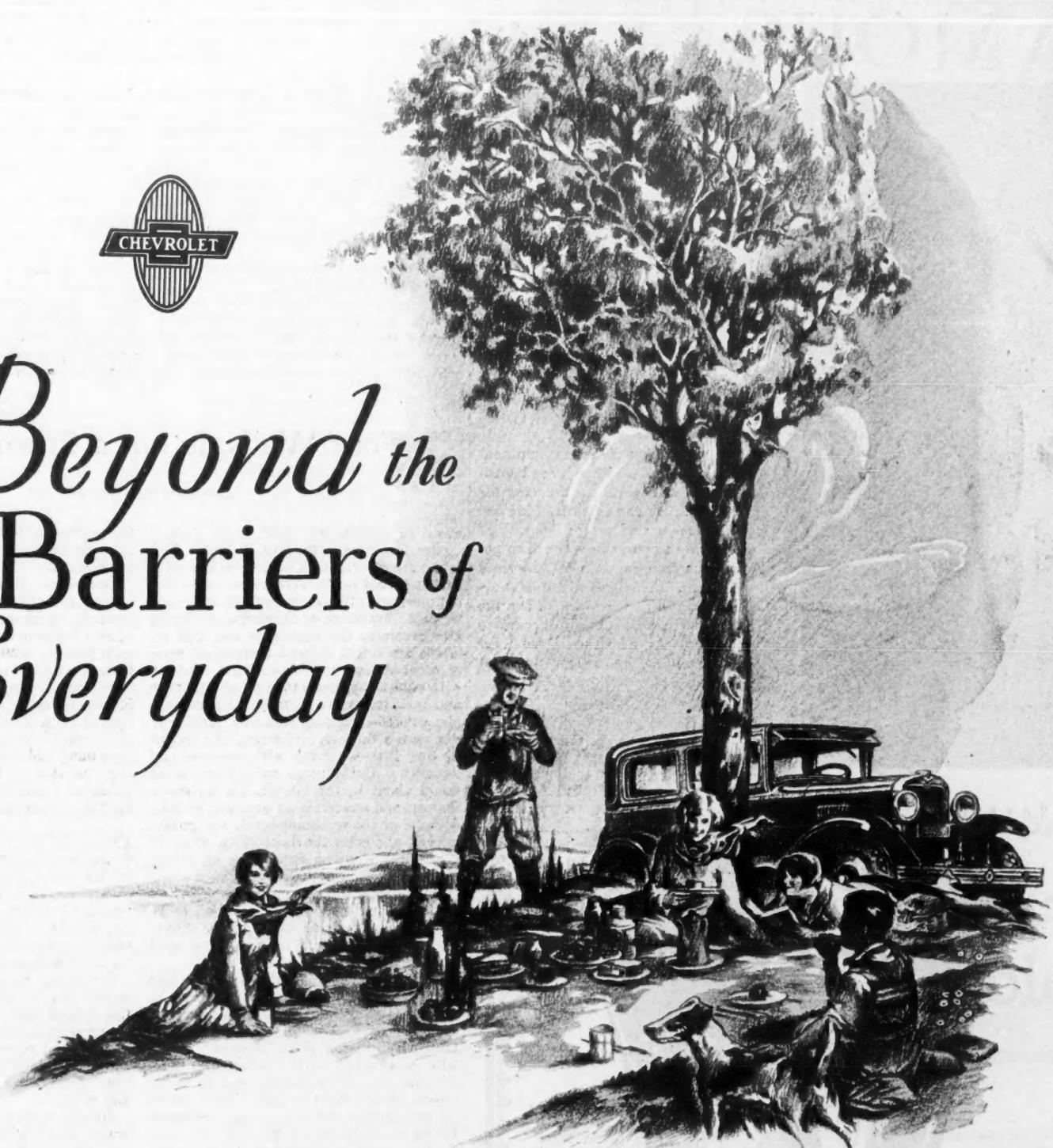
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# POPPIES FOR ADORNMENT

*The old-fashioned flowers of pioneer gardens in their modern varieties*

by LAURA E. ALLAN

**T**HE pioneers cherished a wealth of "old-fashioned" flowers in their clearings among the native trees, which are with us still. Never have they gone out of fashion; they are, indeed, more popular socially than ever before. To the plant breeders belong the credit. They discovered certain long-hidden secrets about plant breeding, and by a patient process of selection and crossing they have improved amazingly in color, type and variety the flowers of long ago. Thus the gardener of to-day has a wider range of plants for his selection than was possible even a generation ago. Year by year the range widens; new varieties appear to tempt him, until the amateur is puzzled by a real embarrassment of floral riches.

The poppy of the pioneer gardens was the annual species, now developed into the gorgeous varieties that gladden the modern Canadian scene. The poppy, both annual and perennial, is quite indispensable to the perennial borders of to-day. It flourishes from coast to coast and is very easily grown. A well-worked soil suits it and a place in the sunlight brings out its loveliest characteristics.

#### *Papaver Nudicaule*

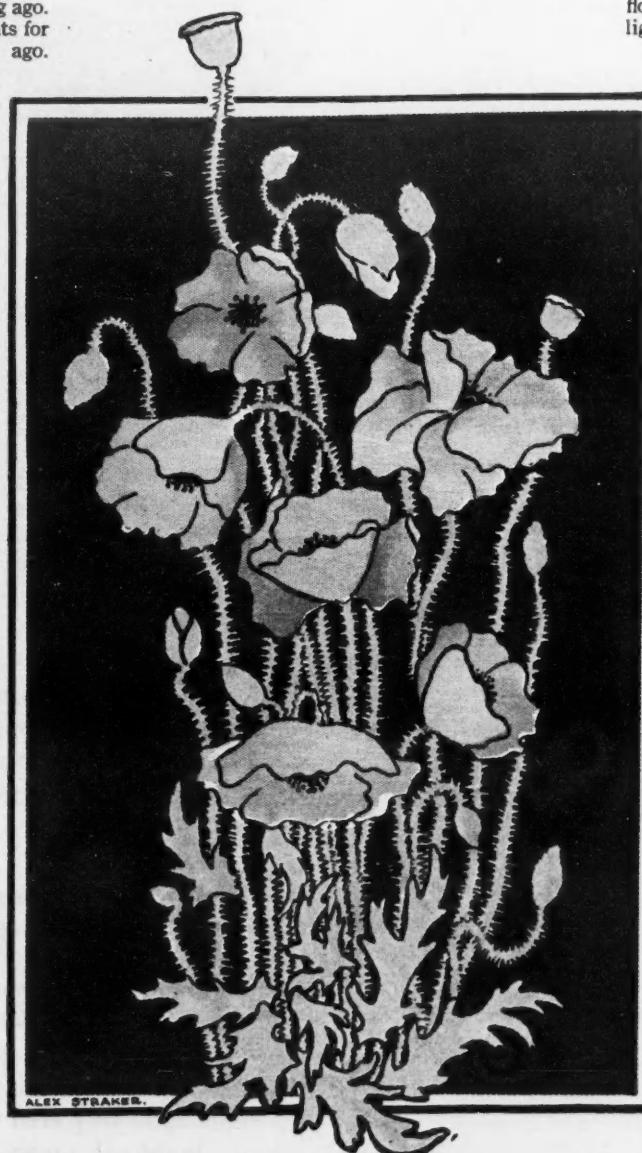
**T**HE Iceland Poppy, *papaver nudicaule*, is a most agreeable plant. Sown early in spring, it will bloom the same summer. Or it may be sown in the nursery bed in late May and transplanted to the border where it will bloom gaily during most of the following season. This variety is of graceful, neat habit, from one to two feet in height, with bright green fern-like foliage formed in tufts. From the tufts spring slender stalks, about twelve inches high, which bear their brilliant flowers in endless profusion. For house decoration they should be cut when in bud, making most delightful bouquets. If the seed-pods are picked off, they will flower the entire season. They begin to bloom about the middle of May, almost as early as the annual sorts. At this season, just after the early tulips have faded, there is usually little bloom, and they serve the useful purpose of supplying needed color in the border. With the exception of a few weeks in midsummer they continue to add color to the garden until late in the autumn. Being a small plant, it takes up little room and should be scattered, though not without an eye to its immediate surroundings, throughout the border to brighten areas that might otherwise be without bloom.

The Iceland seeds itself, and though classed as a perennial it is really a biennial in Canada, in the same category as the hollyhock. To get the best results, the seed should be sown in containers in a cool greenhouse in March and later transplanted outdoors where it is to bloom. As the seeds are very tiny, care should be taken to cover with the slightest layer of very finely pulverized soil and to water through a thin muslin covering, in order not to disturb the seeds. A remarkable feature of the Iceland is that it blooms the same summer, as do annuals. Of course, plants may readily be purchased in the spring and set in their permanent blooming places, but very careful handling is essential in transplanting poppies of all varieties.

As has been stated, good results are also obtained when seed is sown the last week of May in the nursery bed, and the young plants moved to the border where they remain evergreen throughout the winter, coming into bloom early the following spring.

No herbaceous border is complete without the Iceland poppy. Its best position is in the second row back from the edge. So striking is this specimen that the gardener should select its neighbors with special thought. Its satiny petals of many shades and its delicious fragrance make it worthy of choice companions. Give it the aubrieta for a front guard, for instance. This beautiful mauve bedding plant makes the garden gay in the early months of the season. Aubrietas produce great masses of bloom and are easily grown from seed. Sow in the June nursery bed and plant out in autumn where required for spring flowering. They are prime favorites for rockeries. From four to six inches in height, they are valued for their bright perpetual bloom. One variety, Whitewell Gem, was found twenty years ago in an old Shropshire garden. Continuous selection

has improved and fixed the strain. The individual flowers are large and of an intense glowing reddish-purple, freely produced on long stems. The plants are remarkably vigorous and remain in flower for many weeks. This latter characteristic is one of its most valuable assets. Two other choice hybrids are Deltoida, blue, and Graeca, pale mauve.



Another suitable companion for the Iceland is *Alyssum saxatile compactum*, a valuable perennial with beautiful silver-gray foliage and golden yellow flowers, making a richly colored carpet in May and June.

*Armeria* (Thrift Sea Pink), makes a third lovely perennial setting. The variety Formosa, nine inches high, has rose pink flowers.

The Iceland is a native of the arctic regions, both of the eastern and western hemispheres. The species runs into many botanical forms. The colors have been much varied in the cultural sorts, so that the gardener has choices in pure white, bright yellows, orange, and orange-scarlet.

**A**MONG hardy perennials the Oriental poppy, *Papaver orientale*, holds an unrivaled place for gorgeous effectiveness and long-blooming season. Its delicate silken flowers command attention from their magnificent coloring and size. They are very striking in the perennial border, which is their appropriate location. The many-hued flowers often measure up to six inches in diameter. Clumps of this poppy improve with age. New varieties may readily be obtained from seed. Named sorts can be propagated by dividing the plants. Some of the varieties are: Beauty of Livermere, Goliath, Gerald Perry, Mrs. Perry, Oriental King, Perry's White, Princess Victoria Louise.

The Oriental poppy should be planted four feet from the front of the perennial border. As the foliage is heavy and rank, the plants are placed singly and given considerable space. The novice is advised to begin with potted plants from the seedhouses, which may be carefully transferred to the border in early spring as soon as the ground is workable. This poppy grows to three and a half to four feet and flourishes in good garden soil, well pulverized, preferably light sandy loam.

The choice of companions for the Oriental is even more important than for the Iceland. Taking into account its huge showy flowers and thick foliage, one chooses plants of delicate leaves and paler shades of bloom. In passing, one may say that clumps of early tulips may be placed quite near this poppy; the tulips will be about ready to dry up when the leaves of the poppy overshadow them.

For a background, plant the *Lupinus polyphyllus*, that beautiful hardy perennial producing tufts of soft green foliage from which arise stately white spikes of bloom. Jeanne d'Arc, a pure white variety of *Phlox decussata*, is another excellent choice.

Beside or in front of the Oriental, place the pyrethrum, often called the "spring flowering chrysanthemum." Its dainty blooms, borne on long stems with fern-like foliage, rise to a height of one and a half feet.

*Campanula persicifolia alba* makes an excellent foil for the brilliance of the Oriental and as it grows to three feet may find a place at one side. The *Campanula grandiflora alba*, also white, is one and a half feet high and suitable for a front position.

*Statice latifolia* (sea lavender), has tufts of leathery leaves and immense candelabra-like heads, frequently one and a half feet high and two feet across. It is covered with purplish-blue minute flowers during July and August. These, by the way, if cut and dried, last in perfect condition for months.

Having thus established the Oriental, one may enjoy its vivid beauty until August when the plant takes on a sickly brown appearance, as if it needed watering or were minded to die a lingering death. There is no cause for alarm. This period from August 5 to 20 throughout Canada is the Oriental's dormant time. In early autumn it makes fresh growth. During this dormant time it may be safely transplanted. The root resembles a parsnip, with numerous fibres. In the spring it is very full of sap and cannot then be moved without risk. Amateurs should make a careful note of this peculiarity of the poppy. Do not divide roots in spring.

Another point to remember when raising plants is that seed should be sown in the nursery bed in the latter part of May and not in June or July as is the case with most perennials. The reason is that poppy seed germinates best in cool soil and makes growth before the heat of mid-summer. Both the Iceland and the Oriental require little winter protection.

The Oriental is native to the Mediterranean region eastward to Persia. The petals are originally apparently scarlet with a black spot. It was not until late in the 80's of the past century that this species made a decided break in color. A considerable class of hybrids with *papaver bracteatum* has arisen which extends the color range through several shades of red to orange, salmon and pale pink. Some are unspotted, some are adapted to cutting, and double varieties have made some progress.

**T**HE marvelous development of the old-fashioned annual varieties have made them deservedly popular. The individual blooms are large and elegant, with crinkled petals which shine in the sun like crumpled satin.

Seeds should be sown directly into the blossoming area as soon as the soil is workable. Draw a circle one foot in diameter and place seeds sparingly in it; cover lightly. This leaves a bare circular spot which will presently fill up as the plants grow. Some notable varieties are: Charles Darwin—Remarkable for its rich dark purple with velvety black spot at the base of each petal, contrasting with the dense wreath of white anthers.

Admiral—Glistening white flowers (Continued on page 68)

paper for this purpose, but in either case it is possible to get attractive effects. Such paper as the one with the Dutch figures illustrated, would be charming as a background for china or glass. Just above it might be hung a Dutch clock in blue china.

One reason why the new patterns for oil-cloth and washable papers have become so popular is that their limitations as well as their possibilities have been accepted. The object of the designer seems to be to make a design that is simple and at the same time decorative. Sometimes the well-known shiny surface of the oilcloth is eliminated entirely to produce a linen finish, or again it may be exaggerated to give a lacquered effect. In any event, the crafty manufacturer has made a lady of the humble oilcloth, and her improved condition is taking her into high places where she is being accepted for more extensive decorative use. We owe much to the manufacturer and the designer for their successful efforts to combine utility with beauty. We are materially richer for a whole series of such products which have brought light into our darkness and given us a new symphony of color.

IT IS heartening to know that we can have even washable wall papers that are decorative as well as serviceable. For rooms that may be described as utilitarian—kitchen, bath and nursery—these papers are invaluable.

## Hooked Rugs for Color

*Continued from page 65*

visitor got new chintz and had it made up.

In the districts where sheep are raised, the material used is generally wool. A rug of this kind stands particularly in mind. It is now over eighty years old and is patterned with gorgeous "riz" roses. This pattern usually denotes age, and in this rug the colors are in all the old magenta shades.

Genuine old mats are much sought after, and are frequently taken right off the cottage floor by impetuous enthusiasts, often much to the amusement of the women who are so accustomed to them that they wonder that anybody should value them.

The majority of the mats shown to-day are oval in shape. Through the country these will be found on the floor of nearly every house. Another is the half oval or fire rug. One of these done in a "hit or miss" pattern like the old-fashioned patch-work quilt looked particularly well when used this way. Smaller ones are used as cushion tops, and very small ones are made into footstool covers or for seats of chairs.

AT THE very top of the ladder stands a Halifax woman who, through her interest in Nova Scotia art, decided to hook a few rugs herself to show what could be done when color and composition are understood. In addition to that shown in illustration she has one of four fishermen leaning over the rail of a ship with expressive backs turned to the world. There is character here, and a large patch in the apparel of one of the men gives a touch that is both amusing and very human. To the tourists' disgust these are not for sale, but they serve to show what can be done, and they draw the tourists' interest to the industry. One country woman who saw these deplored her own lack of knowledge, for she had labored many years in ignorance, while these represented the sole effort of the artistic Haligonian. When women want to improve their work it seems that instruction must be forthcoming.

There are many ways of selling rugs. Some send them to the general store where they may or may not be displayed. Others go to exclusive shops which specialize in their sale. In such cases a commission is taken, and the price is usually set by the hooker with the advice of the saleswoman. In Hubbards, this commission goes toward the upkeep of the Anglican Church to which all in this district belong. In Bridgewater the Women's Institute undertakes the task of helping the women make money.

The most interesting mode of sale, how-

ever, is the "over-the-fence" method. Many houses all through the country have rugs draped over their fences. "Come tourist, look us over," they seem to call, and the invitation is pleasing. Here you see not only the product but the producer, and if you purchase a rug you have a feeling of intimacy with it for all time. Can you not find hooked in it some remnant of a suit worn by that robust countryman, the husband? Is this not an erstwhile apron of the buxom mother, and this a stocking cap of the rosy-cheeked little girl who offered you an apple? The rug is a stepping-stone toward an acquaintance, and it may be that you will stop for a while and enjoy a delightful chat. There is something picturesque and hospitable about this form of merchandising—the artist displaying her art on the pickets of the family fence.

With the increasing demand for rugs many people have found it wise to order ahead. Consequently, as winter arrives, many of the women set to work on rugs already sold.

SOME very good, some very bad, and many that are more than passable, there are always a few rugs that stand out for some particular reason. Here is one in conclusion.

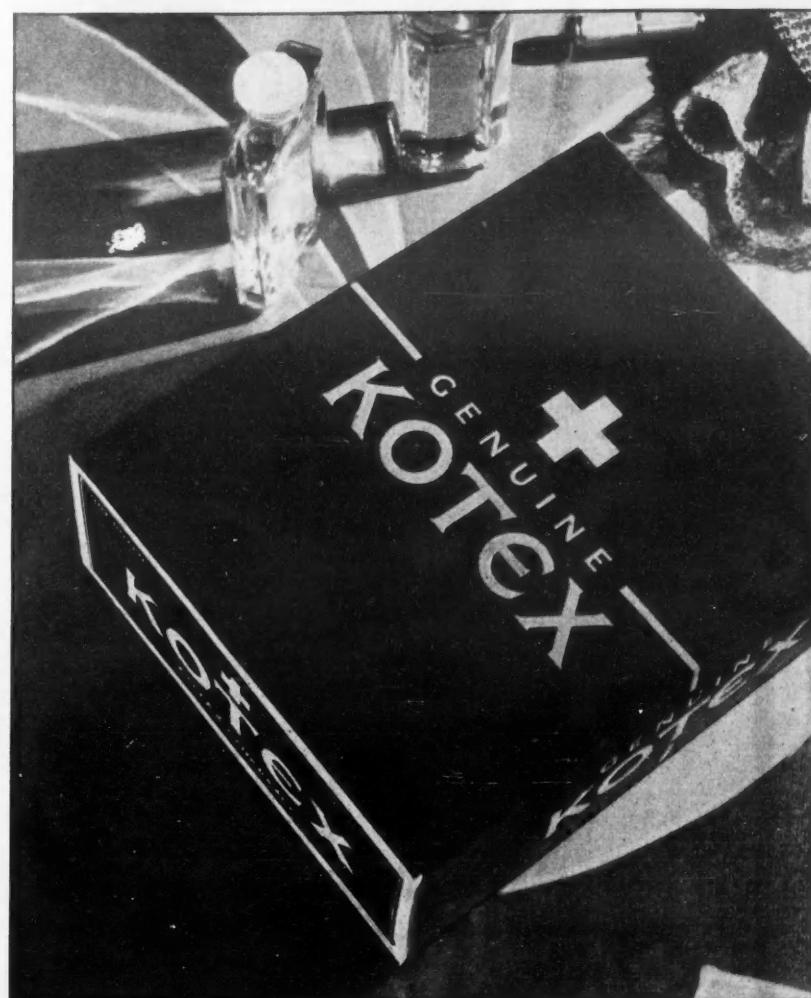
A woman owned a dog of which she was very fond. Wishing to perpetuate him in some form she drew his picture and took it into a store. This was passed on to a hooker who studied the picture, and this hooker was just such a one as has been described.

It was decided that it would be best to make the mat into a hearth rug, and yellowish white was chosen for the dog. When it was finished, the woman brought it into the shop, her step lagging with the realization of failure. True, the dog looked like the picture, but who had ever seen a dog with such long hair and looking so shaggy?

When the woman went out again, there was a spring in that formerly lagging step; and the back that ached with the constant motion of hook through burlap was less weary than when she came. For all who saw the rug looked at it and rejoiced immediately.

"It is John Riddick," they said, and the owner of the dog was delighted.

Soon after this the dog died and the owner felt disconsolate in her grief. Yet no more was she alone as she sat by her fire of an evening, for there, looking toward her with a lifelikeness that gave her much comfort, was the figure of the shaggy dog she loved.



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of health never before possible*

ALREADY, within just a few years, millions of women have learned to take the comfort of Kotex for granted. The first scientific sanitary napkin, it is constantly being perfected in details which make for added comfort, finer grooming, better health!

This is what Kotex provides: a super-absorbent, soft yielding protection, fashioned to give the greatest possible comfort. Cellucotton absorbent wadding—the super-absorbent filler—takes up 5 times more moisture than cotton; disposable just like tissue; soft, specially treated gauze—the layers of filler are adjustable, can be removed or adjusted to suit one's requirements.

### Now—deodorized, shaped-to-fit

Kotex is scientifically treated to deodorize completely and safely. This process

MADE IN CANADA

**KOTEX**  
The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

has been patented and is to be found in no other sanitary pad.\*

Corners of each pad have been rounded and tapered so as to leave no evidence of sanitary protection. This is just one of the ways in which the new Kotex will please you. Buy a box today—at any drug, dry goods or departmental store. 60 cents for 12, Regular size. Kotex Company of Canada, Limited, 330 Bay Street, Toronto.

\*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by patented process.

### SUPER-SIZE KOTEX

*Formerly \$1.20—Now 75c*

Some women find Super-size Kotex a special comfort. Exactly the same as the Regular size Kotex but with added layers of Cellucotton absorbent wadding.

# FAIRY FEET

how they're kept  
free from corns

GLADYS GLAD'S

Famous Feet

"I'm never 'at home' to corns.  
If they try to 'intrude' Blue-jay  
bids them a swift goodbye!"

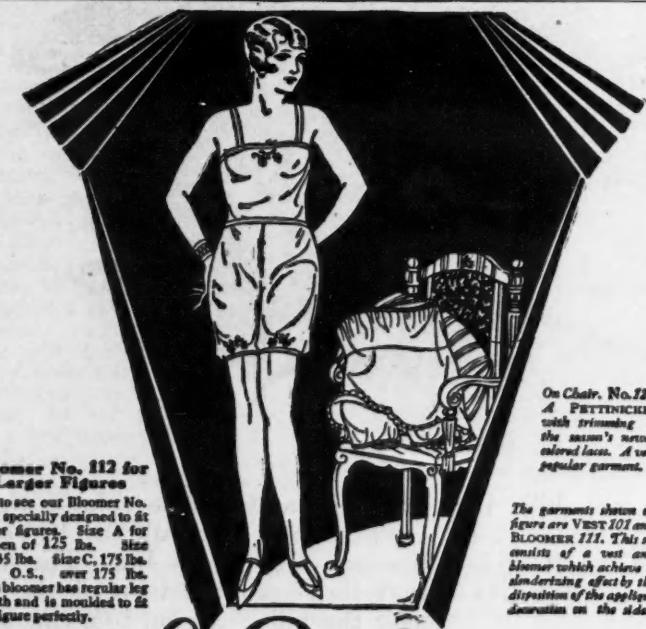
So writes radiant Gladys Glad  
of the glorious production  
"Whoopie."

For 29 years, America's most eminent  
feet have relied on Blue-jay to banish  
corns. No dangerous self-paring for  
them . . . they can't risk it. Nor can  
you. Blue-jay ends corns *safely*. You  
don't have to guess how much to put  
on; each Blue-jay is a standardized  
treatment. The velvety pad ends shoe-  
pressure and pain at once. Then the  
gentle medication soothingly removes  
the corn. At all drug stores. *For  
calluses and bunions, ask for the larger  
size Blue-jay.*

## Blue-jay

© B. & B., 1929

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN



Bloomer No. 112 for  
Larger Figures  
Ask to see our Bloomer No.  
112, specially designed to fit  
larger figures. Size A for  
women of 125 lbs. Size  
B, 145 lbs. Size C, 175 lbs.  
Size O.S., over 175 lbs.  
This bloomer has regular leg  
length and is moulded to fit  
the figure perfectly.

On Chair. No. 125.  
A PETTICKER  
with trimming of  
the season's newest  
colored lace. A very  
regular garment.

The garments shown on  
figure are VEST 101 and  
BLOOMER 111. This set  
consists of a vest and  
bloomer which achieve a  
slenderizing effect by the  
disposition of the applique  
decoration on the sides.

## for Quality

Superfine in fabric, style and workmanship, the first consideration  
of Servus Lingerie is a Quality tailored into every undergarment  
that assures their retaining their shape and giving satisfactory wear.

Always correct—always comfortable—a complete line of Modern styles is  
featured by leading stores.

We make our own fabrics, and the Servus label on a garment is your guarantee  
of satisfaction.

If you have any difficulty in getting Servus Lingerie from your local store write us  
for descriptive booklet and we shall see that your needs are promptly taken care of.

**Servus** LINGERIE  
Made By  
Houlding & Coleman Limited  
TORONTO

## Poppies for Adornment

(Continued from page 66)

with a broad margin of brilliant scarlet  
around the top.

Peony-flowered—Large, showy, globular  
flowers resembling a double peony, in mixed  
colors.

King Edward—Deep scarlet flowers with  
a large black blotch at the base of petal.

Shirley—Satiny flowers, rose, apricot,  
salmon-pink, blush, glowing crimson, and  
blues.

White Swan—Large double pure white  
flowers, beautifully fringed.

Of the annual varieties the Shirley,  
perhaps, deserves first place. It is known  
also by the names "Silk" and "Ghost"  
poppy. This lovely annual has probably  
received its various names from its delicate

texture and almost shadowy forms. It  
varies in color from pure white and delicate  
pink to rosy carmine and deep crimson.

For a truly gorgeous spectacle, plant a  
bed of *Shirley Ryburgh* hybrids, and give it a  
border of Little Gem Alyssum which grows  
very dwarf and compact, covered with  
snowy white flowers from spring until late  
autumn. The rainbow effect of this plant-  
ing is a joy to all beholders.

Ceres created the poppy, the emblem of  
the gods of sleep, Night and Death, in order  
that Proserpine might sleep and forget her  
grief. Above all other plants, the story of  
the poppy fills the pages of literature. It  
appears in the romance of commerce and in  
myth, poetry, lore and legend.

## Four Walls do not a Prison Make

(Continued from page 20)

washable papers, gay with ships, Dutch  
figures, or other attractive designs. The  
tables are covered with oilcloth so beautiful  
that it should really have a new name and  
not one that is the reminder of an unromantic  
past. Matching or harmonizing oilcloth  
also decorates the cupboards and shelves.  
There are bright colored curtains of voile  
or other sunfast materials at the windows  
with oilcloth again showing off as a valance  
and tie-backs. The kitchen refrigerator—  
also colored—has forgotten that there ever  
was such a thing as an iceman, and creates  
its own little ice cubes with neatness and  
despatch. But why go on? There is no  
doubt about it, the kitchen has become a  
flapper, and as such is an exponent of freedom.  
Exit the scrubbing-brush and polishing  
rag, and enter the damp cloth, which in  
the twinkling of an eye makes all things  
pure. The modern kitchen is a place which  
should content the housewife. Sometimes I  
think that it looks almost too good to be  
true. It is just possible that it might suggest  
the idea that it is quite too bright and good  
for human nature's daily food!

The new oilcloth is both wonderful and  
beautiful. Some of it simulates damask so  
perfectly that it could easily be mistaken for  
a linen relative. The latest thing in oilcloth  
table-covers has a plain "damask" centre  
with a colored border apparently hem-  
stitched on. These borders are in lovely  
colors, either striped or plain. These covers  
are particularly effective for sun-porches or  
for the breakfast table in the kitchen alcove.  
As they are a very economical investment,  
I do not imagine that these covers will be  
very popular with the laundries, for spills,  
stains and the like can be almost instantly  
removed by a tender touch from the afore-  
mentioned damp cloth. I am given to  
understand that despite their dainty appear-  
ance, however, these covers are time defiers  
in the matter of wear, and that their pristine  
freshness lingers.

Since oilcloth has made its new debut as  
an exponent of color and design, its cause is  
being advanced by artists who seek new  
expressions for it in fruit, flowers, birds and  
other colorful things in nature. Even tree  
trunks are simulated in a few of the wall  
effects to give the impression of paneling.  
Some of the table oilcloths rival Joseph's  
coat in color, and the designs are as varied  
as the shades. To mention a few, there are  
wonderful baskets of flowers tied with  
streaming ribbons, luscious looking fruit,  
and birds of every color and type which  
disport themselves on trailing branches.  
For the sober-minded purchaser there are  
less gaudy colors and patterns—lace and  
sprigged muslin effects or mosaic designs of  
rug-like inspiration in soft shades.

I saw a bathroom the other day that had  
been decorated personally by its occupant.  
For the walls she had used the new oilcloth  
paper in a solid mauve color. The floor was  
covered with jaspe linoleum in black, and

the woodwork was painted in jade green.  
It made an interesting and quite unusual  
combination.

Decorative oilcloth is becoming quite a  
feature for children's rooms. There are  
specially designed covers for trays with  
figured borders, and fascinating little floor  
mats in every color of the rainbow. Some of  
them portray tiny lakes in which swans  
float about—others picture nursery rhymes.  
Sometimes entire curtains are made of the  
figured or flowered oilcloth. An important  
point which should never be lost sight of in  
furnishing children's rooms is that they  
must be easy to keep clean. Everything  
should be washable from floor to ceiling, and  
for this purpose oilcloth is a strong ally.

PRACTICALLY every room in the house  
has been invaded by the new oilcloths.  
In the living-room it appears in smart  
covers for card tables of richly colored  
"damask," which give the effect of watered  
silk or moiré. These are obtainable in such a  
variety of colors that they can be suited to  
any type of decoration.

For dining room serving trays there are  
covers that so cleverly simulate linen that  
they almost defy detection by the eye; some  
of them are in solid colors with contrasting  
borders and others "flutter in brocades."  
These tray cloths are made to fit practically  
every type of tray—round, square, oblong  
and so on.

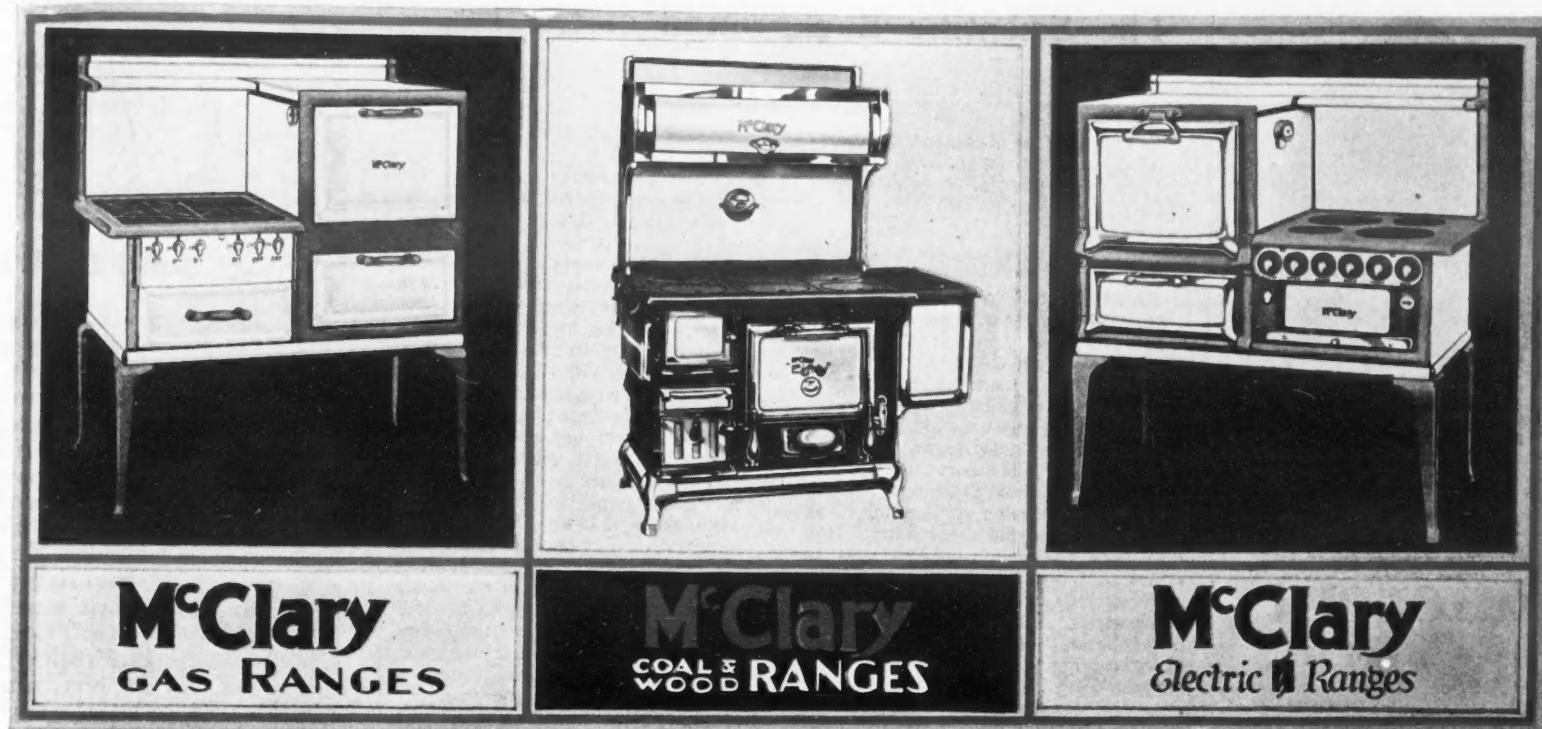
Oilcloth makes a fine cover for telephone  
books, particularly if it is cleverly applied. I  
saw one recently which had been done in  
quite the modern manner, with diagonal  
stripes in contrasting colors.

In the sun porch and the garden, cushions  
and chairs may defy the weather when  
dressed in oilcloth. Here, too, this versatile  
material may spread gay lengths on tables  
and couches, and be used also as curtains.  
Some of the oilcloths specially made for  
window curtains have decoration on both  
sides.

Oilcloth has its uses also as a costume  
accessory. It is used to cover belts, and for  
this purpose two colors are employed, the  
inside one usually being a strong contrast to  
the outside. Its use for bags and beach  
purposes are too well-known for comment,  
but every year sees new and more beautiful  
colors and designs for such objects.

Much can be done with oilcloth in a  
decorative way for shelf trimmings. You  
will notice that the plaid oilcloth used as a  
valance on the window of the kitchen illustrated,  
has a pinking-out edge. This treatment  
also makes a desirable finish for shelves.  
Another equally attractive edging is a scalloped border with harmonizing  
binding of tape or rick-rack braid. These  
borders may be bought separately "by the  
yard."

Instead of paint, it is sometimes worth  
while to use oilcloth to line the inside of  
cupboards. Some people prefer the washable



## *The* FAMOUS **McClary** FAMILY OF COOKING RANGES

GENERAL STEEL WARES LIMITED manufacture everything in ranges from the small cook-stove for the trapper's cabin in the Arctic Circle, to the great cooking equipment for such places as the magnificent new Royal York Hotel in Toronto.

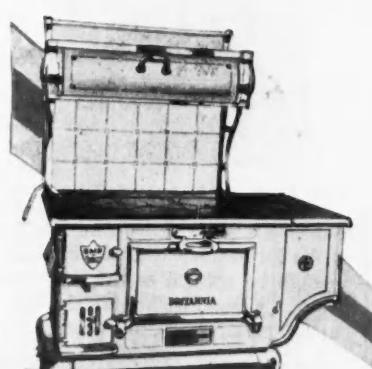
No matter where you live, no matter what fuel you use to cook your food, no matter how big or how small your family, there is a McClary Range to exactly meet your demands!

Our Cookery Research Department is composed of experts specializing in the various methods of cooking—gas, electric, coal and wood.

When the gas range experts discover some important improvement they at once pass it on to the Electric and Coal and Wood Range group. When the men specializing on Coal and Wood burning ranges develop some new feature, they immediately give full particulars to the Gas Range and Electric Range experts.

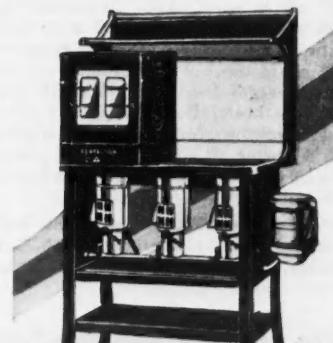
The result is that McClary Ranges are modern and efficient in every detail—the last word in smart, up-to-dateness! If you buy any range sponsored by this company, you will never know disappointment in your purchase.

Send 25c. to nearest branch of General Steel Wares Limited, Dept. 2 for copy of new Housekeeper's Guide, with special section on (Gas), (Electric) or (Coal and Wood) cookery.



An exceedingly popular  
new model, the  
**SMP**  
Britannia Range

An all enamel, steel range,  
ideal for cooking and  
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No oil burning range  
possesses such wonder-  
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**PERFECTION**  
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Halifax, Saint John, Quebec City, Montreal (2), Ottawa, Toronto (4), Hamilton (2), Brantford, London (2), Windsor, North Bay, Winnipeg (3), Regina, Saskatoon, Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver.

# FOUR SMART CREATIONS

*In the height of springtime chic clothes adapt themselves to the afternoon mode*



Mary Humphreys

Spring coats are still to be bought, with weather as unseasonable as has been this April. For late spring, nothing could be more attractive than this coat of gray Kashalaine, second from the left, with its dainty collar of pin tucking and mole facing. The fur, you will note, lies beneath the cloth and is only shown directly against the face when the collar is turned up around the neck. It has the popular cavalier cuffs, one of the debonair fancies of the season. From John Northway's.

Nothing is newer than the jacket ensemble after the cardigan manner. This one, second from right, is that light but serviceable material ideal for spring and summer wear, known as tropical tweed. The graceful silk ties are part of the costume. From Billie Burke Dresses.

The blouse of this very smart dress at extreme right is of apricot velvet and gold lame. The skirt is of pleated flat crepe in a matching shade. It is both rich-looking and serviceable. From Martha Gowns.

processing to be done in a most careful manner.

With the better handling of eggs that has come about through standardized marketing the egg breakers are observing a marked improvement in the general quality of their raw material and a marked reduction in their losses. The improved quality of the output has made it so attractive to the bakers and confectioners as to greatly increase the demand. One concern of egg breakers in the western provinces has found the demand so great as to use more and more of the better grades of eggs in the industry. This firm has found it necessary to establish breaking plants 500 miles apart to provide accommodation for the quickest outlet of a highly perishable product.

#### Flock Improvement

THE poultry raisers of the country have not been slow to take advantage of the better demand for their products. They are becoming more and more interested in higher production of large eggs from their flocks, and are giving keener study to breeding, feeding, and housing. Many of them, particularly the larger operators, no longer depend on the broody hen for hatching the chicks. They are becoming the customers of the commercial hatcheries, which have developed at a rapid rate in recent years. These operators who last year supplied about 4,000,000 baby chicks, make it a rule

to use only large eggs, and in this way impart to the stock they distribute to their thousands of customers, the habit of laying big eggs.

Laying contests conducted for the whole Dominion and for each province by the Experimental Farms System, are finding out the best flocks and securing the registration of the birds that measure up to the high requirements of number and weight of eggs laid. The Record of Performance work conducted by the Live Stock Branch is also helping to improve rapidly the laying qualities of the Canadian hen. By a system of trap-nesting in private flocks the heavy layers and the poor layers are discovered and segregated; the former for certification and perpetuation, and the latter for discard. The provinces also are doing a valuable work in distributing to school pupils and others the eggs and male birds of bred-to-lay stock. Farmers are being taught how to recognize the good layers by a system of examination of the individual birds and to cull their flocks accordingly. In these and various other ways the poultry flocks are being made more productive from year to year. Co-operative marketing is serving a useful purpose in hastening the eggs forward to the consumer under favorable conditions of transportation and temperature, and in this way securing for the producers the full market value of their product and supplying the consumers demand for eggs in the freshest condition.

## Sport Bound

Continued from page 9

frantic splashings of swimming efforts, always supervised, because our only water is a shifting mountain stream.

There were many days of perfectly good fishing lost to father, because the boys must be taught to cast. There were weary miles that little legs plugged along through stubble and down draws, in order that his sons should see how daddy got his bird. There were numberless good shots passed up, until they learned to keep back of the gun. Those were years of ruthless, sustained, training on the part of father, with mother standing by, wondering rebelliously if it were worth it.

The care, too, that a boy takes with his equipment, that is distinctly father's business. Saddles must be oiled, fishing tackle must be prepared and guarded; and vengeance is swift to overtake the boy who lets the sun go down on an uncleaned rifle. Such an amount of valuable time as must be spent on the care alone of these weapons of recreation!

MOTHER'S duties, it would appear, are largely passive. She stands by, grimly anticipating those manifold disasters by field and stream that so rarely actually occur. But in her imaginings her children die a thousand deaths. Yet she must be a sport.

Then there are the more grown-up years when life resolves itself into a series of waitings, waiting and keeping the meals hot against the return from fishing, from shooting, from out-of-town games. The weary watching out of windows—what a story of mothers the windows might tell! And, eventually, they always do breeze in, perfectly safe, after all, full of apologies and enthusiasm and adventure. Mother's forebodings drop from her as lightly as a garment. Are they not all gathered under one roof, safe and clean and happy? These worries over physical welfare are not, after all, soul-searing. They leave a few extra wrinkles, a good many gray hairs, but nothing heart-wracking, devastating.

When all the evidence is in, I find that a woman, bounded by sport, has just two distinct, howling woes. One is the perpetual reek of liniment—apply gently to wounded part, do not rub in—that hangs over the house like a curse. The other is the interminable sport conversation to which she must listen. Now I am not one of these carping souls who injects depression into man-talk

of mighty hunting, by the words: "You've told me that before." Nor am I a stickler for facts. I have never discomfited my menfolk in the height of their Odysseys with the remark: "You're exaggerating." No, I go even further. When I am feeling strong and mellow, I listen with apparent interest, asking leading questions which I know full well are going to bog me down in hours of old familiar exploits. But I have figured that hours, thus spent, have just about the same reducing value as a week of orange diet. I have only myself to blame, going into it open-eyed like that.

NO, IT is when some big sporting event is brewing, that I and other women suffer most deeply. We are at the mercy of merciless masculinity. I think of little women, thousands of them, shut up unprotected in houses and offices with men, all clack-clacking about some hero that is going to hit another hero in New York six weeks hence. It is not right that we should suffer so. Something should be done to curb this freedom of speech. You may say with certain justice that there are other conversations just as revolting—brides' talks on how to manage husbands, Ladies Aid's plans for money-making. True enough, but neither Ladies Aids nor brides have ever pursued me to the fastness of my bed-chamber to dwell on their favorite topics. And that is just what my menfolk do—follow me clear to my personal couch to ask my prejudices in the matter of the big fight. Like Jeff Tuttle, I can be pushed just so far. And this is the point where I lay back my ears and growl. My own heroes, whom I never thrust down anyone's throat, are so far, far different—the honest milkman who causes babies to blossom as the rose; the carpenter who builds an upstanding house, and, of course, Thomas Edison. Never have I perched myself on anyone's bedside in the middle of the night to drone on for hours about T. Edison!

There is no doubt that a woman pays heavily indeed in continuing to live with a family of sportsmen. On the other hand I have been paid, all unconsciously by my menfolk, with enough chuckles to carry me clear to the pearly gates. And now, if I can just manage to spear off in the next few years, three tolerant, fattish, not too exacting daughters-in-law, to act as a buffer between me and Tunney, I shall be quite all right.

Facts About Tea series—No. 4.

## Tea—the silver hair

Because of the shape and silvery colour of the tiny tips of the cured tea-leaves the Chinese called them "pak-ho" which means "silver hair," but tea growers in Ceylon and India discovered that the colour of their own tea-tips was more orange in shade—hence the term "Orange Pak-ho" or as it is now become "Orange Pekoe."

**"SALADA"**  
**TEA**  
**'Fresh from the gardens'**

Ch. M.

## Solve Meal-Time Problems with MacLean's Surprise Recipes

Ideas for "something different" at mealtime are contained in this wonder-book of cookery, in such profusion that your family will hail with delight every meal you prepare from it and set before them. MACLEAN'S SURPRISE RECIPES will help you tickle the family palate with a new dish for every meal, and lighten the daily worry of "What shall I prepare?"



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## These are Different!

### Snowballs

And they're specially delicious when made with Baker's Coconut. For the Baker process and Baker packing keeps the luscious meat of finest coconuts just as fresh, as rich-flavoured as when it came from the shell. In packages, tins and by the pound.

### TRY THIS RECIPE

1 cup sifted Swans Down Cake Flour

1 cup egg whites (8 to 10 eggs)

1/4 teaspoon salt

1/4 teaspoon cream of tartar

1 1/4 cups sifted granulated sugar

1/4 teaspoon vanilla

1/4 teaspoon almond extract

#### Coconut Frosting

1 1/2 cups Baker's Coconut, Southern Style

Sift flour once, measure, and sift four more times. Beat egg whites and salt on large platter with flat wire whisk. When foamy, add cream of tartar and continue beating until eggs are stiff enough to hold up in peaks, but not dry. Fold in sugar carefully, 2 tablespoons at a time, until all is used. Fold in flavouring. Then sift small amount of flour over mixture and fold in carefully; continue until all is used. Pour batter into ungreased angel food pan. Bake in slow oven one hour. Begin at 275° F. (very moderate oven), increasing heat slightly (325° F.) after 30 minutes. Remove from oven and invert pan for one hour, or until cold.

With two silver forks, separate into balls about 2 inches in diameter. Dip balls in frosting, then roll in coconut. Makes 12 snowballs.

## BAKER'S COCONUT



Write for free Booklet of delicious recipes to Franklin Baker Ltd., Sterling Tower, Toronto.

A 3-29-M

## The Scientific Background of the Egg

Continued from page 22

Apart from the use of eggs in the preparation of cakes, puddings and confectionery, there are many ways of cooking them in combination or alone.

### Grading and Classification

PRIMARILY to help the poultry raising industry, the government at Ottawa, through the Live Stock Branch of the Department of Agriculture, has been striving to improve the market quality of eggs. The first step was to endeavor to prevent the marketing of eggs unfit for food and to classify eggs into grades according to their quality and size. The export trade was first dealt with in the form of legislation which required the inspection and grading of all egg shipments leaving the country. The object was to make Canadian eggs so popular as to give them an advantage over competing eggs from other countries. The results were so satisfactory as to lead soon to an application of the same restrictions to eggs going from province to province, and five years ago all eggs passing into domestic trade were brought within the influence of legislation requiring uniform grading. The effect has been widespread and highly gratifying. A housewife going to the store to buy eggs has the different grades placed before her and can purchase according to her own estimation of values. The result is that she knows what she is getting and gets what she buys. The occasional bad egg, which in times gone by invariably made its appearance, has disappeared. With these facts in mind, with the knowledge that it is possible to purchase eggs according to quality and weight, the wise consumer will always insist on graded eggs.

Following are the descriptions of the various grades of eggs:

"Specials"—The very cream of Canadian eggs, produced largely by the specialized commercial poultry farms of the country. They average in weight twenty-five ounces to the dozen, are absolutely fresh and of the highest quality.

"Extras"—These are slightly smaller than "Specials," weighing at least twenty-four ounces to the dozen. They are fine in every way and supply the bulk of demand for high-quality eggs.

"Pullet Extras"—Of the same quality as "Extras," but smaller.

"Firsts"—These eggs are not of the same high quality as "Extras" and are slightly smaller. They can be used for cooking or served in combination.

"Seconds"—This class constitutes all eggs which are fit for food but which are not found in other classes. They may be used in cooking, but are not sufficiently uniform in quality or flavor to be used alone or in mild-flavored dishes.

Nor does the compulsory grading of eggs constitute the whole story of egg improvement. The trade is equally interested and equally aggressive in guarding the good name of Canadian eggs, as they see in this the only means of enlarging the market for the products they handle; so, instead of permitting the market to glut and the prices to drop in seasons of high production, the surplus not required for current needs is put away for fall and winter use. Nor are the eggs allowed to deteriorate in the meantime. A visit to a modern egg warehouse reveals a fine efficiency in handling and storing the eggs. Every individual egg that arrives in the shipments of scores or hundreds of cases from day to day, is carefully examined before candling units. The trained candlers, able to distinguish between the requirements of several grades, place each egg in its proper case. Thanks to this classifying, the buyer secures the kind he wants, and these he confidently offers to his customers who accept them without question as to their suitability for the purpose for which they are needed.

IT IS about a quarter of a century since liquid egg preservatives commenced to give way to dry cold storage. The ingredients of the solutions used were kept as a guarded secret but contained lime as the basis. The eggs were stored in large concrete tanks, usually in cool basements. One of the effects of the solution was to seal the shell in such a way as to protect the contents from contamination from without or evaporation from within. The eggs, therefore, came out of the solution little worse than they went in, but uncandled and ungraded eggs thus stored were of uncertain quality and heavy losses were sometimes experienced. Other processes have from time to time been adopted and are still in use. The immersion of the eggs for an instant in hot oil is a practice followed in some quarters, but to a very limited extent except on the Pacific Coast where it is extensively followed. After treatment, the eggs are put through a sand blast machine which removed the excess oil and restores the bloom of a fresh egg. The eggs are then cold stored in the usual way.

Dry cold storage without special treatment is the general system now in use. In a properly insulated building, fitted with modern refrigeration and equipment for controlling atmospheric moisture, the cold storage eggs come out as they go in, and as the rule is to store only "extras" and "firsts," the eggs classed as "storage" are no longer unpopular products.

With the marketing of only graded eggs, whether fresh from the farms or out of storage, loss from bad eggs has been reduced to an almost negligible proportion. It is only because purchasable eggs are practically all good that more and more of them are being consumed with the passing of time. All this has been brought about by the compulsory grading system that obtains throughout the country.

### Liquid Eggs

IN THE great supply of eggs that reach the market, a certain percentage, amounting to a considerable bulk for the whole country, falls into the lower grades. These, although perfectly sound in quality, include those with cracks, dents, dirty shells, and are small or ill-shaped. This class of eggs is rescued from the great bulk of the season's production to go into the liquid egg trade. Liquid eggs, known to the trade under the terms of "frozen eggs" and "melange" are preserved by the system of refrigeration. These in process of preparation are submitted to an even more discriminating test than candling in the shell. Each egg is separately broken and examined under the eye in a small receptacle, and if satisfactory is turned into a large receptacle. These bulk eggs are then put through a churning process which breaks the yolks and slightly mixes the mass, which is put up in standard containers in preparation for freezing. But before going to the freezers a further test is made for possible mustiness that might not be detected up to this time. A small sample is taken from each container and cooked. During this process objectionable odors are quickly detected. When these are discovered, the cans from which they are taken are either destroyed or used for other purposes than human food. The full cans that pass examination are frozen solid and maintained in that condition until sold for culinary purposes.

For many years the breaking and freezing of eggs was carried on in a more or less haphazard manner. During the past decade or more, the handling and processing has been passing through a period of evolution, until now it is recognized that the breaking and freezing of eggs, with the increasing high percentage of separated yolks and whites in demand by the progressive baker, is by no means a side issue of the shell egg business, but is of such importance in the standardization of quality as to require the



## A Secret!

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sheer crepe. The cape collar with  
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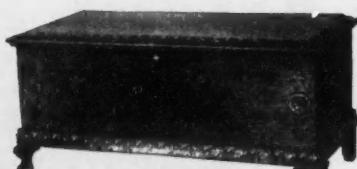


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Junior's two-piece suit of linen has straight trousers buttoned to a shirt-blouse that may choose between long or short sleeves and two styles of collars. Designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6.

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Frock No. 2922

Tucks applied in a curved line form an effective trimming for this small girl's frock of printed dimity. Bloomers are included. Designed for sizes 4 to 10.

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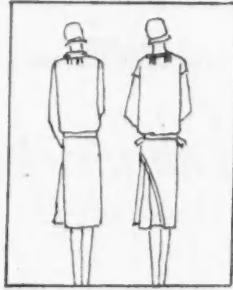
Romper No. 2925  
This one-piece romper of cotton broad-cloth buttons at neck and crotch, has scalloped collar and cuffs, and long or short sleeves. Designed for 6 months, 1 and 2 years. Price, 25 cents.



Frock No. 2924  
Printed crepe in a simple, youthful design fashions this frock with a gathered flounce joined in a scalloped line. Sleeves are optional. Designed for sizes 8 to 14. Price, 50 cents.

Frock No. 2923  
Little sister's tennis frock of silk broad-cloth has inserted skirt pleats and trimming bands in two tones at the neck-line. Sleeves are optional. Designed for sizes 8 to 14. Price, 50 cents.

## WITH SCARFS FOR STREET AND SPORT WEAR



Frock No. 9783

(Left) Crêpe marocain fashions this frock with the front slashed and tucked below a buckled belt. There are tucks at the shoulders. Sizes 14 to 44.  
Price, 50 cents.

Frock No. 9772

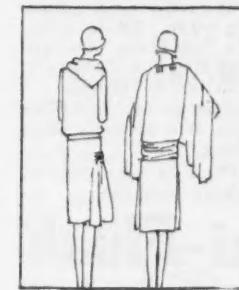
(Middle, left) Bordered printed crepe is used for this sleeveless frock with a tied neck-band and a circular insert on the left side. Sizes 14 to 44.  
Price, 50 cents.

Frock No. 9799

(Middle, right) Simple lines distinguish this one-piece frock of printed crepe. The front is slashed and Shirred below a tie belt. Sizes 14 to 44.  
Price, 50 cents.

Frock No. 9777

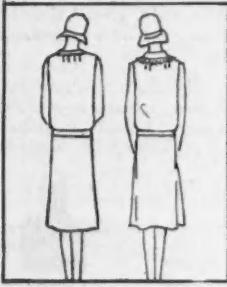
(Right) This two-piece silk crepe frock features flowing sleeves, a girdle shirred at the sides, and a skirt pleated at each side front. Sizes 14 to 38.  
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THESE SMART FROCKS ADD

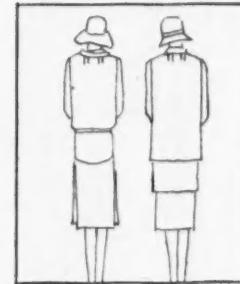
A SCARF OR FULLNESS AT THE SIDE

## SHIRRINGS, PLEATS AND GATHERS COMBINE



**Frock No. 9781**  
(Left) The skirt of this shantung frock, with inverted pleats at the centre front and sides, is joined under a belt. Sleeves optional. Sizes 14 to 44.  
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**Frock No. 9787**  
(Middle, left) Crêpe de chine is charming for this frock with a slashed front opening and pleated frills. The sleeves are optional  
Sizes 14 to 40.  
Price, 50 cents.



**Frock No. 9788**  
(Middle, right) An adjustable scarf of plain crepe trims this printed crepe frock with a pleated skirt and a buttoned blouse. Sizes 14 to 44.  
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**Ensemble No. 9788**  
(Right) This sleeveless one-piece frock and jacket are of bordered crepe. The double-tiered skirt has inverted pleats in the front. Sizes 14 to 44.  
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Always keep a supply of Puffed Grains on your pantry shelf. Serve them with whole milk; with your favorite fresh fruit. Or crisp them in butter like popcorn. You will find these zestful morsels always delicious. At all grocers'.



His mother worried when Richard Murphy wouldn't eat his cereal. Finally she tempted him with Puffed Rice, and now it's the mainstay of his breakfast. "He is improving wonderfully, physically," she writes.



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# CONTENTS

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Volume II.

MAY, 1929

Number 5

### COVER DESIGN BY A. R. WHEELAN

#### General Articles

Mating Still Depends on the Mater!—by Mary Lowrey Ross	5
Illustrated by W. A. Ogilvy	
Sport Bound!—by H. D. McCorquodale	9
Illustrated by Ricardo	
Notes From a Spring Diary—Editorial	30
Hoarding and Giving—by Nancy Leigh	32
Our Problem Page	

#### Entertaining

May Showers For June Brides—by Edythe Ann Palmer	8
Illustrated by Elsie Deane	

#### The Modern Chatelaine A Department for the Housekeeper

The Home Bureau	16
Some Nova Scotia Hooked Rugs	18
A Color Page	
Hooked Rugs for Color—by Helen Creighton	19
Four Walls Do Not a Prison Make—by Mary Agnes Pease	20
Part Time Housekeeping—by Ruth Davison Reid	21
The Scientific Background of the Egg—by J. B. Spencer, B.S.A.	22
Canadian Food Series	
The Market Basket—by Margaret E. Read	23
A Picturesque Stone House of English Type	24
D. E. Kortland, Registered Architect	

#### Gardening

The Family Takes a Holiday—by Stella E. Pines	26
Illustrated by Elsie Deane	
New Things for the New Baby—by Barbara Blain	28
May Gifts for June Brides—by Ruby Short McKim	35

#### The Chatelaine's Handicraft Service

Poppies for Adornment—by Laura E. Allan	68
---	----

#### Art

Monument Inn, Queenston—by W. W. Alexander	17
Etching	

#### Canadian Fashions

Luggage That Goes Travelling	12
As Seen by Mary Humphreys	
Tweeds, a Basic Spring Fashion	13
Four Smart Creations	70

#### Vogue Pattern Service

Crisp and Cool for Summer Nights	74
Interesting Hip Treatments in Formal Wear	75
Shirring, Pleating and Gathers Combine	78
With Scarfs for Street and Sports Wear	79

#### Fiction

Tin-Tin-Twopenny—by Christine Jope Slade (Short Story)	3
Illustrated by W. V. Chambers	
A Timid Woman—by R. E. Breach (Short Story)	6
Illustrated by Henry Davis	
Double Lives—by Sinclair Murray (Serial)	10
Illustrated by R. W. Major	

#### Children's Feature

Sunnyville Town and the People In It	14
Written and Illustrated by Jean Wyllie	

#### Poetry

The Quilting Party—Georgina Eakins	4
Illustrated by Mary Humphreys	
Old Birches—by Lucy G. Clarkin	30
Illustrated by Grace Merrill	

#### Regular Departments

The Promise of Beauty; What of Your Child? The Domestic Workshop.	
---	--

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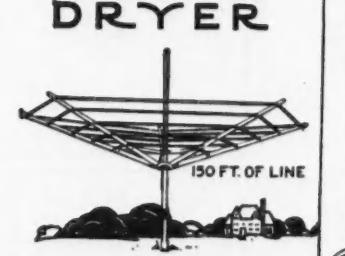
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